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PENRHYN STANLAWS

In This Number

Interview with

Theodore Roosevelt

Stories by

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Irvin S. Cobb

Frederick Irving Anderson

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Roosevelt on the Progressive Fight—An Interview by H. B. Needham

MAINE?" Colonel Roosevelt squared his powerful shoulders, doubled up his fist, and delivered an upper-cut at the invisible government as he answered:

"The Progressive Party has just got down to fighting weight!"

It was the morning after the by-election in the rockribbed, hidebound district sometime represented in Congress by James G. Blaine, and with others of an inquiring turn of mind I wanted to know why the Progressive candidate had run a "poor third," as the Republican press delightedly announced. So I asked the First Progressive, and he answered right off the bat as I have indicated. Then with a belligerent thrust of the head the Colonel added:

"And it's a fight to a finish. The men who wish to bring either of the old parties and the Progressives together must understand that if they want to effect a 'substantial agreement' with us they can do it in a very simple way—by adopting our platform and thereby declaring their adherence to its principles. But the amalgamators must accept Progressive principles out and out, not in part. When we say the people should and shall rule we mean it. We abhor hypocrisy and we know just what we mean. Mr. Bryan is just as much in error about the Progressives as Mr. Penrose himself. Mr. Bryan speaks of the Progressive Party as a halfway house to Democracy. On the contrary it is really much farther away from Democracy than is the present-day Republican machine. Both of the old party organizations are substantially alike, and the Progressive Party is really fighting the battle of the rank and file of both the old parties against the two old party machines.

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Colonel Roosevelt

"Now, answering your question about the Maine election more concretely: It is true that the Progressives almost carried Maine in the presidential election, but the new party did not have a candidate for Congress in any one of the four districts. The showing in 1912 was made practically without organization, indeed without anything approaching the organization of the two old parties. It was in part the answer of honest Republicans, as well as of Progressives, to the action of the bosses in Chicago in June; it was only partly inspired by the birth of a party devoted to the rights of humanity. Remember that the same men who were instrumental in putting me above Mr. Taft in the presidential vote nevertheless sent to the Senate a Republican who had voted for Mr. Taft.

"Of course the nationwide resentment engendered by the last Republican national convention must finally spend itself, at least so far as those who are not in sympathy with Progressive policies are to be influenced by a clear-cut issue of corruption. This must be admitted even though we are now in possession of new facts which show that that convention was absolutely controlled by a majority of fifty-three unscrupulous politicians, who acted under the lead of a corrupt alliance between business and politics.

"But the influence of this evil chapter in American politics on the Progressive movement, as I have said, could not indefinitely affect the voting; nor ought it to do so. The creation of the Progressive Party was not merely a manifestation of temporary political discontent; rather a sure indication of the eternal forces of human growth, of the God-given impulse implanted in mankind to make a better race and a better earth. Even with such a purpose to establish the rights of men the movement could not be expected to go forward on pure inspiration alone. Organization was and is supremely necessary; and with organization, as its complement, education. These cannot as yet be universally supplied. Furthermore, with the Democratic tariff bill then pending—a measure which, though in considerable part a protective measure, was virtual free trade for the farmer—the leading issue in the campaign was the raid on home industries. It was in no real sense a campaign in which the policies set forth in the Progressive platform were the determining factors. Yet over seven thousand voters registered their allegiance to Progressivism at the polls. I consider it a remarkable showing."

"Then you do not regard the Maine election as a portentous sign?" I interjected.

"Neither a sign nor a wonder," replied Mr. Roosevelt. "The scattered band of Reactionary leaders, who fail to realize their somewhat pathetic position of generals with a disintegrating army, we see scouring the country to discover every local and village election wherein the Progressive vote has failed to turn out in force. As a matter of fact there has not been an election since the presidential campaign to which any party can point as having far-reaching significance.

"In Massachusetts today Charles Sumner Bird, backed by the best young blood of the state, is conducting a campaign for the governorship which is a model of Progressivism. In the long run a party endures if the foundations be sound. True issues upheld by disinterested men with no selfish motives to serve must in the end win out. This is the condition today in Massachusetts. Mr. Bird is making his fight straight on state issues—that is on the direct and the practical application to the needs of the men and women of the commonwealth of the principles set forth in our Progressive platform which apply to the state. It is in no way tangled up with National issues and personalities. Remember he is fighting not merely for the Progressives, he is fighting for the plain people of every party; he is fighting for the rank and file of both the old parties against the two machines that have betrayed the rank and file whom nominally they are supposed to represent.

"Mr. Bird," he continued, "might have been nominated for governor by the Republicans. He declined. Further, he told one of his friends that he hoped that both Republicans and Democrats would nominate against him the strongest men in the state. 'We Progressives are right,' he insisted, 'and I want to meet the champions of the opposition in fair and open contest in every village and town of the state and fight it out to a finish.'" The Colonel paused, nodded approvingly and added: "That's the kind of talk that is an index to the man. And it's just what Bird is doing now in his state. With a record that is absolutely consistent he is expounding the doctrine of social and industrial justice from one end of Massachusetts to the other."

"You say he is consistent—a candidate who practices what he professes?"

"What Charles Sumner Bird is urging today is what, as a large employer of labor, he has himself been practicing in his own great business for ten years. Labor troubles in the Bird factories are unknown, because he has kept well in advance of labor's needs.

A decade ago he established three shifts a day of eight hours each, and gave his men the same pay for eight hours that others were giving for eleven and thirteen hours. For years he has been helping his workers to finance the building of their own homes. He has established a mutual benefit association for his workers and pays into this association one dollar for every dollar his employees put in. He has also established an old-age pension fund and a minimum wage for men and women. He has forbidden child labor in any plant owned or operated by him. Mind you, he is no mere theorist; he is a practical man; he has done all this and yet he has made his business pay.

"Until last year," explained Mr. Roosevelt, "this model employer never took active part in politics. When Matthew Hale began to build up the Progressive Party in Massachusetts he found a willing helper in Mr. Bird. When no other candidate for governor was available a year ago, although defeat was certain, the quiet New England manufacturer, who had never made a speech in his life, offered himself for the race. A week after he had taken the stump he was an effective speaker, because all recognized his sincerity and belief in the human gospel he preached. What he had done voluntarily in his own plant to better the conditions for the workers he demanded that the state require other employers to do, whether they wanted to or not. So it was that he polled a large vote in Massachusetts, a vote that surprised even his most enthusiastic followers.

"This year, with the gubernatorial campaign looming on the horizon, many influential Republicans begged of Mr. Bird that he become a candidate for governor on the old party ticket, pledging their support if he would announce his purpose to contest in the Republican primaries. Without a moment's hesitation he turned from the sure road of political preferment to take a fighting chance. His battle-cry is that there can be no compromise with a moral issue."

The Fight in New Jersey

"THERE is no state in the Union more difficult to carry than Massachusetts," admitted the Colonel, "for the new party is opposed by two thoroughly efficient machines. Bird has behind him the people, and it now seems as though the incredible were about to take place and that the Progressive candidate for governor would carry the state. If he does it will convince the old party leaders that our principles and our methods can win anywhere. I have spoken of Bird in Massachusetts. I could illustrate my case as well by Colby in New Jersey. Colby, like Bird, has proved his faith by his works. His allegiance to the cause of Progressivism is a matter of deep conviction, and he is waging the same fight for human rights, on the same lofty plane, in New Jersey that Bird is waging in Massachusetts.

"The task undertaken by the Progressive Party is not that of political expediency. It's sure to win in the end."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it is fundamentally right, because it is economically sound, and because the party work is characterized by efficiency of the highest order, such as any modern business would be proud to call its own," specified the Colonel.

"In ninety days—the first three months of its existence"—he continued, "the Progressives accomplished more than ever any other party in our history accomplished in such a short space of time. In the matter of votes cast we became the dominant party of opposition to the Democracy. We also forced all parties and candidates to give at least lip-service to Progressive principles. But in the first flush of a great moral victory Progressives did not lose sight, as many claim, of the need of building a permanent all-year-round organization from the ground up. This very important task has gone forward with celerity and thoroughness. Do you know what has been done in the matter of organization?"

I admitted that I did not.

"That's just the trouble!" exclaimed the Colonel, bringing his fist down on his desk and jarring every weapon necessary to a contributing editor. "You ought to know, and I'm going to tell you."

Secretly I expected to be told how a machine, with all of the dangerous parts guarded in accordance with the Progressive platform, was built to do for reformers what ordinarily a political machine does to reformers. But it was entirely different. This:

"We were confronted, first, with the undertaking of financing party organization and the dissemination of Progressive principles after the election," began Mr. Roosevelt. "When enthusiasm runs high in the campaign it is not so difficult to obtain funds, even though they are given without a string to them, as all Progressive contributions must be made. But after the voting is over invariably the old parties have put up the shutters at headquarters, knowing that no financial help was to be had until again the country was threatened by the 'common enemy.' Right here has been one of the great evils of our politics. Campaign contributions have been made in return for promises, expressed or implied; therefore those making contributions have given their money immediately before the election, when candidates were in the heat of contest, and then have waited in expectation of favors to be rendered. Not only was the scheme vicious, but it was unbusinesslike in the extreme. Except for past liberality of party friends—and a party's dominating interests—there was no way of telling what funds would be available. But as it was comparatively easy to obtain contributions by holding out the promise of special privileges, funds so obtained were wantonly wasted. The cost of high living has nowhere been so notable as in the loose handling of campaign funds. Here's a case I remember:

"A man of seeming respectability and honesty came to the national Progressive headquarters in the campaign of 1912 and offered for sale a digest of the writings and speeches of Governor Wilson, which he claimed was carefully prepared. He asked the modest sum of twenty thousand dollars for his work."

"Was the man crazy?" I gasped.

"Apparently not. He claimed that he had received almost as much from Mark Hanna for a Bryan bibliography. We told him that we could send a stenographer to the public library, a block away, and obtain the information. He seemed to regard this as an infringement of his copyright. The man simply couldn't understand how a political campaign was to be run on sound common sense and business principles."

As these qualities were uncommon, if not unheard of, in the conduct of political campaigns, Colonel Roosevelt halted his rapid-fire explanation, presumably to allow me to get the idea clearly in mind. Then he went on:

"Believing that Progressive ideas would appeal just as strongly to intelligent people after the campaign as before the election, we outlined our plans and asked for financial aid. And we got it. But we haven't obtained money, nor shall we, to send out in enormous sums into close districts the country over.

"We do not believe in a gigantic central fund widely distributed for campaign purposes. That is not a part of the New Nationalism. It is not a feature of the national Progressive Party as now constituted. Each state must look after its own affairs, save only that direction and counsel are given free of charge and very gladly from national headquarters. And the financial help given from headquarters is the minimum that can be given, and is given only on the guaranty that it will be honestly and economically expended."

"How is the party financed?" I pressed, remembering the wild rumors circulated on this very topic.

"We have three funds," explained the Colonel. "First, we have a fund for political organization. This will enable us to carry on at least in outline the work planned in this particular branch of the party's activity. It is a fund raised by Progressives—each subscriber pledging a certain sum a year for four years. Therefore the political organizing will go forward until the next presidential election, no matter what happens."

The Colonel stopped, perhaps to lend emphasis to what he was about to say, and with a pleased smile returned to a discussion of party finances: "This will no doubt surprise a number of well-meaning but misinformed gentlemen of the opposition, but the largest single subscription in this fund is a thousand dollars. In special campaigns, where the issues involved are of peculiar importance, we shall doubtless be obliged to supplement by additional subscriptions the amount that can be allotted from this fund."

"And how much has been pledged for each of the four years?" I quickly asked.

"Fifty thousand dollars," was his answer.

Campaign Expenditures Limited

"THE second fund," continued Mr. Roosevelt, "is to support what is called the Progressive service—that is, the department dealing with measures, thereby supplementing the work of the political organization. It might well be termed a training school for political action. Yet it is as ready to aid through non-partisan organizations as through the agencies of the Progressive Party. We claim no patent on our ideas; we seek in them no monopoly. The main purpose is to get Progressive principles translated into laws, both national and state, to bring about social and industrial justice together with true popular government. The Progressive service lays stress on measures, not men!

"For this vitally essential utility there is a separate fund, subscribed from year to year, and therefore dependent on the continued and growing interest in the cause of humanity. We anticipate no lack of support for this branch of the work.

"Then there is a third fund for printing. I need hardly say that our printing is required to be done with the same rigid economy that any well-run business concern employs. For this reason an appropriation of ten thousand dollars a year, which is already pledged for this and next year, will suffice to disseminate a large amount of Progressive literature.

"Considering the admirable coöperation which the states are giving to the Progressive national committee the financial condition of the party is in good shape. There are no debts; there is money in bank; the annual budget in each department is provided for in advance—and there isn't a string attached to a single contribution. Therefore fair-minded men must agree that already the national Progressive Party has revolutionized the highly important matter of party financing, and has lived up to the letter of its platform pledge of 'strict limitation on all campaign contributions and expenditures.'

"Moreover, this has been accomplished, not only without the slightest impairment of party management, but actually with increased activities unknown hitherto in American politics. At the present time the party is almost as active as in the

(Continued on Page 28)

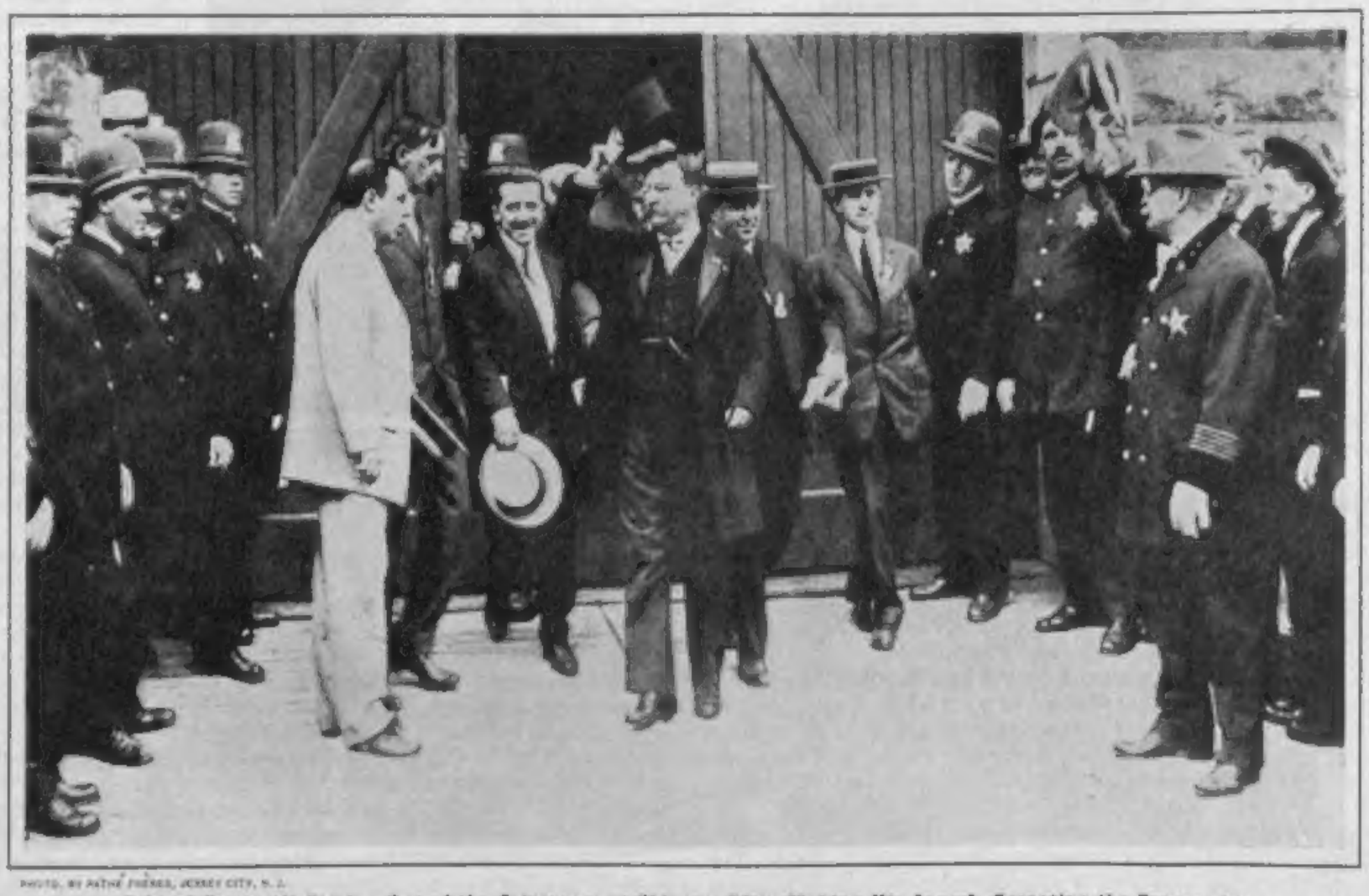


PHOTO. BY PATHÉ FRÈRES, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Colonel Roosevelt Coming Out of the Colosseum at Chicago After Making His Speech Accepting the Progressive Nomination for President

THE SIMPLE LIFERS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"And Tell Percy I Love Him—Love Him—Love Him!"

I SUPPOSE there is something in all of us that harks back to the soil. When you come to think of it, what are picnics but outcroppings of instinct? No one really enjoys them or expects to enjoy them, but with the first warm days some prehistoric instinct takes us out into the woods, to fry potatoes over a strangling wood fire and spend the next week getting grass stains out of our clothes. It must be instinct; every atom of intelligence warns us to stay at home near the refrigerator.

Tish is really a child of instinct. She is intelligent enough, but in a contest between instinct and brains she always follows her instinct. Aggie under the same circumstances follows her heart. As for me I generally follow Tish and Aggie, and they've led me into some curious places.

This is really a sort of apology, because, whereas usually Tish leads off and we follow her, in the adventure of the Simple Life we were all equally guilty. Tish made the suggestion, but we needed no urging.

As you know this last summer has been a fairly good one, as summers go—plenty of fair weather, only two or three really hot spells and not a great deal of rain. Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, went over to England in June to report the visit of the French president to London for his newspaper, and Tish's automobile had been sent to the factory to be gone over. She had been teaching Aggie to drive it, and owing to Aggie's thinking she had her foot on the brake when it was really on the gas, they had leaped a four-foot ditch and gone down into a deep ravine, from which both Tish and Aggie had had to be pulled up with ropes.

Well, with no machine and Charlie Sands away we hardly knew how to plan the summer. Tish thought at first she would stay at home and learn to ride. She thought her liver needed stirring up. She used to ride, she said, and it was like sitting in a rocking chair, only perhaps more so. Aggie and I went out to her first lesson; but when I found she had bought a divided skirt and was going to try a man's saddle I could not restrain my indignation.

"I'm going, Tish," I said firmly, when she had come out of the dressing room and I realized the situation. "I shan't attempt to restrain you, but I shall not remain to witness your shame."

Tish eyed me coldly.

"When you wish to lecture me," she snapped, "about revealing to the public that I have two legs, if I do wear a skirt, don't stand in a sunny doorway in that linen dress of yours. I am going to ride; every woman should ride. It's good for the liver."

I think she rather wavered when they brought the horse, which looked larger than usual and had a Roman nose. The instructor handed Tish four lines and she grabbed them nervously in a bunch.

"Just a moment!" said the instructor, and slipped a line between each two of her fingers. Tish looked rather startled.

"When I used to ride ——" she began with dignity; but the instructor only smiled.

"These two are for the curb," he said—"if he bolts or anything like that, you know. Whoa, Viper! Still, old man!"

"Viper!" Tish repeated, clutching at the lines. "Is—is he—er—nasty?"

"Not a bit of it," said the instructor, while he prepared to hoist her up. "He's as gentle as a woman to the people he likes. His only fault is that he's apt to take a little nip out of the stablemen now and then. He's very fond of ladies."

"Humph!" said Tish. "He's looking at me rather strangely, don't you think? Has he been fed lately?"

"Perhaps he sees that divided skirt," I suggested.

Tish gave me one look and got on the horse. They walked round the ring at first and Tish seemed to like it. Then a stableman put a nickel into a player-piano and that seemed to be a signal for the thing to trot. Tish said afterward that she never hit the horse's back twice in the same place. Once, she says, she came down on his neck, and several times she was back somewhere about his tail. Every time she landed, wherever it might be, he gave a heave and sent her up again. She tried to say "Whoa," but it came out in pieces, so to speak, and the creature seemed to be encouraged by it and took to going faster. By that time, she said, she wasn't coming down at all, but was in the air all the time, with the horse coming up at the rate of fifty revolutions a second. She had presence of mind enough to keep her mouth shut so she wouldn't bite her tongue off.

After four times round the music stopped and the horse did also. They were just in front of us and Tish looked rather dazed.

"You did splendidly!" said Aggie. "Honestly, Tish, I was frightened at first, but you and that dear horse seemed one piece. Didn't they, Lizzie?"

Tish straightened out the fingers of her left hand with her right and extricated the lines. Then she turned her head slowly from right to left to see if she could.

"Help me down, somebody," she said in a thin voice, "and call an osteopath. There is something wrong with my spine!"

She was in bed three days, having massage and a vibrator and being rubbed with chloroform liniment. At the end of that time she offered me her divided skirt, but I refused.

"Riding would be good for your liver, Lizzie," she said, sitting up in bed with pillows all about her.

"I don't intend to detach it to do it good," I retorted. "What your liver and mine and most of the other livers need these days isn't to be sent out in a divided skirt and beaten to a jelly: they need rest—less food and simpler food. If instead of taking your liver on a horse you'd put it in a tent and feed it nuts and berries, you wouldn't be the color you are today, Tish Carberry."

That really started the whole thing, although at the time Tish said nothing. She has a way of getting an idea and letting it simmer on the back of her brain, as you may say, when nobody knows it's been cooking at all, and then suddenly bringing it out cooked and seasoned and ready to serve.

On the day Tish sat up for the first time Aggie and I went over to see her. Hannah, the maid, had got her out of bed to a window, and Tish was sitting there with books all about her. It is in times of enforced physical idleness that most of Tish's ideas come to her, and Aggie had reminded me of that fact on the way over.

"You remember, Lizzie," she said, "how last winter when she was getting over the grippe she took up that correspondence-school course in swimming. If she's reading, watch her books. It'll probably be suffrage or airships."

Tish always believes anything she reads. She had been quite sure she could swim after six correspondence lessons. She had all the movements exactly, and had worried her trained nurse almost into hysteria for a week by turning on her face in bed every now and then and trying the overhand stroke. She got very expert, and had decided she'd swim regularly, and even had Charlie Sands show her the Australian crawl business so she could go over some time and swim the channel. It was a matter of breathing and of changing positions, she said, and was up to intelligence rather than muscle.

Then when she was quite strong she had gone to the natatorium. Aggie and I went along, not that we were any good in emergency, but because Tish had convinced us there would be no emergency. And Tish went in at the deep end of the pool, headfirst, according to diagram, and *did not come up.*

Well, there seemed to be nothing threatening in what Tish was reading this time. She had ordered some books for Maria Lee's children and was looking them over before she sent them. The Young Woodsman was one and Campercraft was another. How I shudder when I recall those names!

Aggie had baked an angel cake and I had brought over a jar of cookies. But Tish only thanked us and asked Hannah to take them out. Even then we were not suspicious. Tish sat back among her pillows and said very little. The conversation was something like this:

AGGIE: Well, you're up again! I hope to goodness it will be a lesson to you. If you don't mind I'd like Hannah to cut that cake. It fell in the middle.

TISH: Do you know that the Indians never sweetened their food and that they developed absolutely perfect teeth?

AGGIE: Well, they never had any automobiles either, but they didn't develop wings.

LIZZIE: Don't you want that window closed? I'm in a draft.

TISH: Air in motion never gave any one a cold. We do not catch cold; we catch heat. It's ridiculous the way we shut ourselves up in houses and expect to remain well.

AGGIE: Well, I'b catchig sobethig.

LIZZIE (changing the subject): Would you like me to help you dress? It might rest your back to have your corset on.

TISH (firmly): I shall never wear a corset again.

AGGIE (sneezing): Why? Didn't the Iddiads wear theb?

Tish is very sensitive to lack of sympathy and she shut up like a clam. She was coldly polite to us for the remainder of our visit, but she did not again refer to the Indians, which in itself was suspicious.

Fortunately for us, or unfortunately, Tish's new scheme was one she could not very well carry out alone. I believe she tried to induce Hannah to go with her, and only when Hannah failed her did she turn to us. Hannah was frightened and came to warn us.

I remember the occasion very well. It was Mr. Wiggins' birthday anniversary, and we usually dine at Aggie's and have a cake with thirty candles on it. Mr. Wiggins was a roofer that Aggie had been engaged to marry years before, but who fell off a roof, aged thirty—Mr. Wiggins, of course, not the roof, which was a new one. Tish was not yet able to be about, so Aggie and I ate together. She always likes to sit until the last candle is burned out, which is rather dispiriting and always leaves me low in my mind.

Just as it flickered and went out Hannah came in.

"Miss Tish sent over Mr. Charlie's letter from London," said Hannah, and put it in front of Aggie. Then she sat down on a chair and commenced to cry:

"Why, Hannah!" said Aggie. "What in the world has happened?"

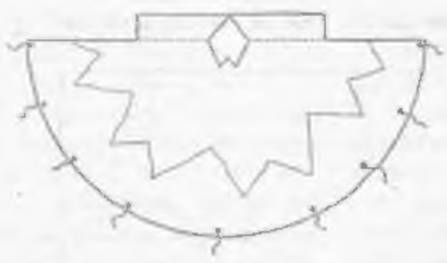
"She's off again!" sniveled Hannah; "and she's worse this time than she's ever been. No sugar, no tea, only nuts and fruit, and her windows open all night, with the curtains getting black. I wisht I had Mr. Charlie by the neck."

I suppose it came over both of us at the same time—the Young Woodsman, and the Campercraft, and no stays and all that. I reached for Charlie Sands' letter, which was always sent to Tish and meant for all of us. He wrote:

Dear Three of a Kind: Well, the French president has came and went, and London has taken down all the brilliant flags which greeted him, such tactful bits as bore Cressy and Agincourt, and the pretty little smallpox and "plague

here" banners, and has gone back to such innocent diversions as baiting cabinet ministers, blowing up public buildings, or going out into the woods seeking the Simple Life.

The Simple Lifers travel in bands—and little else. They go bare-footed, bare-armed, bare-headed and bare-necked. They wear one garment, I believe, let their hair hang and their beards grow, eat only what Nature provides, such as nuts and fruits, sleep under the stars and drink from Nature's pools. Rather bully, isn't it? They're a handsome lot generally, brown as nuts. And I saw a girl yesterday—well, if you do not hear from me for a time it will be because I have discarded the pockets in which I carry my fountain pen and my stamps and am wandering barefoot through the Elysian fields.



Yours for the Simple Life,

CHARLIE SANDS.

As I finished reading the letter aloud I looked at Aggie in dismay. "That settles it," I said hopelessly. "She had some such idea before, and now this young idiot ——" I stopped and stared across the table at Aggie. She was sitting rapt, her eyes fixed on the smoldering wicks of Mr. Wiggins' candles.

"Barefoot through the Elysian fields!" she said softly.

II

I AM not trying to defend myself. I never had the enthusiasm of the other two, but I rather liked the idea. And I did restrain them. It was my suggestion, for instance, that we wear sandals without stockings, instead of going in our bare feet, which was a good thing, for the first day out Aggie stepped into a hornet's nest. And I made out the lists.

The idea, of course, is not how much one can carry, but how little. The Young Woodsman told exactly how to manage in the woods if one were lost there and had nothing in the world but a bootlace and a wire hairpin.

With the hairpin one could easily make a fair fishhook—and with a bootlace or a good hemp cord one could make a rabbit snare.

"So you see," Tish explained, "there's fish and meat with no trouble at all. And there will be berries and nuts. That's a diet for a king."

I was making a list of the necessaries at the time and under bootlaces and hairpins I put down "spade."

"What in heaven's name is the spade for?" Tish demanded.

"You've got to dig bait, haven't you?"

Tish eyed me with disgust.

"Grasshoppers!" she said tersely. There was really nothing Tish was not prepared for. I should never have thought of grasshoppers.

"The idea is simply this," observed Tish: "We have surrounded ourselves with a thousand and one things we do not need and would be better without—houses, foolish clothing, electric light, idiotic servants—Hannah, get away from that door!—rich foods, furniture and crowds of people. We've developed and cared for our bodies instead of our souls. What we want is to get out into the woods and think; to forget these pampered bodies of ours and to let our souls grow and assert themselves."

We decided finally to take a blanket apiece, rolled on our shoulders, and Tish and I each took a strong knife. Aggie, instead of the knife, took a pair of scissors. We took a small bottle of blackberry wine for emergencies, a cake of soap, a saltcellar for seasoning the fish and rabbits, two towels, a package of courtplaster, Aggie's hay-fever remedy, a bottle of oil of pennyroyal to use against mosquitoes, and a large piece of canvas, light but strong, cut like the diagram.

Tish said it was the regulation Indian tepee, and that a squaw could set one up in an hour and have dinner cooked inside it in thirty minutes after. She said she guessed we could do it if an Indian squaw could, and that after we'd cut the poles once we could carry them with us if we wished to move. She said the tent ought to be ornamented, but she had had no time, and we could paint designs on it with colored clay in the woods when we had nothing more important to do!

It made a largish bundle, but we did not intend to travel much. We thought we would find a good place by a lake somewhere and put up the tent, and set a few snares, and locate the nearest berry bushes and mushroom patches, and then while the rabbits were catching themselves we should have time to get acquainted with our souls again. Tish put it in her terse manner most intelligently.

"We intend to prove," she stated to Mrs. Ostermaier, the minister's wife, who came to call and found us all sitting on the floor trying to get used to it, for of course there would be no chairs, "we shall prove that the trappings of civilization are a delusion and a snare. We shall bring back '*Mens sana in corpore sano.*'"

The minister's wife thought this was a disease, for she said: "I hope not, I'm sure," very hastily.

"We shall make our own fire and our own shelter," said Tish from the floor. "We shall wear one garment, loose enough to allow entire freedom of movement. We shall bathe in Nature's pools and come out cleansed. On the Sabbath we shall attend divine service under the Gothic arches of the trees, read sermons in stones, and instead of that whining tenor in the choir we shall listen to the birds singing praises overhead."

Mrs. Ostermaier looked rather bewildered.

"I'm sure I hope so," she said vaguely. "I don't like camping myself. There are so many bugs."

As Tish said, some ideas are so large that the average person cannot see them at all.

We had fixed on Maine. It seemed to combine all the necessary qualities: woods and lakes, rabbits, game and fish and—solitude. Besides, Aggie's hay fever is better the farther north she gets. On the day we were leaving Mr. Ostermaier came to see us.

"I—I really must protest, ladies," he said. "That sort of thing may be all right for savages, but ——"

"Are we not as intelligent as savages?" Tish demanded.

"Primitive people are inured to hardships, and besides they have methods of their own. They can make fire ——"

"So can I," retorted Tish. "Any fool can make a fire with a rubbing stick. It's been done in thirty-one seconds."

"If you would only take some matches," he wailed, "and a good revolver, Miss Letitia. And—you must pardon this, but I have your well-being at heart—if I could persuade you to take along some—er—flannels and warm clothing!"

"Clothing," said Tish loftily, "is a matter of habit, Mr. Ostermaier."

I think he got the idea from this that we intended to discard clothing altogether, for he went away almost immediately, looking rather upset, and he preached on the following Sunday from "Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"For Goodness' Sake, Aggie, Try to Discard False Modesty and False Shame"

"Oh, I Know He's Sick in There Somewhere, or Starving, or—Dead!"

We left on Monday evening, and by Tuesday at noon we were at our destination, as far as the railroad was concerned. Tish had a map with the lake we'd picked out, and we had figured that we'd drive out to within ten miles or so of it and then send the driver back. The lake was in an uninhabited neighborhood, with the nearest town twenty-five miles away. We had one suitcase containing our blankets, sandals, short dresses, soap, hairpins, salt box, knives, scissors and a compass, and the leather thongs for rabbit snares that we had had cut at a harness shop. In the other suitcase was the tepee.

We ate a substantial breakfast at Tish's suggestion, because we expected to be fairly busy the first day and there would be no time for hunting. We had to walk ten miles, set up the tent, make a fire and gather nuts and berries. It was about that time, I think, that I happened to recall that it was early for nuts. Still there would be berries, and Tish had added mushrooms to our menu.

We found a man with a spring wagon to drive us out and Tish showed him the map.

"I guess I can get you out that way," he said, "but I ain't heard of no camp up that direction."

"Who said anything about a camp?" snapped Tish. "How much to drive us fifteen miles in that direction?"

"Fifteen miles! Well, about five dollars, but I think ——"

"How much to drive us fifteen miles without thinking?"

"Ten dollars," said the man, and as he had the only wagon in the town we had to pay it.

It was a lovely day, although very warm. The morning sun turned the woods to fairylike glades. Tish sat on the front seat, erect and staring ahead. Aggie bent over and touched my arm lightly.

"Isn't she wonderful!" she whispered; "like some adventurer of old—Balboa discovering the Pacific Ocean, or Joan of Arc leading the what-you-call-'ems."

But somehow my enthusiasm was dying. The sun was hot and there were no berry bushes to be seen. Aggie's fairy glades in the woods were filled, not with dancing sprites, but with gnats. I wanted a glass of iced tea, and some chicken salad, and talcum powder down my neck. The road was bad, and the driver seemed to have a joke to himself, for he chuckled every now and then, and kept his eyes on the woods on each side, as if he expected to see something. His manner puzzled us all.

"You can trust me not to say anything, ladies," he said at last, "but don't you think you're playing it kind of low down? This ain't quite up to contract, is it?"

"You've been drinking!" said Tish shortly.

After that he let her alone, but soon after he turned round to me and made another venture.

"In case you need grub, lady," he said—"and them two suitcases don't hold a lot—I'll bring out anything you say: eggs and butter and garden truck at market prices. I'm no phy-lanthropist," he said, glaring at Tish, "but I'd be glad to help the girl, and that's the truth. I been married to this here wife o' mine quite a spell, and to my first one for twenty years, and I'm a believer in married life."

"What girl?" I asked.

He turned right round in the seat and winked at me.

"All right," he said. "I'll not butt in unless you need me. But I'd like to know one thing: He hasn't got a mother, he says, so I take it you're his aunts. Am I on, ladies?"

We didn't know what he was talking about, and we said so. But he only smiled. A mile or so from our destination

the horse scared up a rabbit, and Tish could hardly be restrained from running after it with a leather thong. Aggie, however, turned a little pale.

"I'll never be able to eat one, never!" she confided to me. "Did you see its eyes? Lizzie, do you remember Mr. Wiggins' eyes? and the way he used to move his nose, just like that?"

At the end of fifteen miles the driver drew up his horses and took a fresh chew of tobacco.

"I guess this is about right," he said. "That trail there'll take you to the lake. How long do you reckon it'll be before you'll need some fresh eggs?"

"We are quite able to look after ourselves," said Tish with hauteur, and got out of the wagon. She paid him off at once and sat down on her suitcase until he had driven out of sight. He drove slowly, looking back every now and then, and his last view of us must have been impressive—three middle-aged and determined women ready to conquer the wilderness, as Tish put it, and two suitcases.

It was as solitary a place as we could have wished. We had not seen a house in ten miles, and when the last creak of the wagon had died away there was a silence that made our city-broke ears fairly ache. Tish waited until the wagon was out of sight; then she stood up and threw out her arms.

"At last!" she said. "Free to have a lodge in some vast wilderness—to think, to breathe, to expand! Lizzie, do you suppose if we go back we can get that rabbit?"

I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock and there was not a berry bush in sight. The drive had made me hungry, and I'd have eaten a rabbit that looked like Mr. Wiggins and called me by name if I'd had it. But there was absolutely no use going back for the one we'd seen on our drive.

Aggie was opening her suitcase and getting out her costume, which was a blue calico with short sleeves and a shoe-top skirt.

"Where'll I put it on?" she asked, looking about her.

"Right here!" Tish replied. "For goodness' sake, Aggie, try to discard false modesty and false shame. We're here to get close to the great beating heart of Nature. Take off your switch before you do another thing."

None of us looked particularly well, I admit, but it was wonderful how much more comfortable we were. Aggie, who is very thin, discarded a part of her figure, and each of us parted with some pet hypocrisy. But I don't know that I have ever felt better. Only of course we were hungry.

We packed our things in the suitcases and hid them in a hollow tree, and Tish suggested looking for a spring. She said water was always the first requisite and fire the second.

"Fire!" said Aggie. "What for? We've nothing to cook."

Well, that was true enough, so we sent Aggie to look for water and Tish and I made a rabbit snare. We made a good many snares and got to be rather quick at it. They were all made like this illustration.

First Tish, with her book open in front of her, made a running noose out of one of the buckskin thongs. Next we bent down a sapling and tied the noose to it, and last of all we bound the free part of the thong round a snag and thus held the sapling down. The idea is that a rabbit, bounding along presumably with his eyes shut, will stick his head through the noose, kick the line clear of the snag and be drawn violently into the air. Tish figured that by putting up half a dozen snares we'd have three or four rabbits at least each day.

It was about three when we finished, and we drew off to a safe distance to watch the rabbit bound to his doom. But no rabbits came along. I was very empty and rather faint, but Tish said she had never been able to think so clearly, and that we were all overfed and stodgy and would be better for fasting.

Aggie came in at three-thirty with a hornet sting and no water. She said there were no springs, but that she had found a place where a spring had existed before the dry spell, and there was a naked footprint in the mud, quite fresh! We all went to look at it, and Tish was quite positive it was not a man's footprint at all, but only a bear's.

"A bear!" said Aggie.

"What of it?" Tish demanded. "The Young Woodsman says that no bear attacks a human unless he is hungry, and at this time of the year with the woods full of food ——"

"Humph!"—I could not restrain myself—"I wish you would show me a little of it. If no rabbit with acute melancholia comes along to commit suicide by hanging on that gallows of yours, I think we'll starve to death."

"There will be a rabbit," Tish said tersely; and we started back to the snare.

I was never so astonished in my life. There was a rabbit! It seems we had struck a runway without knowing it, although Tish said afterward that she had recognized it at once from the rabbit tracks. Anyhow, whether it died of design or curiosity, our supper was kicking at the top of the sapling, and Tish pretended to be calm and to have known all along that we'd get one. But it was not dead.

We got it down somehow or other and I held it by the ears while it kicked and scratched. I was hungry enough to have eaten it alive, but Aggie began to cry.

"You'll be murderers, nothing else," she wailed. "Look at his little white tail and his pitiful baby eyes!"

"Good gracious, Aggie," Tish snapped, "get a knife and cut its throat while I make a fire. If it's any help to you, we're not going to eat either its little white tail or its pitiful baby eyes."

As a matter of fact Aggie wouldn't touch the rabbit and I did not care much about it myself. I do not like to kill things. My Aunt Sarah Mackintosh once killed a white hen that lived twenty minutes without its head; two weeks later she dreamed that that same hen, without a head, was sitting on the footboard of the bed, and the next day she got word that her cousin's husband in Sacramento had died of the hiccoughs.

It Ended With Tish Stalking Off Into the Woods With the Rabbit in One Hand and the Knife in the Other

It ended with Tish giving me the fire-making materials and stalking off into the woods with the rabbit in one hand and the knife in the other.

Tish is nothing if not thorough, but she seemed to me inconsistent. She brought blankets and a canvas tepee and sandals and an aluminum kettle, but she disdained matches. I rubbed with that silly drill and a sort of bow arrangement until my wrists ached, but I did not get even a spark of fire. When Tish came back with the rabbit there was no fire, and Aggie had taken out her watch crystal and was holding it in the sun over a pile of leaves.

Tish got out the Young Woodsman from the suitcase. It seems I had followed cuts I and II, but had neglected cut III, which is: Hold the left wrist against the left shin, and the left foot on the fireblock. I had got my feet mixed and was trying to hold my left wrist against my right shin, which is exceedingly difficult. Tish got a fire in fourteen minutes and thirty-one seconds by Aggie's watch, and had to wear a bandage on her hand for a week.

But we had a fire. We cooked the rabbit, which proved to be much older than Aggie had thought, and ate what we could. Personally I am not fond of rabbit, and our enjoyment was rather chastened by the fear that some mushrooms Tish had collected and added to the stew were toadstools *incognito*. To make things worse Aggie saw some goldenrod near by and began to sneeze.

It was after five o'clock, but it seemed wisest to move on toward the lake.

"Even if we don't make it," said Tish, "we'll be on our way, and while that bear is likely harmless we needn't thrust temptation in his way."

We carried the fire with us in the kettle and we took turns with the tepee, which was heavy. Our suitcases with our city clothes in them we hid in a hollow tree, and one after the other, with Aggie last, we started on.

The trail, which was a sort of wide wagon road at first, became a footpath; as we went on even that disappeared at times under fallen leaves. Once we lost it entirely, and Aggie, falling over a hidden root, spilled the fire. She became exceedingly disagreeable about that time, said she was sure Tish's mushrooms were toadstools because she felt very queer, and suddenly gave a yell and said she had seen something moving in the bushes.

We all looked, and the bushes were moving.

III

IT WAS dusk by that time and the path was only a thread between masses of undergrowth. Tish said if it was the bear he would be afraid of the fire, so we put dry leaves in the kettle and made quite a blaze. By its light Tish read that bears in the summer are full fed and really frolicsome and that they are awful cowards. We felt quite cheered and brave, and Tish said if he came near to throw the fire kettle at him and he'd probably die of fright.

It was too late to put up the tepee, so we found a clearing near the path and decided to spend the night there. Aggie still watched the bushes and wanted to spend the night in a tree; but Tish's calmness was a reproach to us both, and after we had emptied the kettle and made quite a fire to keep off animals we unrolled our blankets and prepared for sleep. I could have slept anywhere, although I was still rather hungry. My last view was of Tish in the firelight grimly bending down a sapling and fastening a rabbit snare to it.

During the night I was wakened by somebody clutching my arm. It was Aggie who lay next to me. When I raised my head she pointed off into the woods to our left. At a height of perhaps four feet from the ground a ghastly red glow was moving rapidly away from us. It was not a torch; it was more a radiance, and it moved not evenly, but jerkily. I could feel the very hair rising on my head and it was all I could do to call Tish. When we had roused her, however, the glow had faded entirely and she said we had had a nightmare.

The snare the next morning contained a skunk, and we moved on as quickly as possible, without attempting to secure the thong, of which we had several. We gathered some puffballs to soak for breakfast and in a clearing I found some blackberry bushes. We were very cheerful that morning, for if we could capture rabbits and skunks we were sure of other things, also, and soon we would be able to add fish to our menu. True we had not had much time to commune with our souls, and Aggie's arms were so sunburned that she could not bend them at the elbows. But, as Tish said, we had already proved our contention that we could get along without men or houses or things. Things, she said, were the curse of modern life; we filled our lives with things instead of thoughts.

It was when we were ready to cook the puffballs that we missed the kettle! Tish was very angry; she said it was evident that the bear was mischievous and that all bears were thieves. (See the Young Woodsman.) But I recalled the glow of the night before, and more than once I caught Aggie's eyes on me, filled with consternation. For we had seen that kettle leaving the camp with some of our fire in it, and bears are afraid of fire!

We reached the lake at noon and it seemed as if we might soon have time to sit down and rest. But there was a great deal to do. Aggie was of no assistance on account of her arms, so Tish and I put up the tent. The Young Woodsman said it was easy. First you tied three long poles together near the top and stood them up so they made a sort of triangle. Then you cut about a dozen and filled in between the three. That looked easy, but it took all afternoon, and our first three looked like this first cut.

As the First Three Looked

As They Should Have Looked

We had caught a rabbit by noon, and Aggie being unfit for other work, and the kettle being gone, Tish set her to

roasting it. It was not very good, but we ate some, being ravenous. The method was simplicity itself—two forked sticks in the ground, one across to hang the rabbit to and a fire beneath. It tasted rather smoky.

In the afternoon we finished putting up the tepee, and Tish made a fishhook out of a hairpin and tied it to a strong creeper I had found. But we caught no fish. We had more rabbit for supper, with some puffballs smoked and a few huckleberries. But by that time the very sight of a rabbit sickened me and Aggie began to talk about broiled beefsteak and fried spring chicken.

We had seen no sign of the bear, or whatever it was, all day, and it seemed likely we were not to be again disturbed. But a most mysterious thing occurred that very night.

As I have said we had caught no fish. The lake was full of them. We sat on a bank that evening and watched them playing leapfrog, and talked about frying them on red-hot stones, but nothing came near the hairpin. At last Tish made a suggestion.

"We need worms," she said. "A grasshopper loses all his spirit after he's been immersed for an hour, but a worm will keep on wriggling and attracting attention for half a day."

"I wanted to bring a spade," said Aggie.

But Tish had read of a scheme for getting worms that she said the game warden of some place or other had guaranteed officially.

"You stick a piece of wood about two feet into the ground in a likely spot," she said, "and rub a rough piece of bark or plank across the top. This man claims, and it sounds reasonable, that the worms think it is raining and come up for water. All you have to do is to gather them up."

Tish found a pole for the purpose on the beach and set to work, while Aggie and I prepared several hooks and lines. The fish were jumping busily, and it seemed likely we should have more than we could do to haul them in.

The experiment, however, failed entirely, for not a single worm appeared. Tish laid it to the fact that it was very late and that the worms were probably settled down for the night. It may have been that, or it may have been the wrong kind of wood.

The mysterious happening was this: We rose quite early because the tepee did not seem to be well anchored and fell down on us at daybreak. Tish went down to the beach to examine the lines that had been out all night, and found nothing. She was returning rather dispirited to tell us that it would be rabbit again for breakfast, when she saw lying on a flat stone half a dozen beautiful fish, one or two still gasping, in our lost kettle!

Tish said she stood there, opening and shutting her mouth like the fish. Then she gave a whoop and we came running. At first we thought they might have been jumping and leaped out on to the beach by accident, but, as Tish said, they would hardly have landed all together and into a kettle that had been lost for two nights and a day. The queer thing was that they had not been caught with a hook at all. They hadn't a mark on them.

We were so hungry that we ate every one of them for breakfast. It was only when we had eaten, and were sitting gorged and not caring whether the tent was set up again or not, that we fell to wondering about the fish. Tish fancied it might have been the driver of the spring wagon, but decided he'd have sold us the fish at thirty cents a pound live weight.

All day long we watched for a sign of our benefactor, but we saw nothing. Tish set up more rabbit snares; not that she wanted rabbits, but it had become a mania with her, and there were so many of them that as they grew accustomed to us they sat round our camp in a ring and criticized our housekeeping. She thought if she got a good many skins she could have a fur robe made for her automobile. As a matter of fact she found another use for them.

It was that night then that we were sitting round the campfire on stones that we had brought up from the beach. We had seen nothing more of the bear, and if we had been asked we should have said that the nearest human being was twenty-five miles away.

Suddenly a voice came out of the woods just behind us, a man's voice.

"Please don't be alarmed," said the voice. "But may I have a little of your fire? Mine has gone out again."

"G-g-g-good gracious!" said Aggie. "T—Tish, get your revolver!"

This was for effect. Tish had no revolver.

All of us had turned and were staring into the woods behind, but we could see no one. After Aggie's speech about the revolver it was some time before the voice spoke again.

"Never mind, Aggie," Tish observed, very loud. "The revolver is here and loaded—as nice a little thirty-six as any one needs here in the woods."

She said afterward that she knew all the time there was no thirty-six caliber revolver, but in the excitement she got it mixed with her bust measure. Having replied to Aggie, Tish then turned in the direction of the voice.

"Don't skulk back there," she called. "Come out where we can see you. If you look reliable we'll give you some fire, of course."

There was another pause, as if the stranger were hesitating. Then:

"I think I'd better not," he said with reluctance in his voice. "Can't you toss a brand this way?"

By that time we had grown accustomed to the darkness, and I thought I could see in the shadow of a tree a lightish figure. Aggie saw it at the same instant and clutched my arm.

"Lizzie!" she gasped.

It was at that moment that Tish tossed the brand. It fell far short, but her movement caught the stranger unawares. He ducked behind the tree, but the flare of light had caught him. With the exception of what looked like a pair of bathing trunks he was as bare as my hand!

There was a sort of astonished silence. Then the voice called out.

"Why in the world didn't you warn me?" it said, aggrieved. "I didn't know you were going to throw the blamed thing."

We had all turned our backs at once and Tish's face was awful.

"Take it and go," she said without turning. "Take it and go!"

From the crackling of leaves and twigs we judged that he had come out and got the brand, and when he spoke again it was from farther back in the woods.

"We Will Prove That the Trappings of Civilization are a Delusion and a Snare"

"You know," he said, "I don't like this any more than you do. I've got forty-two mosquito bites on my left arm."

He waited, as if for a reply; but getting none he evidently retreated. The sound of rustling leaves and crackling twigs grew fainter, fainter still, died away altogether. We turned then with one accord and gazed through the dark arches of the forest. A glowing star was retreating there—a smoldering fire that seemed to move slowly and with an appearance of dejection.

It was the second time Aggie and I had seen fire thus carried through the wood; but whereas about the kettle there had been a glow and radiance that was almost triumphant, the brand we now watched seemed smoldering, dejected, ashamed. Even Tish felt it.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed. "Daring to come here like that! No wonder he's ashamed."

But Aggie, who is very romantic, sat staring after the distant torch.

"Mr. Wiggins suffered so from mosquitoes," she said softly.

IV

THE next morning we found more fish awaiting us, and on the smooth sand of the beach was a message written with a stick:

If you will leave a wire hairpin or two on this stone I can get bigger fish. What do you mean to do with all those rabbit skins? (Signed) P.

Tish was touched by the fish, I think. She smoothed off the sand carefully and wrote a reply:

Here are the hairpins. Thank you. Do you want the rabbit skins? L. C.

All day we were in a state of expectancy. The mosquitoes were very bad, and had it not been for the excitement of the P—— person I should have given up and gone home. I wanted mashed potatoes and lima beans with butter dressing, and a cup of hot tea, and muffins, and ice—in fact I cannot think of anything I did not want, except rabbits and fish and puffballs and such blackberries as the birds did not fancy. Although we were well enough—almost too well—the better I felt the hungrier I got.

Tish thought the time had now come to rest and invite our souls. She set the example that day by going out on a flat rock in the lake and preparing to think all the things she'd been waiting most of her life to consider.

"I am ready to form my own opinions about some things," she said. "I realize now that all my life the newspapers and stupid people and books have formed my opinions. Now I'm going to think along my own lines. Is there another life after this? Do I really desire the suffrage? Why am I a Baptist?"

Aggie said she would like to invite her soul that day also, not to form any opinions—Tish always does that for her—but she had to get some clothes in September and she might as well think them out.

So it happened that I was alone when I met the P—— person's young woman.

I had intended to wander only a short way along the trail, but after I had gone a mile or two it occurred to me as likely that the spring-wagon driver would come back that way before long out of curiosity, and I thought I might leave a message for him to bring out some fresh eggs and leave them there. I could tell Tish I had found a nest, or perhaps since that would be lying I could put them in a nest and let her find them. I'd have ordered tea, too, if I could have thought of any way to account for it.

"I'm going to do some meditating myself today," I remarked, "but I think better when I'm moving. If I don't come back in an hour or so don't imagine I've been kidnaped."

Tish turned on her stone and looked at me.

"You will not be kidnaped," she said shortly. "I cannot imagine any one safer than you are in that costume."

Well, I made my way along the trail as rapidly as I could. It was twenty miles there and back and I've seen the day when two city blocks would send me home to soak my feet in hot water. But the sandals were easy to walk in and my calico skirt was short and light.

I had no paper to write my message on, of course, but on the way I gathered a large white fungus and I scraped a note on it with a pin. With the fungus under my arm I walked briskly along, planning an omelet with the eggs, if we got any, and gathering mushrooms here and there. It was the mushrooms that led me to the discovery of a camping place that was prehistoric in its primitiveness—a clearing, surrounded by low bushes, and in the center a fireplace of stones with a fire smoldering. At one side a heap of leaves and small twigs for a bed, a stump for a seat, and lying on top of it a sort of stone ax, made by inserting a sharp stone into the cleft of a sapling and tying it into place with a wild-grape tendril. Pegged out on the ground to cure was a rabbit skin, indifferently scraped. It made our aluminum kettle and canvas tepee look like a marble-vestibuled apartment on Riverside Drive.

The whole thing looked pitiful, hungry. I thought of Tish sitting on a stone inviting her soul, while rabbits came from miles round to stick their heads through our nooses and hang themselves for our dinner; and it seemed to me that we should share our plenty. I thought it probable that the gentleman of the woods lived here, and from the appearance of the place he carried all his possessions with him when he wore his bathing trunks. If I had been in any doubt the sight of Aggie's wire hairpin, sharpened and bent into a serviceable fishhook, decided me. I scratched a message for him on another fungus and left it:

If you need anything come to the Indian tepee at the lake. We have no clothing to spare, but are always glad to help in time of trouble.

(Signed) ONE OF THE SIMPLE LIFERS.

I went on after that and about noon reached our point of exodus from the wagon. I was tired and hot and I kept thinking of my little dining room at home, with the

(Continued on Page 44)

WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

Satan in Cabinet; or, Wm. J.'s Way—By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NOW it happened that Satan in Washington city,
Having served for the day on the Mulhall Committee,
Seemed a bit bored
When evening came;
So, dressed like a lord,
He went out for game,
Donned his "invisibles," looked up the right house
And entered the cabinet room of the White House.
Near a window he lurked, feeling trouble was certain,
And grinned at the show through a crack o' the curtain.

The Cabinet met. All the members were there,
Except where one vacant and desolate chair
Displayed at its back on a goodly brass plate,
"Reserved for the Lord Secretary of State."
The President sat at the head of the table,
Assuming the air of a father well able
To carve or give thanks
Or administer spanks
To some levitous member indulging in pranks.

There was Franklin K. Lane
Whose headpiece, though hairless,
Lay over a brain
Neither sterile nor careless;
There was Bill McAdoo, who as Lord of the Treasury,
Never diminished the wonderful pleasure he
Took in the farmer's financial futurity,
Taking fresh butter and eggs as security.
There was Redfield of Commerce, quite wise for his years,
With his cute little whiskers looped over his ears.

So He Drew Seven Circles, Spoke Words Rather Queer, "Abracadabra! Satan, Come Here!"

And so down the list, e'en to Uncle Jo Daniels,
Saltiest dog of the seagoing spaniels,
Whose love of the sailor so warmed in his vitals
He'd perfected a plot
For improving their lot
By giving them teas, admiralty titles,
Silken pajamas and organ recitals.

The Cabinet met. But none stirred;
Not a word
Was heard
Till suddenly in through the door entered slow
Joseph Tumulty, tumultuous Jo,
Bearing a jug of a temperance shape
Filled with the juice of the freshly-killed grape.
Silent the glasses were filled and passed round;
All of 'em rose with an absence of sound
While very devoutly spake Woodrow the Wise,
Raising his glass to his scholarly eyes:
"Here's bottoms up to the absent," said he,
And drank to the chair labeled "William J. B."

This regular rite being finished, per cup,
The work of the evening next they took up
The War Secretary spoke somewhat in pain:
"The Latin Republics are at us again.
Envoys from Peru
And Argentine too,
Bolivia, Chili and San Salvador,
Paraguay, Uruguay, Santo Domingo,
Called at my office today, and by jingo,
They swore they'd combine against us and make war
If William J. B. didn't cease for to vex 'em
By drawing up treaties intent to annex 'em.
And they want the Department of State right away
To give 'em an answer, as much as to say ——"
Quoth the others: "Dear, dear!
And Bryan's not here!"

Quoth the Lord of the Treasury, Bill McAdoo,
"A Chinese commissioner, General Boo,
Called at my office with hasty intent
To borrow six billions at seven per cent.
In accents quite humble
He managed to mumble,
'Must catchee cash quick or poor China will tumble!'
The job seemed a bit international, so
I sent him to Bill to arrange for the dough ——"
Quoth all in dismay:
"And Bill is away!"

Quoth lordly Josephus: "The English, I hear,
Are dogging our steps and behaving darned queer;
For they swear
And declare
With an Anglicized air
That they ne'er again shall
Admire our canal
Which charges for water at so much per gal.
They're looking for blood, they'll appeal to the Powers
And there'll be feathers flyin'
Unless Mr. Bryan
Draws a new treaty in twenty-four hours ——"

Then up spake redoubtable Franklin K. Lane,
Whose features are fair as his language is plain:
"Is there a ghost of a reason on earth
Why William should always be out of his berth?"
"Tush, Frank!" said the Prex; "William has to divide his
Time. He's away Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays
Giving his chalk-talks
To little Chautauk-walks.
Thus does our poor Secretary of Stations
Eke out his payroll in paid conversations.
Tuesdays and Thursdays his time is the Nation's."
"Now Woodrow! Now Woodrow!" cried Josephus D.,
"If Bill goes in vaudeville, why shouldn't we?
We each know a stunt and with profit could work it,
We're most of us poor
And would blithely endure
A thousand per week on the K. & E. circuit."

Near a Window He Lurked, Feeling Trouble Was Certain, And Grinned at the Show Through a Crack o' the Curtain

No sooner the word
Was out of his mouth
Than distinctly was heard
At the window due South
A mellow "Ahem!"
And stood looking at them
A middle-aged gent of theatrical mien,
Eyes rather fiery and beard rather green.

"Statesmen," he chortled, "I give you all greeting,
You'll pardon my voice in a Cabinet Meeting.
I've been here before in my light airy way:
Most frequently during Dick Ballinger's day.
Now I just overheard
A Member exclaim
That since wealth was preferred
To duty or fame
By various parties, he didn't mind tryin'
Charging for tickets like William J. Bryan,
Three-fourths of the week, thus to eke out his wage
By a lucrative job on the vaudeville stage."

Silence long
Held them quite.
"Am I wrong?
Am I right?"
But the Members, like statues for plaster of Paris meant,
Merely looked solemn to hide their embarrassment.
Satan continued: "I represent three
Vaudeville circuits of lofty degree,
The Beal Z. Bubb, Pluto and H. F. & L.
And since we are looking
For novelties, booking

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Soon From the Vaudeville Heaven There Blazed Over the Nation a New Constellation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN

It Was Not a Ninety-Day Picnic After All

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

THERE was a sound, heard in the early hours of a Sunday morning, that used to bother strangers in our town until they got used to it. It started usually along about half past five or six o'clock and it kept up interminably—so it seemed to them—a monotonous, jarring thump-thump, thump-thump, that was like the far-off beating of African tomtoms; but at breakfast, when the beaten biscuits came upon the table, throwing off a steamy hot halo of their own goodness, these aliens knew what it was that had roused them, and, unless they were dyspeptics by nature, felt amply recompensed for the lost hours of their beauty sleep.

In these degenerate latter days I believe there is a machine which accomplishes the same purpose noiselessly by a process of rolling and crushing, which no doubt is efficacious; but it seems somehow to take the poetry out of the operation. Old Judge Priest, our circuit judge, and the reigning black deity of his kitchen, Aunt Dilsey Turner, would have naught of it. So long as his digestion survived and her good right arm held out to endure, there would be real beaten biscuits for the judge's Sunday-morning breakfast. And so, having risen with the dawn or a little later, Aunt Dilsey, wielding a maul-headed tool of whittled wood, would pound the dough with rhythmic strokes until it was as plastic as sculptor's modeling clay and as light as eiderdown, full of tiny hills and hollows, in which small yeasty bubbles rose and spread and burst like foam globules on the flanks of gentle waveleta. Then with her master hand she would roll it thin and cut out the small round disks, and delicately pink each one with a fork—and then, if you were listening, you could hear the stove door slam like the smacking of an iron lip.

On a certain Sunday I have in mind, Judge Priest woke with the first premonitory thud from the kitchen, and he was up and dressed in his white linens and out upon the wide front porch while the summer day was young and unblemished. The sun was not up good yet. It made a red glow, like a barn afire, through the treetops looking eastward. Lie-abed blackbirds were still talking over family matters in the maples that clustered round the house; and in the back yard Judge Priest's big red rooster hoarsely circulated gossip in regard to a certain little brown hen, first crowing out the news loudly and then listening, with his head on one side, while the rooster in the next yard took it up and repeated it to a rooster living farther down the road, as is the custom among male scandalizers the world over. Upon the lawn the little gossamer hammocks that the grass spiders had seamed together overnight were spangled with dew, so that each outthrown thread was a glittering rosary and the center of each web a silken, cushioned jewel casket. Likewise each web was outlined in white mist, for the cottonwood trees were shedding down their podded product so thickly that across open spaces the slanting lines of the drifting fiber looked like snow. It would be hot enough after a while, but now the whole world was sweet and fresh and washed clean.

It impressed Judge Priest so. He lowered his bulk into a rustic chair made of hickory withes that gave to his weight, and put his thoughts upon breakfast and the goodness of the day; but presently, as he sat there, he saw something that set a frown between his faded blue eyes.

He saw, coming down Clay Street, upon the opposite side, an old man—a very feeble old man—who was tall and thin, and dressed in somber black. The man was lame—he dragged one leg along with the hitching gait of the paralytic. Traveling with painful slowness, he came on until he reached the corner above. Then automatically he turned at right angles and left the narrow wooden sidewalk and crossed the dusty road. He passed Judge Priest's, looking neither to the right nor the left, and so kept on until he reached the corner below. Still following an invisible path in the deep-furrowed dust, he crossed again to the other side. Just as he got there his halt leg seemed to give out altogether and for a minute or two he stood holding himself up by a fumbling grip upon the slats of a treebox before he went laboriously on in the early sunshine that was now beginning to slant across his path and dapple his back with checkerings of shadow and light.

This maneuver was inexplicable—a stranger would have puzzled to make it out. The shade was as plentiful upon one side of Clay Street as upon the other; each sagged wooden sidewalk was in as bad repair as its brother over the way. The small, shabby frame house, buried in honeysuckles and balsam vines, which stood close up to the pavement line on the opposite side of Clay Street, facing Judge Priest's roomy and rambling old home, had no flag of pestilence at its door or its window. And surely to this lone pedestrian every added step must have been an added labor. A stranger would never have understood it; but Judge Priest understood it—he had seen that same thing repeated countless times in the years that stretched behind him. Always it had distressed him inwardly; but on this particular morning it distressed him more than ever. The toiling grim figure in black had seemed so feeble and so tottery and old.

Well, Judge Priest was not exactly what you would call young. With an effort he heaved himself up out of the depths of his hickory chair and stood at the edge of his porch, polishing a pink bald dome of forehead as though trying to make up his mind to something. Jefferson Poindexter, resplendent in starchy white jacket and white apron, came to the door.

"Breakfus' served, suh!" he said, giving to an announcement touching on food that glamour of grandeur of which his race alone enjoys the splendid secret.

"Hey?" asked the judge.

"Breakfus'—hit's on the table waitin', suh," stated Jeff. "Mizz Polks sent over her houseboy with a dish of fresh razberries fur yore breakfus'; and she say to tell you, with her and Mistah Polkses' compliments, they is fresh-picked out of her garden—specially fur you."

The lady and gentleman to whom Jeff had reference were named Polk; but in speaking of white persons for whom he had a high regard Jeff always, wherever possible within the limitations of our speech, tacked on that final "s." It was in the nature of a delicate verbal compliment, implying that the person referred to was worthy of enlargement and pluralization.

Alone in the cool, high-ceiled, white-walled dining room, Judge Priest ate his breakfast mechanically. The raspberries were pink beads of sweetness; the young fried chicken was a poem in delicate and flaky browns; the spoon-bread could not have been any better if it had tried; and the beaten biscuits were as light as snowflakes and as ready to melt on the tongue; but Judge Priest spoke hardly a word all through the meal. Jeff, going out to the kitchen, said to Aunt Dilsey: "Ole boss-man seem lak he's got somethin' on his mind worryin' him this mawnin'."

When Jeff returned, with a turn of crisp waffles in one hand and a pitcher of cane sirup in the other, he stared in surprise, for the dining room was empty and he could hear his employer creaking down the hall. Jeff just naturally hated to see good hot waffles going to waste. He ate them himself, standing up; and they gave him a zest for his regular breakfast, which followed in due course of time.

From the old walnut hatrack with its white-tipped knobs, that stood just inside the front door, Judge Priest picked up a palmleaf fan; and he held the fan slantwise as a shield for his eyes and his bare head against the sun's glare as he went down the porch steps and passed out of his own yard, traversed the empty street, and strove with the stubborn gatelatch of the little house that faced his own. It was a poor-looking little house, and its poorness had extended to its surroundings—as if poverty was a contagion that spread. In Judge Priest's yard now the grass, though uncared for, grew thick and lush; but here, in this small yard, there were bare, shiny spots of earth showing through the grass—as though the soil itself was out at elbows and the nap worn off its green velvet coat; but the vines about the porch were thick enough for an ambuscade, and from behind their green screen came a voice in hospitable recognition:

"Is that you, judge? Well, sir, I'm glad to see you! Come right in; take a seat and sit down and rest yourself."

The speaker showed himself in the arched opening of the vine barrier—an old man—not quite so old, perhaps, as the judge. He was in his shirtsleeves. There was a patch upon one of the sleeves. His shoes had been newly shined, but the job was poorly done; the leather showed a dulled black upon the toes and a weathered yellow at the sides and heels. As he spoke his voice ran up and down—the voice of a deaf person who cannot hear his own words clearly, so that he pitches them in a false key. For added proof of this affliction he held a tremulous hand cupped behind his ear.

The other hand he extended in greeting as the old judge mounted

"I Desire to Present a Certain Matter to a Couple of Our Members"

the step of the low porch. The visitor took one of two creaky wooden rockers that stood in the narrow space behind the balsam vines, and for a minute or two he sat without speech, fanning himself. Evidently these neighborly calls between these two old men were not uncommon; they could enjoy the communion of silence together without embarrassment.

The town clocks struck—first the one on the city hall struck eight times sedately; and then, farther away, the one on the county courthouse. This one struck five times slowly, hesitated a moment, struck eleven times with great vigor, hesitated again, struck once with a big, final boom, and was through. No amount of repairing could cure the courthouse clock of this peculiarity. It kept the time, but it kept it according to a private way of its own. Immediately after it ceased the bell on the Catholic church, first and earliest of the Sunday bells, began tolling briskly. Judge Priest waited until its clamoring had died away.

"Goin' to be good and hot after while," he said.

"What say?"

"I say it's goin' to be mighty warm a little later on in the day," repeated Judge Priest, raising his voice.

"Yes, suh; I reckon you're right there," assented the host. "Just a minute ago, before you came over, I was telling Liddie she'd find it middlin' close in church this morning. She's going, though—runaway horses wouldn't keep her away from church! I'm not going myself—seems as though I'm getting more and more out of the church habit here lately."

Judge Priest's eyes squinted in whimsical appreciation of this admission. He remembered that the other man, during the lifetime of his second wife, had been a regular attendant at services—going twice on Sundays, and to Wednesday night prayer meetings too; but the second wife had been dead going on four years now—or was it five? Time flew so!

The deaf man spoke on:

"So I just thought I'd sit here and try to keep cool and wait for that Ledbetter boy to come round with the Sunday paper. Did you read last Sunday's paper, judge? Colonel Watterson certainly had a mighty fine piece on those Northern money devils. It's round here somewhere—I cut it out to keep it. I'd like to have you read it and pass your opinion on it. These young fellows do pretty well, but there's none of them can write like the colonel, in my judgment."

Judge Priest appeared not to have heard him.

"Ed Tilghman," he said abruptly in his high, fine voice that seemed absurdly out of place coming from his round frame, "you and me have lived neighbors together a good while, haven't we? We've been right across the street from one another all this time. It kind of jolts me sometimes when I git to thinkin' how many years it's really been; because we're gettin' along right smartly in years—all us old fellows are. Ten years from now, say, there won't be so many of us left."

He glanced sidewise at the lean, firm profile of his friend. "You're younger than some of us; but, even so, you ain't exactly what I'd call a young man yourself."

Avoiding the direct, questioning gaze that his companion turned on him at this, the judge reached forward and touched a ripe balsam apple that dangled in front of him. Instantly it split, showing the gummed red seeds clinging to the inner walls of the sensitive pod.

"I'm listening to you, judge," said the deaf man.

For a moment the old judge waited. There was about him almost an air of embarrassment. Still considering the ruin of the balsam apple, he spoke, and it was with a sort of hurried anxiety, as though he feared he might be checked before he could say what he had to say.

"Ed," he said, "I was settin' on my porch a while ago waitin' for breakfast, and your brother came by." He shot a quick, apprehensive glance at his silent auditor. Except for a tautened flickering of the muscles about the mouth, there was no sign that the other had heard him. "Your brother Abner came by," repeated the judge; "and I set over there on my porch and watched him pass. Ed, Abner's gittin' mighty feeble! He jest about kin drag himself along—he's had another stroke lately, they tell me. He had to hold on to that there treebox down yonder, steadyin' himself after he crossed back over to this side. Lord knows what he was doin' draggin' downtown on a Sunday mornin'—force of habit, I reckin. Anyway he certainly did look older and more poorly than ever I saw before. He's a failin' man if I'm any judge. Do you hear me plain?" he asked.

"I hear you," said his neighbor in a curiously flat voice. It was Tilghman's turn to avoid the glances of his friend. He stared straight ahead of him through a rift in the vines.

"Well, then," went on Judge Priest, "here's what I've got to say to you, Ed Tilghman. You know as well as I do that I've never pried into your private affairs, and it goes mightily against the grain for me to be doin' so now; but, Ed, when I think of how old we're all gittin' to be, and when the Camp meets and I see you settin' there side by side almost, and yet never seemin' to see each other—and this morning when I saw Abner pass, lookin' so gaunt and sick—and it sech a sweet, ca'm mornin', too, and everything so quiet and peaceful——" He broke off and started anew; "I don't seem to know exactly how to put my thoughts into words—and puttin' things into words is supposed to be my trade too. Anyway I couldn't go to Abner. He's not my neighbor and you are; and, besides, you're the youngest of the two. So—so I came over here to you. Ed, I'd like mightily to take some word from you to your brother Abner. I'd like to do it the best in the world! Can't I go to him with a message from you—today? Tomorrow might be too late!"

He laid one of his pudgy hands on the bony knee of the deaf man; but the hand slipped away as Tilghman stood up.

"Judge Priest," said Tilghman, looking down at him, "I've listened to what you've had to say; and I didn't stop you, because you are my friend and I know you mean well by it. Besides you're my guest, under my own roof." He stumped back and forth in the narrow confines of the porch. Otherwise he gave no sign of any emotion that might be astir within him, his face being still set and his voice flat. "What's between me and my—what's between me and that man you just named always will be between us. He's satisfied to let things go on as they are. I'm satisfied to let them go on. It's in our breed, I guess. Words—just words—wouldn't help mend this thing. The reason for it would be there just the same, and neither one of us is going to be able to forget that so long as we both live. I'd just as soon you never brought this—this subject up again. If you went to him I presume he'd tell you the same thing. Let it be, Judge Priest—it's past mending. We two have gone on in this way for fifty years nearly. We'll keep on going on so. I appreciate your kindness, Judge Priest; but let it be—let it be!"

There was finality miles deep and fixed as basalt in his tone. He checked his walk and called in at a shuttered window.

"Liddie," he said in his natural up-and-down voice, "before you put off for church, couldn't you mix up a couple of lemonades or something? Judge Priest is out here on the porch with me."

"No," said Judge Priest, getting slowly up, "I've got to be gittin' back before the sun's up too high. If I don't see you again meanwhile be shore to come to the next regular meetin' of the Camp—on Friday night," he added.

"I'll be there," said Tilghman. "And I'll try to find that piece of Colonel Watterson's and send it over to you. I'd like mightily for you to read it."

He stood at the opening in the vines, with one slightly palsied hand fumbling at a loose tendril as the judge passed down the short yard walk and out at the gate.

Then he went back to his chair and sat down again. All those little muscles in his jowls were jumping.

Clay Street was no longer empty. Looking down its dusty length from beneath the shelter of his palmleaf fan, Judge Priest saw here and there groups of children—the little girls in prim and starchy white; the little boys hobbling in the Sunday torment of shoes and stockings; and all of them were moving toward a common center—Sunday-school. Twice again that day would the street show life—a little later when grown-ups went their way to church, and again just after the noonday dinner, when young people and servants, carrying trays and dishes under napkins, would cross and recross from one house to another. The Sunday interchange of special dainties between neighbors amounted in our town to a ceremonial and a rite; but after that, until cool evening, the town would simmer in quiet, while everybody took Sunday naps.

With his fan, Judge Priest made an angry sawing motion in the air, as though trying to fend off something disagreeable—a memory, perhaps, or it might have been only a persistent midge. There were plenty of gnats and midges about, for by now—even so soon—the dew was dried. The leaves of the silver poplars were turning their white undersides up like countless frog-bellies; and the long, podded pendants of the Injun-cigar trees hung dangling and still. It would be a hot day, sure enough; already the judge felt wilted and worn out.

In our town we had our tragedies that endured for years and, in the small-town way, finally became institutions. There was the case of the Burnleys. For thirty-odd years old Major Burnley lived on one side of his house and his wife lived on the other, neither of them ever crossing an imaginary dividing line that ran down the middle of the hall, having for their medium of intercourse all that time a lean spinster daughter, in whose gray and barren life church work and these strange home duties took the place that Nature had intended to be filled by a husband and babies.

There was crazy Saul Vance, in his garb of a fantastic scarecrow, who was forever starting somewhere and never going there—because, as sure as he came to a place where two roads crossed, he could not make up his mind which turn to take. In his youth a girl had jilted him, or a bank had failed on him, or a horse had kicked him in the head—or maybe it was all three of these things that had addled his poor brain. Anyhow he went his pitiable, aimless way for years, taunted daily by small boys who were more cruel than jungle beasts. How he lived nobody knew, but when he died some of the men who as boys had jeered him turned out to be his volunteer pallbearers.

There was Mr. H. Jackman—Brother Jackman to all the town—who had been our leading hatter once and rich besides, and in the days of his affluence had given the Baptist church its bells. In his old age, when he was dog-poor, he lived on charity, only it was not known by that name, which is at once the sweetest and the bitterest word in our tongue; for Brother Jackman, always primped,

He Waited, Trembling All Over, Until the Sitter Came to the End of the Column

always plump and well clad, would go through the market to take his pick of what was there, and to the Richland House bar for his toddies, and to Felsburg Brothers for new garments when his old ones wore shabby—and yet never paid a cent for anything; a kindly conspiracy on the part of the whole town enabling him to maintain his self-respect to the last. Strangers in our town used to take him for a retired banker—that's a fact!

And there was old man Stackpole, who had killed his man—had killed him in fair fight and had been acquitted, and yet walked quiet back streets at all hours, a gray, silent shadow, and never slept except with a bright light burning in his room.

The tragedy of Mr. Edward Tilghman, though, and of Captain Abner G. Tilghman, his elder brother, was both a tragedy and a mystery—the biggest tragedy and the deepest mystery our town had ever known or ever would know probably. All that anybody knew for certain was that for upward of fifty years neither of them had spoken to the other, nor by deed or look had given heed to the other. As boys, back in sixty-one, they had gone out together. Side by side, each with his arm over the other's shoulder, they had stood up with a hundred others to be sworn into the service of the Confederate States of America; and on the morning they went away Miss Sally May Ghoulson had given the older brother her silk scarf off her shoulders to wear for a sash. Both the brothers had liked her, but by this public act she made it plain which of them was her choice.

Then the company had marched off to the camp on the Tennessee border, where the new troops were drilling; and as they marched some watchers wept and others cheered, but the cheering predominated, for it was to be only a sort of picnic anyhow—so everybody agreed. As the orators—who mainly stayed behind—had pointed out, the Northern people would not fight. And even if they should fight, could not one Southerner whip four Yankees? Certainly he could; any fool knew that much. In a month or two months, or at most three months, they would all be tramping home again, covered with glory and the spoils of war; and then—this by common report and understanding—Miss Sally May Ghoulson and Abner Tilghman would be married, with a big church wedding.

The Yankees, however, unaccountably fought, and it was not a ninety-day picnic after all. It was not any kind of a picnic. And when it was over, after four years and a month, Miss Sally May Ghoulson and Abner Tilghman did not marry. It was just before the battle of Chickamauga when the other men in the company first noticed that the two Tilghmans had become as strangers, and worse than strangers, to each other. They quit speaking to each other then and there, and to any man's knowledge they never spoke again. They served the war out, Abner rising just before the end to a captaincy, Edward serving always as a private in the ranks. In a dour, grim silence they took the fortunes of those last hard, hopeless days, and after the surrender down in Mississippi they came back with the limping handful that was left of the company; and in age they were all boys still—but in experience, men; and in suffering, grandsires.

Two months after they got back Miss Sally May Ghoulson was married to Edward, the younger brother. Within a year she died, and after a decent period of mourning Edward married a second time—only to be widowed again after many years. His second wife bore him children and they died—all except one, a daughter, who grew up and married badly; and after her mother's death she came back to live with her deaf father and minister to him. As for Captain Abner Tilghman, he never married—never, so far as the watching eyes of the town might tell, looked with favor upon another woman. And he never spoke to his brother or to any of his brother's family—or his brother to him.

With years, the wall of silence they had builded up between them turned to ice and the ice to stone. They lived on the same street; but never did Edward enter Captain Abner's bank, never did Captain Abner pass Edward's house—always he crossed over to the opposite side. They belonged to the same Veterans' Camp—indeed there was only the one for them to belong to; they voted the same ticket—straight Democratic; and in the same church, the old Independent Presbyterian, they worshiped the same God by the same creed, the older brother being an elder and the younger a plain member—and yet never crossed looks.

As He Got Down the Old Man Uttered a Little Groan of Discomfort

The town had come to accept this dumb and bitter feud as unchangeable and eternal; in time people ceased even to wonder what its cause had been, and in all the long years only one man had tried, before now, to heal it up. When old Doctor Henrickson died a young and ardent clergyman, fresh from the Virginia theological school, came out to take the vacant pulpit; and he, being filled with a high sense of his holy calling, thought it shameful that such a thing should be in the congregation. He went to see Captain Tilghman about it. He never went but that once. Afterward it came out that Captain Tilghman had threatened to walk out of church and never darken its doors again if the minister ever dared to mention his brother's name in his presence. So the young minister sorrowed, but obeyed, for the captain was rich and a generous giver to the church.

And he had grown richer with the years; and as he grew richer his brother grew poorer—another man owned the drug store where Edward Tilghman had failed. They had grown from young to middle-aged men, and from middle-aged men to old, infirm men; and first the grace of youth and then the solidness of maturity had gone out of them, and the gnarliness of age had come upon them; one was halt of step and the other was dull of ear; and the town through half a century of schooling had accustomed itself to the situation and took it as a matter of course. So it was and so it always would be—a tragedy and a mystery. It had not been of any use when the minister interfered and it was of no use now.

Judge Priest, with the gesture of a man who is beaten, dropped the fan on the porch floor, went into his darkened sitting room, stretched himself wearily on a creaking horsehide sofa, and called out to Jeff to make him a mild toddy—one with plenty of ice in it.

On this same Sunday—or, anyhow, I like to fancy it was on this same Sunday—at a point distant approximately nine hundred and seventy miles in a northeasterly direction from Judge Priest's town, Corporal Jacob Speck, late of Sigel's command, sat at the kitchen window of the combined Speck and Engel apartment on East Eighty-fifth Street in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. He was in his shirtsleeves; his tender feet were incased in a pair of red-and-green carpet slippers. In the angle of his left arm he held his youngest grandchild, aged one and a half years, while his right hand carefully poised a china pipe, with a bowl like an egg-cup and a stem like a fishpole. The corporal's blue Hanoverian eyes, behind their thick-lensed glasses, were steadily fixed upon a comprehensive vista of East Eighty-fifth Street back yards and clothespoles and fire-escapes; but his thoughts were very much elsewhere.

Reared back there at seeming ease, the corporal none the less was not happy in his mind. It was not that he so much minded being left at home to mind the youngest baby while the rest of the family spent the afternoon amid the Teutonic splendors of Smeltzer's Harlem River Casino, with its acres of gravel walks and its whitewashed treetrunks, its straggly flower-beds and its high-collared beers. He was used to that sort of thing. Since a plague of multiplying infirmities of the body had driven him out of his job in the tax office the corporal had not done much except nurse the babies that occurred in the Speck-Engel establishment with such unerring regularity. Sometimes, it is true, he did slip down to the corner for maybe zwei glasses of beer and a game of pinocle; but then, likely as not, there would come inopportunely a towheaded descendant to tell him mommer needed him back at the flat right away to mind the baby while she went marketing or to the movies.

He could endure that—he had to. What riled Corporal Jacob Speck on this warm and sunny Sunday was a realization that he was not doing his share at making the history of the period. The week before had befallen the fiftieth anniversary of the marching away of his old regiment to the front: there had been articles in the daily papers about it. Also, in patriotic commemoration of the great event there had been a parade of the wrinkled survivors—ninety-odd of them—following their tattered and faded battleflag down Fifth Avenue past apathetic crowds, nine-tenths of whom had been born since the war—in foreign lands mainly; and at least half, if one might judge by their looks, did not know what the parading was all about, and did not particularly care either.

The corporal had not participated in the march of the veterans; he had not even attended the banquet that followed it. True, the youngest grandchild was at the moment cutting one of her largest jaw teeth and so had required, for the time, an extraordinary and special amount of minding; but the young lady's dental difficulty was not the sole reason for his absence. Three weeks earlier the corporal had taken part in Decoration Day, and certainly one parade a month was ample strain upon a pair of legs such as he owned. He had returned home with his game leg behaving more gamely than usual, and with his sound one full of new and painful kinks. Also, in honor of the occasion he had committed the error of wearing a pair of stiff and inflexible new shoes; wherefore he had worn his carpet slippers ever since.

Missing the fiftieth anniversary was not the main point with the corporal—that was merely the fortune of war, to be accepted with fortitude and with no more than a proper and natural amount of grumbling by one who had been a good soldier and was now a good citizen; but for days before the event, and daily ever since, divers members of the old regiment had been writing pieces to the papers—the German papers and the English-printing papers too—long pieces, telling of the trip to Washington, and then on into Virginia and Tennessee, speaking of this campaign and that, and this battle and that. And because there was just now a passing wave of interest in Civil War matters the papers had printed these contributions, thereby reflecting much glory on the writers thereof. But Corporal Speck, reading these things, had marveled deeply that sane men should have such disgustingly bad memories; for his own recollection of these stirring and epochal events differed most widely from the reminiscent narrations of those misguided chroniclers.

It was, indeed, a shameful thing that the most important occurrences of the whole war should be so shockingly mangled and mishandled in the retelling. They were so grievously wrong—those other veterans—and he was so absolutely right. He was always right in these matters. Only the night before, during a merciful respite from his nursing duties, he had, in Otto Wittenpen's back barroom, spoken across the rim of a tall stein with some bitterness of certain especially grievous misstatements of plain fact on the part of certain faulty-minded comrades. In reply Otto had said, in a rather sneering tone the corporal thought:

"Say, then, Jacob, why don't you yourself write a piece to the paper telling about this regiment of yours—the way it was?"

"I will. Tomorrow I will do so without fail," he had said, the ambition of authorship suddenly stirring within him. Now, however, as he sat at the kitchen window, he gloomed in his disappointment, for he had tried and he knew he had not the gift of the written line. A good soldier he had been—yes, none better—and a good citizen, and in his day a capable and painstaking doorkeeper in the tax office; but he could not write his own story. That morning, when the youngest grandchild slept, and his daughter and his daughter's husband and the brood of his older grandchildren were all at the Lutheran church over in the next block, he sat himself down to compose his article to the paper; but the words would not come—or, at least, after the first line or two they would not come.

The mental picture of those stirring great days when he marched off on his two good legs—both good legs then—to fight for the country whose language he could not yet speak was there in bright and living colors; but the sorry part of it was he could not clothe his memories in language. In the trashbox under the sink a dozen crumpled sheets of paper testified to his failure; and now, alone with the youngest Miss Engel, he brooded over it and got low in his mind, and let his pipe go smack out. And right then and there, with absolutely no warning at all, there came to him, as you might say from the clear sky, a great idea—an idea so magnificent that he almost dropped the youngest Miss Engel on his lap at the splendid shock of it.

With solicitude he glanced down at the small, moist, pink, lumpy bundle of prickly heat and sore gums. Despite the sudden jostle the young lady slept steadily on. Very carefully he laid his pipe aside and very carefully he got upon his feet, jouncing his charge soothingly up and down; and with deftness he committed her small person to the crib that stood handily by. She stirred fretfully, but did not wake.

The corporal steered his gimpy leg and his rheumatic one out of the kitchen, which was white with scouring and as clean as a new pin, into the rearmost and smallest of the three sleeping rooms that mainly made up the Speck-Engel apartment.

The bed, whereon of nights Corporal Speck reposed with a bucking bronco of an eight-year-old grandson for a bedmate, was jammed close against the plastering, under the one small window set diagonally in a jog in the wall and opening out upon an airshaft like a chimney. Time had been when the corporal had a room and a bed all his own; that was before the family began to grow so fast in its second generation and while he still held a place of lucrative employment at the tax office.

As he got down upon his knees beside the bed the old man uttered a little groan of discomfort. He felt about in the space underneath and drew out a small tin trunk, rusted on its corners and dented in its sides. He made a laborious selection of keys from a keyring he got out of his pocket, unlocked the trunk and lifted out a heavy top tray. The tray contained, among other things, such treasures as his naturalization papers, his pension papers, a photograph of his dead wife, and a small bethumbed passbook of the East Side Germania Savings Bank. Underneath was a black fatigue hat with a gold cord round its crown, a neatly folded blue uniform coat, with the G. A. R. bronze showing in its uppermost lapel; and below that, in turn, the suit of neat blacks the corporal wore on high state occasions and would one day wear to be buried in. Pawing and digging, he worked his hands to the very bottom; and then, with a little grunt, he heaved out the thing he wanted—the one trophy, except a stiffened kneecap and an honorable record, this old man had brought home from the South. It was a captured Confederate knapsack, flattened and flabby. Its leather was dry-rotted with age, and the brass C. S. A. on the outer flap was gangrened and sunken in; the flap curled up stiffly, like an old shoesole.

The crooked old fingers undid a buckle-fastening and from the musty and odorous interior of the knapsack withdrew a letter, in a queer-looking yellowed envelope, with a queer-looking stamp upon the upper right-hand corner and a faint superscription upon its face. The three sheets of paper he slid out of the envelope were too old even to rustle, but the close writing upon them in a brownish, faded ink was still plainly to be made out.

Corporal Speck returned the knapsack to its place at the very bottom, put the tray back on its cleats, closed the trunk and locked it, and shoved it under the bed. The trunk resisted slightly, and he lost one carpet slipper and considerable breath in the struggle. Limping back to the kitchen and seeing that little Miss Engel still slumbered, he eased his frame into a chair and composed himself to literary composition, not in the least disturbed by the shouts of roistering sidewalk comedians that filtered up to him from down below in front of the house, or by the distant clatter of intermittent traffic over the cobbley spine of Second Avenue, half a block away. For some time he wrote, with a most scratchy pen; and this is what he wrote:

To the Editor of The Sun, City.

Dear Sir: The undersigned would state that he served two years and nine months—until wounded in action—in the Fighting Two Hundred and Tenth New York Infantry, and has been much interested to see what other comrades wrote for the papers regarding same in connection with the Rebellion War of North and South respectively. I would state that during the battle of Chickamauga I was for a while lying near by to a Confederate soldier—name unknown—who was dying on account of a wound in the chest. By his request I gave him a drink of water from my canteen, he dying shortly thereafter. Being myself wounded—right knee shattered by a Minié ball—I was removed to a field hospital; but before doing so I brought home with me this man's knapsack for a keepsake of the occasion.

Some years later I found in said knapsack a letter, which previous to then was overlooked by me. I inclose herewith a copy of said letter, which it may be interesting for reading purposes by surviving comrades.

Respectfully yours,
JACOB SPECK,
Late Corporal L Company,
Fighting Two Hundred and Tenth New York, U. S. V.

With deliberation and squeaky emphasis the pen progressed slowly across the paper, while the corporal with his left hand held flat the dead man's ancient letter before him, intent on copying it. Hard words puzzled him and long words daunted him; and he was making a long job of it when there were steps in the hall without. There entered breezily Miss Hortense Engel, who was the eldest of all the multiplying Engels, pretty beyond question and every inch American, having the gift of wearing Lower Sixth Avenue stock designs in a way to make them seem Upper Fifth Avenue models. Miss Engel's face was pleasantly flushed; she had just parted lingeringly from her steady company, whose name was Mr. Lawrence J. McLaughlin, in the lower hallway, which is the trysting place and courting place of tenement-dwelling sweethearts; and now she had come to make ready the family's cold Sunday-night tea. At sight of her the corporal had another inspiration—his second within the hour. His brow smoothed and he fetched a sigh of relief.

"'Lo, grosspops!" she said. "How's every little thing? The kiddo all right?"

She unpinned a Sunday hat that was plumed like a hearse and slipped on a long apron that covered her from Robespierre bib to hobble hem.

(Continued on Page 40)

When Will My Ship Come In?

By Edith Wyatt

DECORATION BY WALTER H. EVERETT

SKIPPER, when will my ship come in,
Silver and gray and brown?
The cloud-rack rifts and the morning lifts
Over my trading town.
Out of the bourn of the break of day,
Flush with the morning star,
The Hope of my Happiness sailed away,
Over the harbor bar."

"Turn back, turn back to your trading town,
Nor walk on the quay with me,
For many a ship of dreams goes down
That sails on the unknown sea.
Turn to work for your luck, nor wait
In the wind and the misty rime,
For the only one who may stay for Fate
Is myself—and my name is Time."

"Skipper, when will my ship come in?
The whistles of noonday blow;
The sun burns high in the masted sky;
The tides and the great winds flow.
Aught she may bring me now, I need—
Silver or gold or tin.
The trade winds blow and the gulf streams flow,
When will my ship come in?"

"When the kiss of the soul of the day blew down,
And the morning star throbbed and paled,
Out of the heart of your trading town
A myriad dreamships sailed;
Out of the bourn of the break of day,
Out to the open main,
Your fathers' and sons' ships sail away,
And never come back again."

"Skipper, the evening is clear and white:
My long day's work is done,
And over the fort of the harbor height
I hark for the sunset gun.
A year and a day and a life ago,
Out to the wind and the rack,
Our million desires have sailed away
And none of them yet come back.

"But if my ship should come sailing back,
Whatever her cargo be,
Lade her with iron and rope and jack
And turn her again to sea;
And bid her stay till the pulse of day
Be dead and the stars melt down,
And she bring all our ships that have sailed away
Back to our trading town."

The trade winds were blowing, the gulf streams were flowing,
And yellow, the flood-touched sun;
The whole horizon was sail-swept sky
When the harbor-mouth shook with the gun.
And gold ships and silver steered proud from the West,
Where in past the harbor bar
The Hope of his Happiness rode with the rest,
Flush with the Vesper star.

BUYING QUALITY LABOR

Yesterday an Immigrant Was Hired to Do Pick-and-Shovel Work

Today it is Capital Invested in Costly Equipment That Counts

By James H. Collins

EVER since modern industrial development got under way, cheap labor has been an illusion and a scarecrow. Nations have shuddered at the possibility of breaking down barriers between themselves and other nations where wages are lower.

America has been afraid of Europe. Europe has been divided against itself, with John Bull worrying about the pauper labor of the Continent. And advanced industrial countries like France and Germany have been apprehensive about the peasant labor of Russia, Austria, and so on. The whole Occident has been terrified again and again by thoughts of the coolie labor of the Orient, put in terms of some vague peril.

This cheap-labor scarecrow has been useful to the politician in every land—particularly the politician out of office. All countries compete openly in the world's markets, holding trade on the products in which they excel through national genius, regardless of wages. The politician seeking to get back into power, however, or holding power against an enlightened opposition, has repeatedly played upon the fears of people by elaborating the cheap-labor scarecrow. Probably this fear, more than any other factor, is responsible for the vast military waste of nations, which increases the burden of living in an age when production might be unlimited, and which has finally put the whole world in a bad way for ready money with which to carry on its work.

As manufacturing establishments are improved and humanized, however, it is becoming clearer and clearer that in buying labor quality counts first, just as it does in materials, and that price is really secondary. As a general proposition the thing has been proved over and over. For example, though our Southern states had slave labor under absolute control—an ideal situation in the eyes of the man who thinks of labor only in connection with its price by the day—every effort was made to attract high-grade workmen from the North. The South lost the Civil War largely through inability to manufacture weapons, tools, clothing and other industrial products when the blockade cut off its supplies from Europe.

High Wages and Low Costs

IF DAY-WAGES were the main issue India ought to be a great industrial country, for it has unlimited cheap labor; but her few factory industries represent the survivals from a long list of failures. A Hindu coolie can be hired to tend a cotton loom for fifteen or twenty cents a day; but his value as a workman is hardly one-fifth that of an English operative. He takes frequent holidays, with or without notifying the boss.

Every summer from one to three months will be spent in his native village helping his family with the crops; and efforts to train or advance him are nullified, because hiring is in the hands of a *muccadam*, or labor contractor, who buys labor strictly by the lowest price, levies a tax on each coolie, and thus has a money interest in frequent changes.

Despite the abundance of cheap human muscle and time in the Orient, it has been found that success in building up an industrial plant there depends on installing as much labor-saving, foolproof machinery as would be needed in a land of well-paid labor—it is even more necessary, to avoid the uncertainties, delays and losses due to cheap manual workers. Even when carrying is done on men's shoulders and women's heads, instead of by crane or light railway, the money saving through coolies at eight or ten cents a day is nothing at all.

The cheap-labor illusion is being exploded nowadays in every-day business. While governments collect statistics showing wages paid in different countries, and that the cheapest production is usually found where the most skillful employees earn the highest wages, the American manufacturer is arriving at the same truth through his own experience in the management of works and through his export connections.

A certain American factory making agricultural machinery pays its employees an average of more than fourteen dollars a week. As this includes all employees, the average is high. The superintendent of that plant has lately had considerable business with a concern in England making the same class of machinery and with about the same quantity of output, as nearly as comparisons can be made. Wages in the British plant average less than five dollars a week.

On the surface this American concern would seem to have every reason for fearing the cheap product of the English company. Yet they both meet as competitors in the Canadian Northwest; and, in spite of a preference in the Canadian tariff whereby British machinery comes in at a lower rate, the sales of the American concern in Canada are larger than those of all British manufacturers put together.

The reason for this is plain enough when the number of men on the payroll is known as well as the wages; for the English factory has two thousand employees, with a payroll of ten thousand dollars weekly, while the American factory turns out as much machinery with six hundred employees, with a payroll of eighty-five hundred dollars weekly.

The president of a New England company making corsets has lately drawn some comparisons between his factory costs and those of a corset manufacturer in England. Wages paid women in the English plant come to about as much a week as girls in the Connecticut plant get a day, and some raw materials are cheaper in England. Yet the American company has a wide sale for its goods in London at higher prices than English corsets command.

The difference in this case is also one of better-paid workpeople, for the American corsets hold their market on style, fit, comfort and finish; whereas it is said the English product is largely a crude copy of popular American models. The American manufacturer says the situation indicates lack of thinking at the top of the English organization, which is usually the reason for buying labor by price.

Still another direct illustration came to the attention of an American manufacturer of lawn mowers. An English manufacturer visited his plant and wanted to know how many machines were produced daily.

"Somewhere round five hundred," replied the American. "The output varies, of course."

"Oh, but I say," protested the Englishman skeptically, "how many do you really make?"

"Suppose you go through the plant yourself," suggested the American, "and see how many we are turning out. Go anywhere you please and ask all the questions you want."

That night the visitor returned to the office in astonishment at finding that the day's output had been about seven hundred and fifty finished machines. He confessed that sixty or seventy was a big day's output for him.

The American took him home to dinner and they compared plants and methods. This American factory has been going about seventy years and specializes strictly in lawn machinery. Only once did it venture into another line and then at a heavy loss. Its employees are highly paid men, and it has every labor-saving device in the way of special jigs, milling machinery, and so on.

Production has been brought to such a fine point that a lawn mower can be made to retail at two dollars. The English factory makes almost any kind of small machinery for which it can get an order, and to get labor at the lowest price it employs many girls.

"Tell you what I'll do," said the American after they had discussed costs: "I'll make you a better lawn mower than you now turn out, with grass catcher and extra knives, and I'll lay it down at your factory door in England, freight paid, for ten per cent less than your own costs."

The visitor said he dared not accept the offer, because it would put his factory out of business.

The same principle has lately worked out in our export trade in electrical machinery. Five years ago, before its political troubles, Mexico was in the market for electrical plant, with hot competition between American and German manufacturers. The Germans secured a good many of the earlier contracts on low prices, and it seemed for a time as though low wages might really have some advantage over high wages; but German electrical plant is said to be peculiar.

International Comparisons

AT HOME, in the Fatherland, technical-school graduates are so plentiful that college men can be hired to operate electrical machinery for moderate salaries; and consequently switchboards and plant in general, built to conform to low bids, are not so sturdy and foolproof as the American plant, which is made to be operated by mechanics without technical education.

When the average Mexican workman got his hands on that German plant it did not stand up; and so American foolproof machinery steadily gained favor in Mexico.

These international comparisons are coming up in all our industries today, and merely prove to the American employer on a large scale at a distance what he has been finding out on a small scale at home—namely, that the price paid a day for an employee's time may be the least important factor in buying labor. Purchase of labor is following that of materials. Quality counts; and the man who can earn most money in a day may be the cheapest when final results are figured out on the cost sheets.

Yesterday an immigrant was hired to do pick-and-shovel work. With an Irish foreman to push fifty of him along, and only a couple of dollars a man tied up in tools, it was natural to try to get as strong a man as one could for the minimum price a day.

Today, however, it is the capital invested in costly equipment that counts first of all. This item is steadily rising. A man must be able to get a profit out of a steam shovel, and perhaps he will also have opportunities to prevent losses from other equipment or from other employees.

A big quarry was equipped with every modern device for getting out stone economically—first-rate drills and air plant, steam shovels, derricks, light railway, and so on. All this equipment was in charge of well-paid mechanics. Yet there was loss from idle time. One day the mechanical plant would be so crowded with work that overtime was necessary, and the next day shovel and derrick men would be waiting for stone.

An air-drill engineer and a powder salesman looked into this difficulty, because it reflected directly on their kind

of equipment; and they found that the trouble lay wholly in buying one kind of labor by the lowest price instead of by quality.

Drilling and blasting in that quarry were regarded as rough work, calling for little skill or intelligence; and the crew that did it was made up of cheap laborers under a cheap foreman. When this crew was strengthened with picked quarry men, put under the best foreman to be found in that section, and its payroll about doubled, everything ran smoothly. Holes were properly spaced and loaded, the day's work laid out according to the character of the material, and the stone broken out on a regular schedule that kept costly mechanical equipment working at a profit.

Again, there was a bitter complaint from the public about an Eastern trolley company. Charges of poor service, antiquated equipment and domineering employees finally led the public-service commission of that state to investigate.

It was found that upkeep of equipment had been neglected so that the company could pay dividends; track was in bad shape, poles and wires needed overhauling, a leaking current was damaging other people's property by electrolysis; but the chief shortcoming was due to cheap labor. Wages paid motormen and conductors by that company were nearly the lowest in the state. Yet its costs a car mile for those employees were by far the largest in the state, and its power costs were also very heavy.

Good trolley managers have found it to be a truth in the business that a careless motorman, backed by a careless man on the rear platform, can just about double power consumption and eat up dividends in labor expense. On this road cheap motormen and conductors were giving a practical demonstration of that truth.

Two railroads lately compared their expenses in upkeep of locomotives. To maintain engines in good order one road laid out a dollar, while the other's upkeep ran to two dollars and sixty cents. The road that did the work for a dollar was spending eighty cents for labor and only twenty cents for materials. It had highgrade mechanics, who watched equipment closely, made few adjustments and repairs, and promptly reported serious defects.

The other road was paying its upkeep men only thirty-five cents in wages as against sixty-five cents for materials. These men let the little adjustments go from day to day, did not detect serious shortcomings, and repairs might not be made until there was a breakdown.

The superintendent of the first road, with the lowest upkeep expense, had often been chaffed about the fancy looks of his locomotives, in the belief that he spent too much money for cleaning, polishing and tinkering—and that a dirty, battered engine ran just as well. But his cost sheets straight down the line proved that by investing in the best labor he could buy he was really getting his upkeep at bargain-counter prices.

A new superintendent took charge of a shoe factory where the cutters had been getting from nine to twelve dollars a week. Almost his first step was to search for cutters at fifteen dollars and upward. The owner was afraid this increase in the payroll, amounting to forty or fifty per cent, would make labor costs on the product so high as to wipe out profits; but when the cutting room was filled with highgrade workmen it was found that the labor costs had decreased. Output was increased. Overhead charges were decreased, because a fifteen-dollar or an eighteen-dollar man needed no more floor space, light, heat or insurance than a nine-dollar man. Losses from mistakes and poor cutting were reduced greatly.

In the average American factory the employer has about twenty-eight hundred dollars invested for each wage-earner regularly on the payroll—that represents machinery equipment, fixtures, buildings, real estate, and so on. For each person on the payroll the boss provides nearly three mechanical horsepower. For each dollar paid in wages he buys four dollars' worth of raw materials, and also spends nearly thirty cents for office expenses. Percentage of increase in items like capital, raw materials, power and supervision is greater than the rate of increase in wages.

That is the broad average for the whole census. In many factories the investment in machinery is far greater; so there will be a tremendous difference in ratio between the value and overhead expense of a big machine and the day wages of the man who operates it.

Therefore costs are being figured less and less in terms of wages, and more and more in machine production. The vital point about an employee is, not how much he gets a day or how many hours he works, but how much he can do with a given machine.

If he can increase the output but a trifle labor costs are reduced; and each additional increase in production cuts costs in a steadily progressing ratio by trimming down the overhead expenses.

Each improvement in the quality of output cuts labor costs, and so does each reduction in defective work—often a very heavy item.

The actual money-saving on the cost sheets is only part of the benefit; for a highgrade workman in a highgrade job facilitates deliveries, helps sales and forwards the whole organization. A few dollars additional in his pay envelope may count so little that it would be worth the money to be certain he will turn up beside his machine every morning when the whistle blows.

Thousands on thousands of employers are still blind to this quality view of the payroll. They anxiously watch the gross amount handed out by the payclerk on Saturday, thinking that is the vital element in labor costs. A level cut in wages is their only understanding of a reduction in those costs. If they hear that a competitor at home is working longer hours or paying two dollars a week less for shop hands, it keeps them awake nights; and when Congress takes up its perpetual inquiry into tariff reduction they send an attorney to Washington with some pitiful wage tables.

The employer who has learned to buy and utilize quality in his employees worries very little about such side issues, because he has developed broader views and greater resources. *(Concluded on Page 54)*

Counterpoint

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL TURNS MUSIC-MASTER

"I Am With You This Time, My Fine Friend!"

ASIDE from the fact that one Mr. Jackson, of Cleveland, had further fattened his batting average by lifting a ball over the ridgepole of the Polo Grounds clubhouse — a stupendous feat in the dogdays — there was nothing in the morning papers to excuse the waste of ink and paper incident to the running off of an edition.

Everybody was out of town and, as usual, news had followed the crowd. The serialized comics and other faithful all-the-year-round performers were still active in their respective columns; a variety actress was having herself arrested at Asbury for wearing a one-piece bathing suit; an entire Jersey jury was being hung by its twelfth member who did not believe in capital punishment; and the crafty Japanese were realistically credited with sowing the gates of the Gatún locks with rhyolite, cordite, maximite, et cetera, so that at the psychological moment (and as a diplomatic declaration of war) a Samurai in the disguise of a barber could press a button and leave the major portion of our fleet of super-dreadnoughts stranded up to its knees in the mud of the lake.

Godahl—the Infallible Godahl—languidly pushed aside his breakfast things and ran through his morning papers. He was pleased to note that only the most enterprising of the morning papers contained the item divulging the secret of the Gatún locks being built of fulminating compounds instead of concrete as was popularly supposed, the contemporaries remaining silent on this delicate subject. Godahl tossed the paper to an adjoining table where, breakfasting late like himself, sat his friend of many capitals, Adichi Yasaknawa—or Yasakawa Adichi, as you will. "I see you are up to your old tricks again, Adichi," said Godahl genially.

The little Japanese looked uncertainly from the paper to Godahl, and back again, several times. He could not quite make out, when Occidentals addressed him, whether or not they were in earnest. Most of them treated him as a joke. Adichi was not a joke. He was traveling round the world slowly—so slowly, indeed, that when he reached home again he would be very wise and very old. In Germany he made wooden toys: in France he was a banker; in England he sold silks; and in America he wrote for the press. At home Yasakawa Adichi was something we do not comprehend. Here he was trying his best to be an American, if we would only let him, which we would not.

"Ha-ha!" said Adichi, still somewhat uncertain. Godahl, whom he had known in Berlin, Paris and London, had never treated him as a monkey; but Godahl had always this habit of eying him sharply, which was fully as disconcerting.

Adichi had a tinkling little voice. Of all his features, only his square, shiny teeth expressed the mirth that his exclamation implied. He looked at Godahl several times to ascertain if that person wished to enter into a conversation; but Godahl was again immersed in a newspaper, this time an early extra of an afternoon edition which the waiter had just brought him. So Adichi resumed his task, which was the making of embroidery designs on a piece of paper—the writing of his fathers, a system of shorthand much older than the family tree of Benn Pitman himself. Adichi could handle a typewriter with any reporter; but he could think best in his own pot hooks. Now he was transcribing music from the do-re-mi-fa-sol of accepted usage into fantastic ideographs.

Godahl, who watched the curious little globe-trotter in the tiny mirror made by the planes of his eyeglasses, was candidly interested, as he was in everything Adichi did.

Suddenly, however, Godahl's wandering attention was recalled to his afternoon extra. He brought himself back to the immediate cause of his being in town this torrid weather. Stock Exchange news was on the front page! At the opening of the session at ten o'clock that morning the bears had raided Little Steel, knocking the stilts from under that restless disturber of Wall Street traffic just at a moment when a board of directors thought they had everything tacked down tight and had gone to sea.

This was good news indeed! Not because it was Little Steel that was again playing all three rings of the circus, but because there was transpiring a movement in stocks of sufficient importance to break into the front page of the newspapers. Godahl had been waiting patiently for Wall Street news to break into the first page for months now.

In five minutes he was in his own runabout, a high-powered car that breathed as easily as an engine coasting down hill. He stepped down into Cedar Street ten minutes later and turned the key in his magneto switch, so that he might find the car when he returned. It was quite probable that he would be in a hurry when he returned. Next he tossed his silk cap with his gauntlets into the dust-tight compartment behind and donned a shiny silk hat. The silk hat was his badge for this occasion. He turned the corner, swinging along with the free gait which he had acquired in his earlier youth only after arduous toil with a fencing master of repute.

The curb market, sprawling over the asphalt in front of the Stock Exchange, was bubbling like drops of water on a hot griddle. Every one seemed in a hurry or else trying to out-talk some one else. The only exceptions to the turmoil were the decrepit nags attached to obsolete hansoms roped into line in the middle of the street, and the occasional coming and going of well-fed persons clad in silk hats and frock coats, who exuded an air of prosperity and respectability.

Both the exceptions—the horses munching at their nose bags, and the silk-hat brigade—were of interest to Godahl: the horses because of the vegetating life they pursued. These creatures came to Wall Street every day and stood there as long as the exchanges were open. None of them was ever known to carry a passenger since the days of automobiles. The bucolic idea of a stockbroker invariably associates him with a hansom cab; and probably these cabs were retained to preserve local color. Some of the nags stood with crossed legs like make-believe horses one sees in summer vaudeville; some of them hitched one bony hip high in the air; others slept through the turmoil, their noses sweeping the ground. All the cabbies looked as if Phil May had drawn them years and years ago.

It was the human animal in Godahl that caused him to prize these cab horses as one of the sights of the town. It was his thieving propensities, his adventuring genius, that caused him to be interested in the silk-hat brigade. These latter were the uptown bargain hunters, who never come to Wall Street unless financial news on the first page informs them that the Street operators are either over-anxious to sell or over-anxious to buy. They were not gamblers in stocks; they were investors. They merely took advantage of the periodic myopia from which Wall Street suffers; and they were content with a modest hundred per centum on the dollar in the course of a twelvemonth.

Godahl entered the mahogany offices entitled in large gold letters, STURGIS, WHEELOCK & COMPANY, STOCKS AND BONDS; and returning the nod of an acquaintance here and there, he dropped into a remote chair, dividing his attention between the quotation board and the mob clustering like flies about the chattering ticker. Wall Street tipple was not to his liking. He was not here to play, even though the cards lay on the table face up. Nevertheless he was pleased to note that Little Steel was still falling relentlessly, and that its sister shares were following it down somewhat like a flock of kingbirds at the tail of a swooping hawk.

A second extra edition had just exploded in the street. The riot in stocks occupied the front page; money kings were rushing to the city by special train; magnates at sea were clamorously demanding monopoly of the air for the space of a precious minute. A red-ink "fudge"—last-minute news chiseled into the stereotypes just as the presses are ready to start—recorded new low levels of prices of standard industrials and railroads. Some one was being thrown overboard. Who it might be did not interest Godahl, who glanced up from a swift perusal of the paper and murmured: "This should bring him!"

The hour was striking noon when Wellington Mapes entered the board room. He, too, was buttoned in a frock coat and wore a silk hat, in defiance of the sticky humidity.

"It Is a Bit Clumsy"

To look at him now, with his wrinkled visage and tottering gait, one would not suspect that in his prime, not a dozen years gone, governments of the world considered it well worth the cost to tell off shrewd agents to report his smallest doings. It was said in those days that he had an organization extending into every corner of the earth; and that he carried a full line of presidents, cabinets and royal heirs, ready to be seated or dispatched at a day's notice. That was before age had drawn his fangs. That was before he hid himself from his closest intimates, in a seclusion none could penetrate. Though he still maintained an official residence, his real home was as unguessed as the riddle of the Sphinx. Only on feastdays in Wall Street did he emerge, to play with funds that came from the four winds.

This was the man that Godahl awaited—this man who had so far outlived his time that most men had forgotten him. Godahl would run the old fox to his lair today. That he had promised himself.

Mapes was a striking figure still at eighty-odd: tall and gaunt, with the beak of an eagle, and shaggy brows; one eye was glass, supplanting an orb that had been gouged out by a Malay kris; in his funereal attire he looked as soft and flabby as a superannuated deacon, but for all his years he was still a man of thews. His hands were enormous; the thumb of the right hand was a full half inch longer than its fellow and no thicker than a cigar. It was encircled with a cicatrix as regular as a made ring. Years ago a Mongolian bandit with an exalted idea of justice and authority had suspended the two hundred pounds of bone and sinew of Wellington Mapes by the end of that thumb.

Mapes soon concluded his business. Like a gambler playing an immutable system, he had his tallies chalked and ready for the occasion. He wrote his check with the first two fingers of the right hand, his useless thumb trailing along behind. His eyes burned an inquiring path among the faces clustering about the ticker. Only two or three of these men were sufficiently alive to externals to note the old fox and nudge each other as he passed. The old man tottered to the door and helped himself down the flight of marble steps leading to the pavement by means of the substantial brass railing. Godahl watched him covertly through the broad window screened with a fine copper mesh like watered silk. On the last step Mapes paused and looked up and down the street.

Then a miracle occurred. The old man summoned a hansom!

Either, thought Godahl paradoxically, he sought to attract attention or to avoid it. Possibly, again paradoxically, he sought to accomplish the one by means of the other.

The cabby at the head of the slovenly line rubbed his eyes and his nose; and it required the services of a friendly messenger boy to interpret the old man shaking a menacing cane. The driver yanked the chain that upset the third leg of his hansom; he chirruped to his horse and the beast came to life with a start and a shudder. The cab drew up at the curb. The old man permitted the porter in waiting to assist him to his seat and the cab drove off without spoken directions. They would be delivered en route, no doubt.

Godahl rapidly put in a small order at the desk and he blotted his check with the self-same blotter which bore the reversed facsimile of the palsied signature of Wellington Mapes. He turned it over. The inscription ran: "Forty-four thousand three hun——" Then it was lost in a maze of confusing numerals.

It was some forty-five minutes later that the head of the somnolent line of cab horses drew up at a corner in lower Seventh Avenue that might have been the back drop of a ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent melodrama. The house was an old rookery of wood, tumbling into decay. A tailor's sign decorated one dusty window, and round the corner a device rusty with age related to the passer-by that, in the heyday of its prosperity, the rookery had housed a carpenter named Jones. At the apex of the building—the house formed a triangle fenced in by an intersecting street and avenue—was a gaudy barber pole, ceaselessly churning an endless screw of red and white to advertise the industry within. In front of the barber shop, trespassing on the pavement, stood an old ailantus tree in the act of shedding the shreds of its effulgent blossoms. Under the tree were playing a group of dirty children. Against the tree was lounging a young man who might be a plumber, to judge by the kit of tools that lay at his feet and streaks of plumbago that decorated his face. Behind this soiled mask looked out the keenest eyes in all New York, those of the exquisite Godahl.

Godahl had made a quick change from his faultless walking attire to anticipate, for the second time in three months, the coming of Wellington Mapes to this down-at-heels neighborhood. On the previous occasion, when Wall Street news broke into a first-page column and lured Wellington Mapes from his retreat long enough to invest in marked-down goods in Broad Street, he had made his way, then in a taxicab, to this sequestered barber shop, with Godahl running a warm scent; but the man the master thief had followed away half an hour later proved in the end to have two good eyes in his head and a perfect thumb on his right hand, though in all other respects he was Wellington Mapes to the life. Apparently on that occasion the old world-adventurer had cause to employ a double.

Mapes now alighted feebly and walked across the sidewalk to the door, which opened for him from within. It was only a brief wait. Everything occurred as it had occurred in the former instance. The door opened again, and a white-coated barber assisted the old man who emerged to the waiting hansom. Again it was Wellington Mapes to the life, except—as the apparently drowsing plumber noted under his lashes—both eyes were busy covertly examining the street in all directions; and one glimpse he got of the right hand told Godahl that all its members were intact. Godahl smiled discreetly to himself. It was so simple, if one only used his wits.

The cab started off. As it rounded the corner a second cab—another cab of the Wall Street vintage—appeared quite accidentally from Greenwich Avenue, turning north into Seventh Avenue in the wake of the first. And shortly an automobile that had been standing at the curb opposite began to churn, and rolled off leisurely up the avenue. Godahl was not the only one interested in the movements of Wellington Mapes on this day. It was a full half hour later that a tottering figure, muffled to the eyes, emerged from the barber shop; and, as if by magic, a taxicab rolled up to the curb and was off with the old man as quick as a flash.

"I am with you this time, my fine friend!" said Godahl to himself; and when the second taxicab was halted at Twenty-third Street by the cross-town tide of traffic an exceedingly dirty plumber, with a high-powered runabout of splendid appointments, was next in line.

II

THE house was old, yet it retained in its grim signs of age every touch of its pristine magnificence. It occupied a park of probably three acres overlooking the river. A bluff overhung and concealed the tracks of a railroad running beside the placid Hudson. Hemming in the place on three sides were the towering lights of encroaching apartment houses. On the river front, for blocks, the entire slope was a net of paved streets flanked by magnificent structures of terra cotta and brick. Only this sequestered square, its lawn overgrown, its shrubbery running riot and its fences falling to decay, suggested the glories of old Washington Heights in Revolutionary days, before the city had traveled north. Over the ridge on the other side of the hill were the thirteen trees Alexander Hamilton himself planted as symbols of the units of the young nation. Ten minutes' walk to the north, overlooking the Harlem River from the heights, was the historic mansion where first the British, then the Continental officers had gathered about the mahogany and planned their scheme of battle.

The house stood foursquare in its little park. It was of three stories, surmounted by a mansard roof. A veranda clung to its river face, one end sagging under the rotting timbers laid more than a century ago.

Godahl had chosen a rear window on the first floor, after a painstaking reconnaissance of the situation. His blood tingled. It was rarely that he indulged in an adventure of breaking and entering, and then only for high stakes, as now. But tonight there was an added zest in the affair. Mapes had been a roaring lion in his day, and to tamper with him and his possessions at his zenith would have been to invite certain destruction. All this had changed now with the coming of age, and when Godahl had set forth airily on

this adventure he had not anticipated entering a web. Yet two vehicles do not dog a fictitious person without reason; and Godahl, as he worked, could not help wondering if he alone had been successful in picking up the right trail. The mere fact that the crafty old man had, on at least two occasions, taken such pains to cover his tracks after an open appearance in Wall Street gave rise to a thousand speculations.

It was simple enough, for a man of Godahl's talents. The French window gave easily and noiselessly. Godahl found himself in a broad room that seemed long unused. Through an open door he caught the sound of tinkling silver. Mapes was at dinner. If Godahl's information was correct the old man was attended by but one servant. That servant would now be engaged in caring for his master's wants at table; and the light-footed thief moved forward in the gloom and lifted a dusty tapestry leading to the adjoining library.

A low light was burning there and the window curtains were drawn tight. It had the familiar pleasant smell of tenancy. In one corner was a closed desk. Adjoining it was a small safe let into the wall. In the center under a hanging gas lamp was a table piled with books and odds and ends. A tray with a decanter of liquor, and a half-emptied glass stood invitingly in the center. Several loose sheets of paper lay on the table, one held down by a pen, still wet. It was as he had learned. This man, with a soul seared by avarice extending over an active life of more than fifty years, had developed one queer trait of character in his declining days. This was his infatuation for music.

Mapes had picked up and reduced to occidental scoring the weird chants of some Eastern tribes he had encountered in his wanderings. There had been no principality too mean for this famous meddler to pry into its secrets. And out of his adventurous past all he now retained was the memory of these mystic chants, whose significance stretched back thousands of years. It was said that the old man toiled unceasingly setting these airs down on paper. Apparently he had been bent over his task within a few hours, for a sheaf of music scores, each inscribed in a trembling hand, with fragments of impossible themes, lay on the blotter. Godahl picked up one of them and ran over the air in his head. But he was not here through interest in exotic melody. He sought something else; yet he was willing to take advantage of what seemed an old man's abstraction in a hobby, if by its means he could accomplish his own ends.

The sound of a heavy chair scraping over a harsh floor brought Godahl to a sense of the immediate present. Softly he slipped behind a velvet hanging and waited. It would be a long wait, but the task was worthy of the pains.

Wellington Mapes entered, the servant following at his heels and turning on the lights. The room was so heavily curtained that even the brilliant glare of the chandelier could not be seen from the outside. The servant withdrew immediately, and, as he passed through the door, the old man took a key from his pocket and closed and locked it. He would be alone. Godahl's flesh tingled again. The success of his venture largely depended on the next act of Wellington Mapes. Godahl's task would not permit him to work under the protection of sleep. He must drug the old man's senses deeper than such surface somnolence as a constitution of eighty vigorous years can call upon for solace.

Mapes seated himself in his easy chair at the table, and for several moments gazed abstractedly ahead of him. Finally he roused himself and methodically lifted a brass salver from the desk and placed it carefully on the floor beside his chair. He next took up a bunch of keys that lay beside him, rested his left arm on the arm of the chair so that the keys hung over the brass salver, and let his head fall back.

It was true then! Wellington Mapes still indulged this unique habit in his old age. In his early days Wellington Mapes had reduced the science of sleep to elementals. To lose himself in sleep until the muscles of his fingers relaxed and let fall the keys in the resounding salver, insuring an instant awakening, was all the rest he required to refresh himself for hours of toil. He had learned the trick from a famous physician and thenceforward had practiced it as sedulously as the great specialist himself.

The old man's breathing became more and more regular. Godahl crossed the room with padded steps, watching the keys with fascinated eyes. Suddenly the fingers relaxed and the keys fell; but the resounding crash of their contact with the resonant brass did not follow. They fell softly into the waiting hand of the intruder. Godahl straightened up with a smile and regarded the keys in his palm. The old man was his prisoner, for the moment at least, as securely as if bound by chains.

Godahl knelt softly beside the recumbent form and gently touched the loose flesh of the throat with a thumb and forefinger. With a touch as soft as running water he exerted pressure on the throbbing carotid arteries. Consciousness would not return to that numb brain until the blood was again permitted to resume its course. It was a trick Godahl had acquired in Java where it is frequently used. To this device of the ancient Javanese he added another, of the moderns. He took from a pocket with his free hand a band of soft rubber, and, as carelessly as if he operated on a patient under ether, he proceeded to stretch this over the gray head resting on the cushions. He brought it down to the neck, tightened it, adjusted two soft molds of rubber in the place of his pressing fingertips, and stood away, regarding the finished task with satisfaction. Now he might go about his business.

First, there was the desk. It was a chance, a small chance; but he must be thorough. The lock came with a click, and he stood up and watched and listened. He gave thanks that Wellington Mapes spent his evenings behind locked doors, free from the eyes even of trusted servants.

Inside the desk was a litter of letters and memoranda, mostly pertaining to business—business carried on by means of the cash that came from the four winds. Godahl did not seek money. A letter attracted his eye. He picked it up and carried it over to the light. His quick sense of detail told him that the flap had been steamed and carefully re-sealed. By whom? Not by Wellington Mapes surely, because the letter was torn open raggedly at the top. He examined a second and a third—all bore the same evidence that some one was tampering with the mail of this burned-out creature of many lives. Godahl, his curiosity aroused, drew forth an inclosure. It was a torn scrap of paper. Some insignificant memoranda relating to a chart of stocks—gamblers chart stocks in much the same way as the Weather Bureau charts the weather—occupied one side. Surely there was nothing in that to repay a prying person the trouble of intercepting a man's mail.

Godahl, a magician in ciphers, studied the words and the formation of the letters; but he brought his mind away from the task, satisfied that the inscription contained no hidden message. He examined the other side of the paper. At the top it bore the embossed name of Wellington Mapes. It was a sheet of paper the old man had used in his endless scoring of his weird music. There were a dozen bars of wobbly musical notes, which, as Godahl mentally ran through them, revealed a jumble of sounds without lilt or rhythm. A second inclosure he found to have been written on a similar sheet, although the whole sheet was intact and without musical inscription. So with a third and a fourth. Some contained fragments of strange chants similar to those lying on the table beside the heavily breathing Wellington Mapes. Each of the communications was signed with the initial "R." The thrifty correspondent, whoever he might be, seemed to have made use of Wellington Mapes' waste paper.

Thrusting several letters into his pockets for examination at his leisure, Godahl put the rest aside and resumed his search.

The safe bore an intricate lock; but the fingers of the rogue, schooled to recognize the silent impact of the hidden tumblers, readily conquered the combination. There was something fantastic in the boldness with which he worked, with the sleeping man at his side. From time to time he stopped to listen, but otherwise gave no sign that the situation was perilous. In the safe was a litter of odds and ends, money, papers, a drawer of foreign coins, another of rudely carved ornaments and decorations in gold, silver and hard stones—each of them probably with its tale of blood and disaster. Godahl gave them scarcely a glance. He explored every nook and crevice of the room to no avail.

Finally, with infinite caution he ran his delicate fingers through the clothing of his unconscious victim. But Mapes wore no belt. It might be about his neck then. Yes! A pouch hung on a thong under the shirt bosom. With hands that trembled ever so little, Godahl untied the string that bound the neck of the pouch. His fingers were alive as they searched the recesses. It was here!

He drew forth a roughly shaped circlet of zircon; it was large enough for a man's first finger. The characters, microscopic in size, engraved on its surface, were of a language two thousand years dead. Godahl took from his own pocket a stone of similar size and shape. To the touch the two were identical; yet even his skill had not been equal to the task of counterfeiting the inscription of the original. He placed the substitute in the pouch and replaced the pouch in the bosom of the unconscious man. The chances were, he thought, that Mapes would not discover the fraud for months, possibly never. Yet the substitute was dross; and the original, which Godahl slipped into the back of a capacious watch case, was a passe-partout, a talisman, a charm, a division of kingship, the mere possession of which—in its long-forgotten day—would have enabled its bearer to pass unquestioned through the sacred places of an ancient empire. Today it was a curio, a mere nothing, yet, to the mind of the man now treasuring it, it was worth the risks of a night not yet ended. Mapes had confiscated the strange object from the effects of a heathen prince whom he had found occasion to make away with in the course of his business. It would be just as well, considered its new owner, if the heirs or assigns of that same prince did not find the magic stone in one's keeping.

It was worth possessing, at the expense of a great deal of pains, for one who was collecting for the sake of art itself. Some day, thought Godahl, the British Museum must own it, to treasure it away among its unseen gems and symbols. Only Godahl and the British Museum were

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The Lock Came With a Click, and He Stood Up and Watched and Listened

DOCTORS OF CREDIT

The Collector, the Desperate Account and the Discounter

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"My Friend, Tom, Here, is a Little Hard Pushed for Ready Money"

A FIGHTING young collector of aged accounts a few years ago stumbled upon an unsuspected phase of his art that opened his eyes to the existence of a principle that practically the entire commercial world has come to recognize as the biggest element in the game of good collecting. Incidentally it opened a new vista in his own career and turned a fresh page in the history of collections.

Up to the time of this illuminating experience the young man had been guilty of only two ideas in connection with his work. The first was to get the money where others had failed to get it; the second was to "sign up" the merchant for whom he made the hopeless and spectacular collection. As his percentage was based on the retaining fee to be paid by the merchants to the collection company for which he worked, he was not greatly interested in any collections beyond those necessary to dazzle merchants into taking the service.

This young man was known as "the Terrier," in compliment to his ability to dig out the most desperate debtor and shake him until he disgorged. And he was certainly the prize terrier of the Pacific Coast when it came to harrying the hardened and elusive delinquent into actual delivery. No debtor was too desperate for the Terrier provided he could catch the scent of a good service contract as his reward. "Get the money on the test account; then nail the contract." This was the whole of his collection philosophy.

His methods were as unmoral as those of a government spy or a Balkan general in the heat of a desperate campaign. To him the end justified the means, every time. The only sin for which he ever felt the need of forgiveness was that of failure—failure to get the money and get the contract. This was the code to which he had been trained from boyhood, and he knew no other.

The Testing of the Terrier

THERE was one thing, however, that troubled the Terrier. He had been unable to get a chance, so far as a certain big wholesale house was concerned, to demonstrate his ability to shake down a hopeless debtor. The manager had always declined, with courteous firmness, to allow him to prove his powers. But one day, when the pride of his achievements was strong within him, the Terrier again approached the obdurate merchant and once more begged an opportunity to demonstrate his collection methods.

"Very well, young man," was the answer; "here's an account that you may collect. Two other wholesale houses are also interested in it and I'll take the responsibility of saying that if you bring back the money for a full settlement I will not only contract for your services myself but I will see that the other interested houses give you contracts also."

The unexpected readiness with which the merchant had yielded and the quiet smile that seemed to hover about his lips almost made the Terrier wince.

He didn't examine the papers until he reached his own office. Then he found that he would have to travel nearly a hundred miles to reach the lair in which this delinquent debtor was awaiting him.

Once at Destination, the Terrier began cautiously to smell about and get his bearings. He found that the firm of Keene & Kelly, the debtors, had disbanded and local gossip held that Keene had contrived to make away with most of the material assets, cheerfully giving to Kelly the large accumulation of useful but depressing experience. As Keene was believed to have the assets artfully concealed, the Terrier first ran him down. After listening to a dramatic recital of the things that the husky young collector would do to him if he failed to disgorge, Keene weakly indicated that he would "come across" to the extent of his ability. He insisted that the only thing of any real value he owned was a horse and that, much as he hated to do so, he would at once give the Terrier a mortgage on this animal. After the mortgage was executed the collector went to the pasture behind the livery stable to take a look at the first tangible asset he had been able to corral. He saw the horse, but the animal could not return the compliment. He was stone blind in both eyes. Architecturally he was an ingenious and imposing collection of joints.

The Terrier realized that the whole town shortly would be laughing at him; that instead of an asset he had acquired a very hungry liability.

He promptly dismissed Keene from the situation and began to follow the trail to Kelly. The pursuit was decidedly more cheering. Every man in Destination had a good word for young Kelly and declared that he was as straight as a redwood and that he would have been all right had he not "hooked up wrong." The enthusiasm for Kelly that the Terrier uncovered amounted almost to a ground swell and was so strong as to make the collector exclaim to himself, "I could borrow money if I had a stand-in like that with the folks of my home town!"

The instant this thought flashed into the mind of the Terrier he stopped in his tracks and a smile lighted his shrewd face. At last he had got the true scent and was off on the trail. A few minutes later he was sitting with Kelly on the counter of Ramsay's hardware store next to the little plumbing shop where the young debtor had hoped to make a moderate fortune.

"I am not going to worry you very much," said the Terrier, "about paying for dead horses. I know your situation down to the ground. You haven't a cent, nor anything that is worth a dollar except your little kit of tools. And you are buying a home on the installment plan and have paid very little on it so far; it is likely to be taken away from you at any minute. You're going to tell me that you haven't got an asset in the world—but you have. You've got one of the best assets a man can claim."

"I'd like to know what it is," broke in Kelly.

"I'll tell you what it is," snapped back the Terrier; "it's the confidence of everybody in this town. Why, the folks in this town believe in you. They like you. You're in everything because everybody wants you to be. You're the leader of the band. You're popular!"

"I don't see what ice that cuts," countered Kelly. "It don't add one cent to the dollar thirty-eight in my pocket."

Right here the Terrier closed in on his quarry. He leaned forward confidentially.

"It doesn't matter so much whether I collect this account," he explained. "What does matter is this: If you let this thing slide along the way it's been sliding you'll make the mistake of your life. No young man who has the standing in his community that you have can afford to lie down in the traces, a financial failure for the rest of his life. The thing for you to do is to get on your feet and make a brand-new start. And, Kelly, I'll show you how to do it. And what's more I'll guarantee you a good line of credit with the houses interested in this account. Why, man, I'll set you up in business again."

"Yes, but I've told you once that I have no money and no security on which to raise any—not even ten dollars, let alone over thirteen hundred!"

"I'm coming to that," persisted the Terrier. "I'm going to borrow the money for you today—every dollar of it—right here in Destination and pay up every cent you owe."

Kelly's jaw dropped. He slid down from the counter. The Terrier went on:

"You've got the best kind of security in your popularity. Just turn the whole thing over to Mr. Ramsay and myself and we'll raise the money from your friends, and Mr. Ramsay'll give every man who pays in a receipt for the amount, with the understanding that you'll return the money when you're able. What do you think of that, Mr. Ramsay?"

"That's a good idea," responded the older man. "Kelly's got a lot of friends in this town that will do something for him and be glad to do it. There's a lot of truth in what you say about it's being a big mistake for a young man of Kelly's promise to plod along with a cloud over him. Everybody likes a fighter, and if Kelly can get back into business on his own hook he'll get the business and do well. We need a plumber in this town."

Young Kelly's Big Benefit

"THAT'S it," chimed in the Terrier; "your future is altogether too bright to face it with a black eye. If you clean up the old score now it'll be dead forever; if you don't it'll follow you all the rest of your life and will never down. Now is the time to meet it, when you're young and vigorous. And all you've got to do is to give your consent to this plan. Mr. Ramsay and I will do the rest."

The young bankrupt resumed his seat. For a long time he dangled his feet silently over the edge of the counter. Finally he said:

"All right, if you think you can do it, go ahead."

Instantly the Terrier was off on the trail again. He pushed Ramsay to the front and made the whole movement appear to be a local one. They called upon all the members of the Defiance Military Band, of which Kelly was the leader, and aroused a mighty enthusiasm. The men in the band were appointed missionaries to get the young men and the business men of the town out in force to a meeting and to see to it that each man came with money in his pocket.

And come they did. The little hall was crowded to capacity. Ramsay, the solid merchant, explained in a stumbling way the reason that had brought them together. The clever Terrier followed with a crisp and businesslike verification of the understanding between Mr. Ramsay, Kelly and the wholesale houses. The members of the band then took off their caps and passed through the audience distributing little envelopes on which each man was to write his name and the amount of money that he inclosed. Then the band boys gathered the envelopes, and when they had counted the contents they found that the collection fell short of the total amount needed to pay all Kelly's debts by only a little over three hundred dollars. This was quickly made up by a few intimate friends of the young bankrupt, who gave Mr. Ramsay his note for the entire amount and then turned the cash over to the Terrier.

The next day when the Terrier plumped the bag of coin on the desk of the wholesale merchant he suppressed even a smile of satisfaction.

"How did you do it?" demanded the merchant after he had counted the contents of the bag; "I never had a more hopeless account in all my life!"

"That was not a hard account," replied the Terrier, apparently surprised. "I've collected plenty of 'em that were a heap more troublesome. But how about that contract you promised?"

Not until the contract was signed did the Terrier explain how he had raised the money.

"Of course," he added, "I had to put up that talk to them about your giving him a line of credit. I had no authority to do it. But you don't have to deliver the goods."

"We don't do business that way," said the merchant. "Besides, young Kelly deserves credit. He will make good just as you said he would. And if I were you, young man, I'd keep an eye on Kelly. He may teach you something about collecting that you have not yet found out. Evidently you have a notion that the only thing in collecting is to get the money. It isn't everything. To build a bankrupt or a delinquent into a good discount customer is the biggest thing that a collector can do. I have never realized that as fully before in all my experience. I think that you have turned Kelly from a bankrupt into a good customer who will soon grow into a discount customer. I see now that it was just an accident on your part, but it ought to teach you a lesson. If you learn that lesson you can become the best collector in America. Constructive collecting—the kind that builds up—beats simply getting the money all to pieces. I tell you, young man, keep an eye on Kelly!"

The Terrier was not dull. He could see a point of business policy even if his conscience was undeveloped. He kept an eye on Kelly! He found that in a surprisingly short time Kelly was discounting all his bills and doing a prosperous and growing business. From that time forward the Terrier became a close student of constructive collecting. After that first lesson he was never satisfied with merely getting the money. He placed himself in the shoes of the merchant that he represented and asked: "Can this man be pulled out of his trouble? Has he the makings of a good merchant in him or is he a misfit, a man without the commercial sense that is necessary to success in buying, selling and administering the finances of business? Is he honest or crooked? Is he in the right location? Is the cause of his trouble something that can be corrected and educated out of him or is the cause fundamental in himself?"

The moment the Terrier got this new point of view he began to grow. He became a builder instead of a Terrier. A new world was opened to him. He felt, from a professional point of view, that he was on earth for the first time. He studied every man with whom he came into contact and began to think more about the constructive possibilities of each case than he did about collecting the account that had been turned over to him.

Saving an Oregon Merchant

THIS new game of constructive collecting held him with a growing fascination. At the outset he talked little about it with the credit men and the managers of the houses for which he was called upon to make collections. He was not quite sure that they would see as much in it as he saw. Some of them, he was confident, would be inclined to back away when the bald theory of the thing was put up to them in an abstract way. Consequently he kept his own counsel and waited for situations to develop in which he could try out the plan in actual practice. He wanted to see how things would work out when the wholesaler and the delinquent customer were both confronted by a condition instead of a theory.

His chance came when he was sent by a San Francisco jobbing house to a little town in Oregon to collect a five-thousand-dollar account from a storekeeper who frankly wrote that it was impossible for him to pay. By the time he had reached Plenty he felt that he understood something about Storekeeper Martin's situation. For one thing he realized that all of this merchant's goods must be freighted in by team over forty miles of bad roads from the nearest railroad station—roads that were impassable during the winter. In the days when he was merely "after the money" and cared for nothing beyond bringing it back with him, he would not have noticed this fact, nor would he have put himself in the merchant's shoes in a dozen other observations that he made during the long ride in the stage.

Martin made a good impression on him the moment they met. He was a single man and kept bachelor's hall in two or three clean but unpretentious rooms in the back of the store building. He was not putting on any style, and was evidently living modestly on considerably less than fifty dollars a month.

"It is just this way," Martin explained: "I have to buy about all my goods at one time because I must stock up at the season when the goods can be freighted in. The men that I sell are prosperous farmers with big wheat fields and splendid crops—but they get their money once a year and that means that I must carry practically all of them for twelve months. If I went out after them and tried to get the money on their accounts I'd lose them. They'd tell me that I understood their situation perfectly when I sold them the goods and that if I was not willing to see them through until they got their harvest money I had no business to sell them. And they would be right. They know that I know that they're as good as gold and that when they make their annual clean-up I shall get my money."

The Terrier went through the merchant's books from the time that they were opened; he talked with the farmers, saw their crops and sounded practically all of the other business men of Plenty. There was no doubt whatever that Martin had told the truth and had told it very conservatively. On a cash capital of three thousand dollars he was doing a business of more than five times that amount and was making an unusually large margin of profit on every dollar's worth of goods that he sold. His customers seemed to realize that they were all working under pioneer conditions and they were apparently perfectly willing to pay the toll. All they asked was that they should be privileged to pay it once a year and should not be expected to pay it oftener. Here was another opportunity for the Terrier. He had been sent to close out a man who was a good merchant; who was doing business on a big margin of profit; who had the confidence and trade of his entire community; and was spoken of on every hand as being as square as a die. The other creditors would instantly follow suit as soon as the Terrier's clients closed down on the helpless storekeeper.

"I am going to save this man," said the collector.

He had a record of every dollar that Martin owed. He knew that with the exception of three or four accounts in Portland every one of the merchant's creditors was located in San Francisco; so he decided, before returning to San Francisco, to go to Portland, to interview and place before every creditor there the whole situation in detail.

"I'm Going to Borrow the Money for You Today—Every Dollar of It"

"Martin may be a little slow for two or three years," he argued. "He can't very well be anything else; it is part of the situation that he is in. But at the end of two or three years, if we all stand behind him, he is bound to be not only a mighty good customer but a discounter. I tell you that you can't afford to kill off good customers that are growing better and bigger every year and are bound to get to a point soon where they will be discounters."

All of the Portland creditors saw the point and agreed that they would stand behind Martin and give him as much credit as he needed, provided the other creditors would follow the same course—all of the creditors except two, who declared that the inland storekeeper would have to settle or they would close in on him. The Terrier then brought these men to terms with an agreement that the house that he represented would buy their claims against the merchant. Returning to San Francisco he followed the same course with the remaining creditors there, and they all saw the logic of his plea and agreed to support the merchant at Plenty with a generous line of credit. Then the Terrier tackled the hardest task of all, that of converting to his plan the credit man who had sent him with instructions to "close the fellow out."

The Pick-Maker of Bright Angel

THE motto of this man had always been, "Get the money." He was obdurate and unresponsive to the new gospel of constructive collections. But finally the Terrier prevailed, and the conversion was as permanent as it was difficult, for when the man from Plenty came down on his annual buying trip the house that had saved him from bankruptcy sold him a much larger share of his goods than it had ever sold him before. And that merchant had a memory like an Indian's and never forgot the man that had saved him from a sheriff's sale.

The news of this achievement and of others like it spread through the wholesale houses of the Coast, and the Terrier soon found that his new venture in constructive collections was building up a decided demand for his services in the handling of desperate and difficult accounts.

"Sometime," he promised himself, "this thing is going to bring me a real chance—an opportunity spelled with a big, round O."

It did, and, like the incident that had first opened his eyes to this new line of work, it came unexpectedly. A jobber called him into his office and said: "Here's a little account of about fifteen hundred dollars against a firm at Headwaters. They're flatter than a pancake. If you can get any money out of them you are a wizard and might better be getting gold dust out of the sands on the beach up there by the Cliff House. Sending you up there is not much more than a matter of form, but I'm willing to stand the expense just for the sake of seeing what you can do. I wish you luck."

A few hours of investigation on the ground uncovered to the Terrier a story that stirred the romance corpuscles in his red Irish blood. Back in the early fifties, when Bright Angel Camp was the busiest spot in the Golden State, a German ironworker had seen a "sure thing" in furnishing picks, shovels and other tools to the miners and prospectors. He was a good craftsman and his little shop was soon as rich a vein of pay dirt as any man could wish to strike. He could command almost fabulous prices for all the picks and shovels that he could turn out, and the shop soon became a foundry. Fortunately the camp continued to produce year after year, and the foundry added to its output every year and reached out into new territory. Miners from Bright Angel drifted on to other camps and they carried the word with

(Continued on Page 57)

Architecturally He Was an Ingenious and Imposing Collection of Joints

The Butterfly

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VIII

IF ANYTHING had been needed to put a final hand polish upon Dorgan's resolve to treat Elaine and me as ordinary suspects, that vivid, uncontrollable blush of his and the involuntary gasp of shocked propriety that accompanied it would have done the business. Because, you see, the blow landed squarely on the most sensitive portion of his self-esteem. To have convinced him that he was no lawyer, or that his morals were such as could never again be flaunted upon the white banner of reform in a political campaign, would no doubt have hurt his feelings; but no damage through them to his *amour propre* could tear away his stucco front, as it were, and leave the gaunt ribs of his unacknowledged self naked in the light of day as it did to stumble on a little scene that might have come out of a French farce, and find himself blushing, speechless, aghast, in the presence of Elaine and me.

If I had happened into his rooms, now, at an inconvenient moment—I, the poor, simple old dub of a college professor—and his inner door had opened to reveal the presence of a young lady of international celebrity, the Darling of Continental Capitals, as Elaine's press agent turns the phrase—if it had been he, why, that would have been something like. But to play the scene with the parts miscast in this grotesque manner was cruel.

I don't pretend that I was at ease myself, but it is true that having realized that my reputation was irretrievably damned already, and that the situation was beyond saving, I managed to turn to Elaine with a look that had nothing in it but friendly recognition and to introduce Dorgan to her as calmly as if it had been the afternoon before at Mrs. Lake's.

Dorgan tried to pull himself together and acknowledged the introduction with his best bow, which was carefully studied, I judge, from those that Booth Tarkington's heroes make when they have variegated and cosmopolitan pasts; and the way he inflected his "Delighted, I'm sure," indicated a wish to blend sarcasm and indifference in exactly the right proportions. I imagine that he himself felt that it was a failure, for he turned away from Elaine in a rather panicky way and back to me with a judicial sneer.

"Well, you told the truth about one thing anyway, professor. I'm willing to admit that Miss Arthur has not disappeared."

You have to sneer slowly in order to get the full effect, and Elaine rather killed it by coming over to me while he was still speaking—coming over, if you please, with a good-morning smile and an outstretched hand, and saying in half voice right across Dorgan's words:

"Did you think I was never going to let you have your rooms again? I'm a fearful over-sleeper when I get a quiet place like this. I hope you weren't too uncomfortable at the hotel?"

It would have been a good explanation if Dorgan had knocked two minutes later than he did, after I had finished tying my cravat and had put on my coat and waistcoat. But the cravat, unhappily, was still only half tied and the coat and waistcoat decorated the top of the grand piano.

Evidently Elaine felt that the implied explanation left something to be desired, for she turned now quickly and decisively on Dorgan, as if the import of his words had just reached her.

"Disappeared!" she said. And then to me: "Is Mr. Dorgan a reporter?"

I could have cheered. I had been afraid, you see, that she would try blandishments with Dorgan—try to captivate him then and there with her caressing, playful little ways. I can't tell exactly why I so earnestly wanted her not to do anything of the sort, or why I was so immeasurably relieved when she didn't. The ring in her voice was unmistakable—steel against steel.

"Mr. Dorgan is the new district attorney," I explained. "He seems to be interested in your whereabouts in connection with last night's murder."

Elaine looked round at Dorgan in mock admiration.

"Do you know," she said, "that's new. I thought I had had everything happen already that could. I've got used to being mentioned in divorce cases between people I have never heard of, because silly young men like to pretend to be fast and boast about joy rides in my limousine at two o'clock in the morning, and things like that; but to be wanted in a murder is absolutely new."

She turned to me and puckered her eyebrows.

"You see," she explained, "anybody who tells any story about me can get into the papers."

She was going evidently on the theory that he was as dangerous as possible already and the exact temperature of his rage didn't matter. But I was afraid she was carrying it a little too far. District Attorney Dorgan wasn't blushing any more. He was raging mad clear through.

"The murderer went st-t-t-raight to the theater," he stuttered, "and though all the exits were watched he wasn't seen coming out. He must have had an accomplice there who helped him ——"

"And, as I was the only person in the theater last night," Elaine interrupted sweetly, "it must have been me."

"I learned that you had not spent the night in the hotel," Dorgan went on, "and I was told positively that you left town on the two-forty-five northbound express, accompanied by a man."

"What sort of man?" asked Elaine quickly.

"Are you anxious to know?" Dorgan shot back, and I felt that she had made a mistake.

But a wicked little smile bent her lips and she answered simply: "I was just going to suggest that you make it Senator Delafield. He comes from this state, doesn't he? Then you *would* have a story!"

Dorgan thrust his head forward and showed all his teeth. He had got that trick, I reflected, from William Travers Jerome.

"The man," he said, "was described as about twenty-two, middle height, dark hair, and a scar on his right cheek. Do you care to give me any information about him?"

He was watching her, to all appearances, as intently as a snake watches a bird, and yet I don't believe he saw something that was apparent to me—a momentary relaxation of Elaine's body that might have been interpreted as a sudden great relief from apprehension. I couldn't account for it, but that was what, just for a flash, I thought I saw. The next moment she was looking as round-eyed as a surprised baby.

"But I wasn't there at all!" she said.

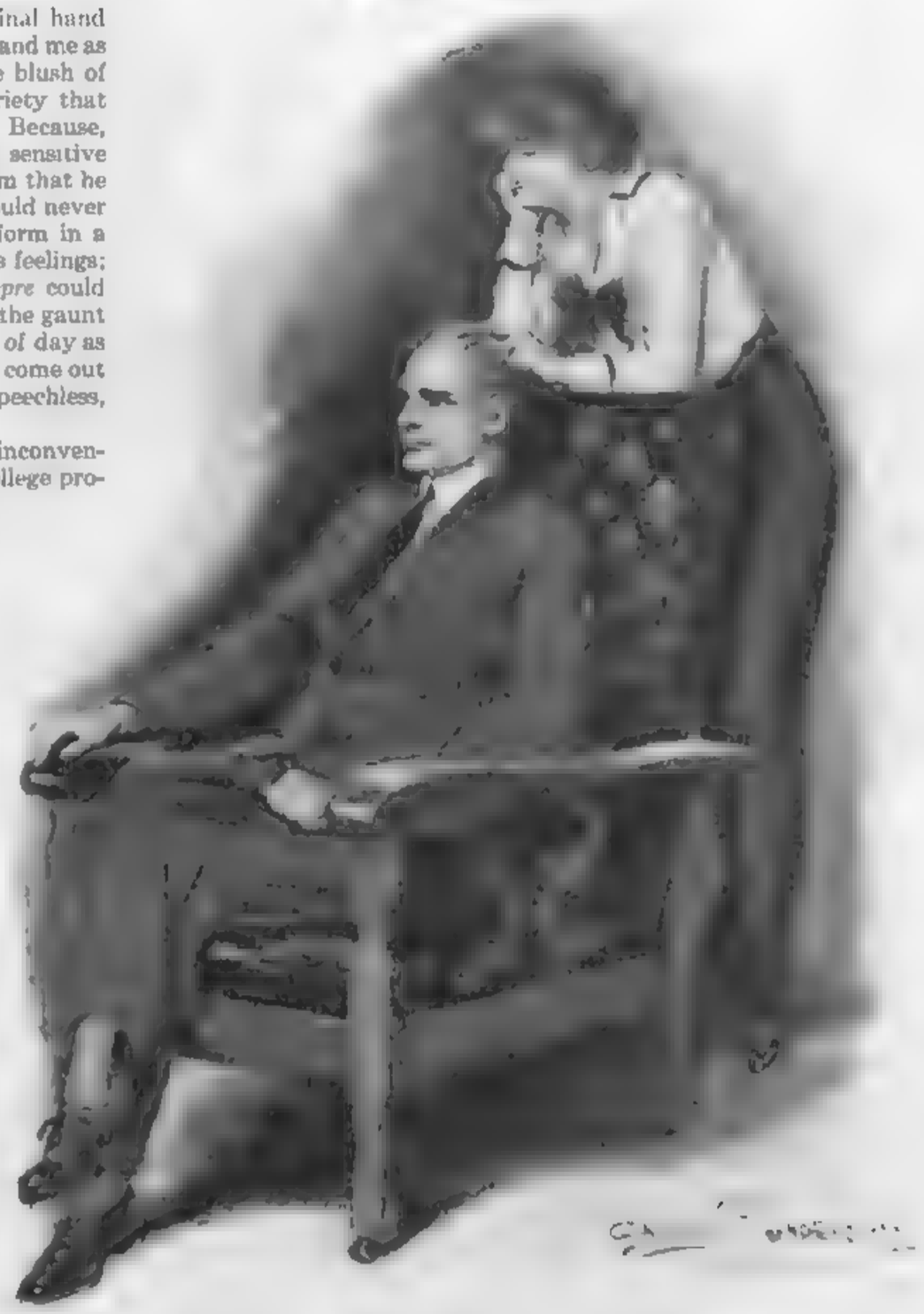
"Anyway," I put in, "he can't have been the murderer, because Dorgan says the murderer was a hunchback."

"A hunchback!" she echoed incredulously.

The black look Dorgan gave me confirmed the truth of what I had said.

"Do you know any such person?" he demanded.

"Gracious, no!" said Elaine. "I wouldn't. They're unlucky."



"Can Mr. Dorgan Have You Arrested?"

The pure frivolity of that answer seemed to irritate Dorgan to the breaking point. He wheeled and walked to the door; opened it and, as before, shut it again without going out.

"I suppose," he said to Elaine, "you didn't happen to know this Mrs. Robinson who was murdered?"

"No," she assured him. "How in the world should I?"

"Then you haven't, of course," he went on, "had any communication with her—written or otherwise—since you came to town?"

Elaine said no again, but not until I had seen in her eyes the same blank look that had been there when she told me the reason for her wanting to give three performances in Monroe.

Dorgan smiled rather ironically at her answer, bowed and thanked her for the information.

"You've made one thing perfectly clear at least," he concluded, addressing us both: "there couldn't be any doubt, except in the mind of an idiot, as to what your attitude toward the prosecutor's office is in this case and the prosecutor's office will have to act accordingly. Good morning."

"I expect that was just a bluff—wasn't it?" observed Elaine valiantly as the door slammed behind him.

"I don't know," said I. Then, trying to get her to meet my eye, I added: "It depends a good deal, I suppose, upon whether you did have any communication with Mrs. Robinson and whether he knows it."

Elaine called her maid and dispatched her to the hotel, then wandered away and seated herself casually at the piano. It gave her a perfectly good excuse for turning her back to me.

"You did write a note," I went on, "yesterday afternoon before you left the hotel. That wasn't to Mrs. Robinson, was it?"

"Oh," said Elaine plaintively, "don't you start being disagreeable too."

Well, to tell the truth, I felt a little that way. Indeed, when I had pulled my Morris chair in front of the Franklin stove—a position which reciprocated Elaine's attitude at the piano—and sat for five minutes or so staring at the coals, an impartial observer might have described me as sulky. It seemed to me that Elaine might be decently serious about the situation. What had become of that tragic mood that I had spent over an hour trying to reassure her out of? She sat there now playing Good-by, Everybody—a little wrong—on the piano, as if she hadn't a care in the world.

It was this fact, and not that she had, I felt sure, lied to Dorgan, that was my real grievance against her. I sat there thinking up smug epigrams about the variability of women, about the jewel of consistency which was so consistently missing from among their treasures, until, at the end of ten minutes or so, I interrupted my reflections with a grin. I was showing a prize example of consistency just now myself. Hadn't I been working for an hour trying to persuade her that there was nothing really to worry about—that she mustn't cry—must get that tragic look out of her eyes, and leave it to me? And now I was wearing a four-ply grouch because she had followed my advice so thoroughly.

It was only an inward grin, and where Elaine was sitting she couldn't have seen a real one. But, mysteriously, she knew all at once that I was safe to speak to. She stopped playing Good-by, Everybody, and I heard—or felt—that she was looking round at me.

Evidently what she saw through the back of the chair satisfied her, for she got up and came across the room. Something in our relative positions made me think of my initial adventure up in the hotel at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. But Elaine did not follow up that program, at least not in all its particulars. She rested her elbows on either side of my head and with thoughtful, caressing fingers began doing things to my hair. It isn't the curly debonair sort of hair that responds gracefully to this treatment, but the general effect of it was soothing nevertheless.

"You poor old dear," said Elaine. "I've got you into horrible trouble, haven't I?"

"Fearful," I admitted.

"Can Mr. Dorgan have you arrested," she asked, "just because—I mean, even if I did write a note to Mrs. Robinson?"

"Oh, I told him a few lies on my own account," I admitted. "But it's you I'm worrying about not on

account of what that Dorgan creature may do, but the whole everlasting thing, the nightmare, you know."

"Oh, that's all right," said Elaine. "That is, it's no worse than it's been for quite a while."

And when, at that, I twisted round incredulously to get a look at her she nodded in confirmation.

"Mr. Dorgan told me," she explained.

"I see," I cried in sudden illumination: "You thought you knew who committed the murder. But if it was the hunchback you were mistaken. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Elaine.

Was I making mysteries again, or did I really see just an instantaneous flash of that blank hesitation which accompanied Elaine's more flagrant divagations from the truth?

I thought I did anyway, and I turned back to the fire—not in order to show that I was annoyed, displeased, hurt if you like, that Elaine should lie to me as fluently as she did to Dorgan, but in the opposite hope of concealing from her how I felt about it.

She had a sort of sixth sense for matters of that sort, though, and I might as well have said it out. There was another silence for a while and she went on doing things to my hair—twisting it up into little wisps preparatory to curl-papers, if one could judge by the feeling.

"Do you know," she observed presently, "this is hardly respectable, having you grumpy like this. It's so horribly domestic. We might have been married ten years and having a quarrel about my latest hat!" And then, "I know what's the matter with you! Have you had any breakfast?"

I shook my head.

"Well," she said, "neither have I. What is there in the house to eat?"

"Not a thing," I said crossly. "You ate us out of house and home last night."

And at that she laughed out and we made it *pax*. Never mind about the details. Anyhow, when there came a knock on the door and I, grown wise by experience, went over and opened it cautiously, when I looked out and saw Carrington there, I felt a queer mixture of relief and guilt.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What have you been doing to your hair?"

But when he caught a glimpse of Elaine over my shoulder he seemed to consider the question answered—at least, if his comprehending smile were any guide to his feelings. Curiously complex I imagined those feelings must be—the feelings of any man in love with Elaine and engaged to marry her. What the conventional lover—the one, for instance, in the French farce in which Dorgan had participated—would have made of the situation is all too obvious. And, though I knew Carrington was not like that, I instinctively braced myself for a second against a possible disposition to—as my students say—start something. When I saw that half-amused, half-affectionate smile lurking in his blond beard I felt the same throb of sympathy and admiration for him that had visited me last night. I had an insane impulse to say

"Why don't you two let me go and find a J. P. to marry you this afternoon?"

Well, Carrington pulled up a chair and heard the story of Dorgan's visit, which I supplemented with an account of my walk down Main Street in my dress suit and of the answers Elaine had made over the telephone to Mrs. Lake and the others. She looked a little puzzled, though not at all displeased, to hear him roaring over that.

It was a wonderful restorative to my self-respect to be able to tell the whole truth to a man who believed it and thought it was funny.

But Carrington had a tale to tell as well as one to listen to. It seemed he had not slept well, had got up early, and had been putting in a virtuous morning doing a little detective work on the murder himself. Dorgan's secret about the missing hunchback must have been poorly guarded, because Carrington himself knew all about it.

He had a number of new facts, too, and one of them was peculiar. I had expressed some curiosity about the hunchback—wanted to know how they could be so sure that he had done it, just from the fact that he had gone up to Mrs. Robinson's floor and down again. But it seemed that he had left a pretty clear track, for the corridor floor from the elevator to 309 was carpeted with a new green Axminster, or something soft like that, that showed indentations very plainly. And all along the right-hand side of the corridor, going down, and the other side coming back, was a row of little round prints exactly such as would have been left by a rubber-shod crutch. They couldn't find any of those marks inside her room—but then her carpet was an old Brussels and wouldn't have shown them to the naked eye very well anyway.

It was after telling that that Carrington looked round at Elaine and asked:

"You won't be frightened, will you, if I tell you something?"

"About the hunchback?" Elaine asked. "No; of course not."

"Well," said Carrington, "it's perhaps lucky for Butler, here, that he didn't do as you suggested and sleep in your room last night, because the hunchback made a visit there too—apparently late at night; quite a separate trip from the one when he committed the murder."

So far as I could see, Elaine's surprise and excitement and the questions she asked as to whether the man had taken anything, and so on, were absolutely natural—just what they would have been if no murder had been committed and her rooms had been broken into by a stranger on any other occasion. Only, of course, I couldn't be sure.

What the hunchback had done seemed, from Carrington's account, clear enough. He had come down the alley—Elaine had taken her rooms at the back of the house for the sake of quietness—and climbed the fire-escape.

"A hunchback, with a crutch, climb a fire-escape!" I cried out incredulously, and Carrington admitted it was queer. But the open window, the muddy tracks both of a foot and of the crutch on the window sill and on the carpet, seemed to establish the fact beyond a doubt.

"Those fellows are sometimes terribly strong in their arms, I am told," Carrington explained quite calmly. "He might have come up hand over hand, with his crutch hanging round his neck—the way John Silver used to carry his."

"But why late at night?" Elaine objected. "I should think that the hotel where he had just committed a murder would be about the last place he'd go to."

Well, it seemed that he couldn't have come up the fire-escape, past the other windows, until the occupants of those rooms were asleep, and it happened that both the rooms he passed were occupied.

Then I thought of something.

"How did he get his crutch?" I wanted to know. "It was under my seat in the theater at the end of the performance, and I left it there."

Carrington shook his head over that.

"I was at the theater," he said, "just before I came here. Dorgan was there having the house searched. It must have been the crutch he was looking for, but evidently he didn't find it."

Pat upon the mention of Dorgan's name came another knock at the door. It was only a messenger this time, but he had two notes—one for Elaine and one for me. The manner of them was formal and the phraseology of the two identical. We were to hold ourselves in readiness to appear before the Grand Jury at any time when the district attorney saw fit to summon us. Any attempt to leave town would subject us to immediate arrest.

Well, he didn't send the wagon for us! That was one comfort. The scandal, so far as the murder was concerned, was not going to break yet. I have an idea that we owed that immunity to Elaine's apparently reckless attempt to make Dorgan angry by the things she had said about publicity. He was going to show her, you see, that her base aspersions upon his motives were unfounded.

"That's good-by to your Monday-night opening in Chicago," said Carrington.

Queerly enough, he seemed more perturbed about that than she.

"We'll have to cancel the booking for the whole first week," she said calmly enough. "I'll have to be threatened with appendicitis or something. Mr. Porter and Willie Deane will have to attend to that, thank goodness!" And her cheerful way of allowing them to do all the worrying that seemed appropriate gave me in a vivid sort of flash a notion that I shouldn't care for the job of being either Elaine's manager or her press agent.

Then, apparently quite automatically, without asking either of us to look at his watch, she sprang up and said that it was just half an hour before she had to go to the theater.

"It's too late to get any breakfast at the hotel, I suppose," she said. And I told her that if she hurried she'd be just in time for lunch.

They both seemed to take it for granted that I was going to the matinée too, but I told them that I was running a counter-attraction that afternoon. I had to read a paper before the Saturday Fortnightly on Browning as a dramatist—a subject which seemed to me at that moment, and which I have regarded, from force of association I suppose, ever since, as singularly barren of interest.

I saw them go away together, and then, though I had only time for a hurried visit to a dairy lunch before the lecture, I sat down for a minute to collect my wits.

Elaine was to be in town, not another twenty-four hours, as I had supposed, but another week. The only thing I could bring my mind to was a grateful acknowledgment to Providence that Carrington would be here too, and that he was after all responsible for her, and not I. From now on, that was my line clearly. Whatever happened was going to be put up to Carrington.

I appeared before the Saturday Fortnightly with a punctuality

In Ten Minutes She Had Van Dyck Eating Out of Her Hand

which was wholly fortuitous—I knew perfectly well that if Elaine had forgotten her matinée I should have forgotten mine—and read my stupid paper.

Such had been the press of events since half-past eight that morning that I was for a moment at a loss to account for the palpable flutter of timid wings which greeted my appearance in the dovecote, and I had read my paper half through before I noticed that Mrs. Lake and Miss Blunt and one or two other pillars of the organization were conspicuously absent. I showed, perhaps, a certain cowardice afterward in declining tea and bolting straight back to my rooms. But really, for one day, I felt I had had enough.

I shook down my little anthracite fire, lighted a pipe and indulged the paradoxical reflection that it was agreeable to sit down for once in an easy-chair, with no Elaine to twist up my hair for curl-papers and no unknown lady to clasp her hands over my eyes and kiss me by mistake.

It was in the full tide of these reflections that Carrington found me.

"I have only five minutes," he said as he greeted me. "I just wanted to run in to say good-by."

"Good-by!" I gasped. "Where are you going?"

"Back to New York," he told me briefly. "It's Elaine's orders—I mean, it's what she wants me to do. I'm sure I don't know why and I didn't ask her, but it seems she's got something on her hands that she's got to settle for herself, and she doesn't want me, as she puts it, 'even in the wings.' But I can't tell you what a comfort it is, old chap," he concluded, "that I can turn her over to you."

I made incoherent noises at that and he went on:

"Don't try to draw a tight rein, you know. Just give her her head and sit back and wait. She'll come to you when she wants you, I'm sure of that. She's taken to you no end."

I accompanied him feebly to the door.

"There's this," he said, "for your comfort. She's got a surprising way of coming out all right. She comes out of things almost as well as she gets into them. If you can manage to send me a line now and then to let me know how things are going, I'll be mighty grateful. I shall hear from her of course, but—well, you know how it is."

And with that he waved a farewell hand to me and bolted down my stairs.

In sheer vacancy of mind I pulled out my watch and looked at it. It was just five o'clock. Twenty-four hours ago, almost to the minute, I had turned into the Palace Hotel to call on Carrington, in the unacknowledged hope that he would introduce me to Elaine Arthur. Good heavens!

IX

THERE'S a calm spot, you know, exactly in the center of a West Indian hurricane. You can tell that it's not a real calm by the breathless feeling in the air, and you know the storm is going to begin presently, just where it left off.

My calm spot began Saturday afternoon when I said good-by to Carrington at the top of my stairs, and it ended Friday night about eight o'clock when, coming home from dinner at the club, I stumbled over Elaine at the foot.

I didn't know it was Elaine, huddled down there in the dark, until she spoke.

"It's only me," she said meekly, when I stopped with a start just short of stepping on her.

I expressed my astonishment and concern, the way one does express such things when a person like Elaine is a party to the transaction. Her own way seemed to be catching somehow.

"Oh, it's nothing," she told me, rubbing her cheek against the back of my hand, "only I thought you were never coming. I've been waiting ever so long. You know you never come to see me any more."

Now the facts were that since the appendicitis story had been adopted as the official explanation of the necessity for canceling the first week of the Chicago booking, Elaine was supposed to stay in bed—or at least in her room—at the Palace Hotel, and I, under the cloak of visitation of the sick, had solemnly contracted to come and see her every day. But, as she had an ineradicable notion that a veil—a little short veil at that, which fell half way between the tip of her nose and the point of her chin—was a complete disguise, especially after five o'clock in the afternoon, and as her capacity for playing invalid was generally exhausted by that time, she made frequent excursions. Twice when I went to the hotel to make my visit they had told me at the office that she was out. After the first time I had remonstrated with her.

"Of course," I told her, "you are turning the appendicitis story into a joke, and I suppose that doesn't matter: also I suppose that if the real story got out that you were kept here by the district attorney of Monroe County in connection with the Robinson murder, the publicity mightn't be of a sort to hurt you, even though it was unpleasant. The thing that does matter is that you *have* got some connection with it. You may not know why Mrs. Robinson was murdered, nor who did it, but at least you know more about her than any one else. And if what you know is so secret that you can't tell Carrington ——"

"Nor even you," interjected Elaine.

And I don't quite see now why I didn't melt—as she had meant me to—over the pathetic little way in which she said it. If I did feel my sternness sneaking away, like Bob Acres's courage, I hastily whistled it back.

"If it's as deadly a secret as all that," I had gone on, "it seems to me you're taking foolish chances with it."

She had taken my lecture like a lamb—was so meek and conciliatory about it that she fairly made me ashamed of myself, but —— Well, the next time I went back and the clerk told me she was out again, and when I wouldn't believe him and went up, at his suggestion, to see for myself, and found poor Henriette in tears—she took her mistress's troubles seriously enough at any rate—when all that happened I more or less abandoned the job of lay chaplain-in-ordinary, and decided to take Carrington's advice and wait until she wanted me.

I was perfectly aware, all the while, that these excursions of hers were not idle. I'd have known just from the elaborateness of her protestations that they were, even if I had not been told of her standing in line at the general delivery window at the post-office or of her cultivation of confidential relations with the baggage master at the railway station, or observed for myself the cryptic nature of her conversations with the waitress who brought trays to her room.

I protest I was not angry with her. Indeed, there was something so candid about her disingenuousness—I'm not trying to be paradoxical. It's Elaine's fault, not mine. When she confessed to me in so many words that she was an incorrigible liar she made me feel, somehow, that she was the honestest person I had ever talked to—something so candid, I started to say, about her disingenuousness that you could not take offense at it.

But when she accused me of having neglected her I had to defend myself.

"If you'd only stay in bed and have appendicitis like a good child," I said, "I'd come to see you every day and make myself so agreeable you'd hardly know me."

"That's where they think I am now," she told me with a little chuckle of amusement. "I locked the door and sneaked down the service stairs and out into the alley without a single person seeing me. I'm going to be worse tomorrow and Henriette isn't going to let a single person in to see me all day. She's going to eat all my meals ——"

"You don't mean," I cried, "that you aren't going back to the hotel tonight at all?"

"That's what I've come to tell you about," she explained. "Can't we go up where it's a little bit cozier than this? You have terribly hard stairs to sit on."

But I was harder and more unaccommodating than the stairs. I pointed out to her that there were limits. We had got in wrong once by being careless about the location of those limits, and I owed it to her and, I added, to Carrington not to let her take any more chances. If she'd go back to her room in the hotel, via the main entrance and the elevator, I'd follow her in a few minutes.

But Elaine wouldn't go back to the hotel. There was something she had to do—simply had to do—and she had hoped I would help her. She didn't want to be selfish about it, getting me into trouble on her account, so she would go away now and do the best she could by herself. She was a little f-frightened about it, she concluded with a forlorn shiver, but she would go away now and not compromise me any further.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said crossly. Only you couldn't let her shiver like that, and I impaired the sternness of my attitude by putting a steadying arm round her shoulders. "We'll go for a walk and talk it out that way. Will that do?"

She checked a laugh that had a glint of mischief in it.

"Out in the country somewhere?" she asked. "Along the Shore Road? That'll be nice and uninterrupted."

I agreed to that, but pleaded the necessity of going up to my room for a minute first, to put down a bundle of sophomore themes on the plot of The Merchant of Venice, which I had brought home with me from the University. My minute stretched itself out to five or ten, over something I found in my mail-box.

Back in the Salem days they certainly would have hanged Elaine for a witch and made no bones about it. The very sound of my step coming downstairs again must have betrayed me, for she greeted it with no reproach for my tardiness. She couldn't see my face there in the dark of the entry, and before I spoke a word she asked me in a voice vibrant with affectionate concern:

"What's the matter? What has happened to you?"

"It looks," I said grimly, "as if I had lost my job. I found a letter up in my room from the president of the University."

I found it hard, when she asked why, to tell her. And, from the lameness of my euphemisms, she herself was slow about understanding. It was not until I repeated a phrase out of the letter—something about a scandalous and indecent abuse of liberty of thought and action—that she got the idea.

"Do you mean," she demanded, "that he thinks ——" And with no polite circumlocution at all she stated precisely what it was that the president thought. "But that's so ridiculous! You can prove that you didn't. You went back to the hotel with Maurice. You must have registered and got a room."

But I explained to her that I hadn't done that—that no one had seen us when we went back to the hotel the second time—that I had gone up to Carrington's room—and that we had walked because the elevator wasn't running.

"Of course," I concluded, "I could get Carrington to write a letter, but even what he knows wouldn't go very far. You see, it was a quarter to eleven when Dorgan came up."

"Come along," she said briefly. "We'll go and talk to the president ourselves."

"You!" I gasped.

"Yes, of course," she said. "And don't you worry, poor dear! I'll fix him."

President Van Dyck lived a little out of town, on the Shore Road, where we had planned to take our walk. It was a fine, brilliant, starlight night, and the rhythm of our walk—she was a wonderful person to walk with—restored my nerve a little. I don't mind admitting that I had pretty well lost it.

I didn't give a thought to what we'd say or do when we found him until a question of Elaine's suggested it.

"What sort of man is the president?" she inquired.

I had to tell her that he wasn't very promising. "I don't know him so very well, but he's a cold, remote sort of man—on the surface anyway. Of course he's very able, or he wouldn't have made this University what it is. He wears a beard cut in a solid, matter-of-fact sort of way, and that, and his cold blue eye, are about all you see of him. He looks at you as if he were calculating interstellar distances, the way he used to do before he became president."

"You don't mean," cried Elaine, "that he was professor of astronomy?"

When I told her that I did and that he was one of the two or three greatest astronomers in America, she seemed immensely pleased.

"We are all right now," she exclaimed. "I'm a bit of an astronomer myself."

I stopped short in the middle of the road.

Dorgan Acknowledged the Introduction With His Best Bow

(Continued on Page 65

THE TREASURE

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

JUSTINE HARRISON, graduate servant of the American School of Domestic Science, arrived the next day. If Mrs. Salisbury was half-consciously cherishing an expectation of some one as crisp and cheerful as a trained nurse might have been, she was disappointed. Justine was simply a nice, honest-looking American country girl, in a cheap, neat, brown suit and a dreadful hat. She smiled appreciatively when Alexandra showed her her attractive little room, unlocked what Sandy saw to be a very orderly trunk, changed her hot suit at once for the gray gingham uniform, and went to Mrs. Salisbury's sick-room with great composure for detailed instructions.

In passing, Alexandra showed her the back stairway and the bathroom, and murmured something about books being in the little room off the drawing room downstairs. Justine smiled brightly.

"Oh, I brought several books with me," she said, "and I subscribe to two weekly magazines and one monthly. So usually I have enough to read."

"How do you do? You look very cool and comfortable, Justine. Now you'll have to find your own way about downstairs. You'll see the coffee next to the bread box, and the brooms are in the laundry closet. Just do the best you can. Mr. Salisbury likes dry toast in the morning and eggs in some way. We get eggs from the milkman; they seem fresher. But you have to tell him the day before. And I understood that you'll do most of the washing? Yes. My old Nancy was here day before yesterday, so there's not much to do this week."

It was in some such disconnected strain as this that Mrs. Salisbury welcomed and initiated the new maid.

Justine bowed reassuringly.

"I'll find everything, madam. And do you wish me to manage, and to market for a while, until you are about again?"

The invalid sent a pleading glance to Sandy.

"Oh, I think my daughter will do that," she said.

"Oh, now, why, mother?" Sandy asked in affectionate impatience. "I don't begin to know as much about it as Justine probably does. Why not let her?"

"If madam will simply tell me what sum she usually spends on the table," said Justine, "I will take the matter in hand."

Mrs. Salisbury hesitated. This was the very stronghold of her authority. It seemed terrible to her, indelicate, to admit a stranger.

"Well, it varies a little," she said restlessly. "I am not accustomed to spending a set sum."

She addressed her daughter: "You see, I've been paying Nancy every week, dear," said she, "and the other laundry. And little things come up ——"

"What sum would be customary in a family this size?" Alexandra asked briskly of the graduate servant.

Justine was businesslike.

"Seven dollars for two persons is the smallest sum we are allowed to handle," she said promptly. "After that each additional person calls for three dollars weekly in our minimum scale. Four or five dollars a week a person, not including the maid, is the usual allowance."

"Mercy! Would that be twenty dollars for table alone?" the mistress asked. "It is never that now, I think. Perhaps twice a week," she said, turning to Alexandra, "your father usually gives me five dollars for the house at the breakfast table ——"

"But, mother, you telephone and charge at the market and the grocery too, don't you?" Sandy asked.

"Well, yes, that's true. Yes, I suppose it comes to fully twenty-five dollars a week, when you think of it. Yes, it probably comes to more. But it never *seems* so much, somehow. Well, suppose we say twenty-five —"

"Twenty-five, I'll tell dad." Alexandra confirmed it briskly.

"I used to keep accounts, years ago," Mrs. Salisbury said plaintively. "Your father"—and again she turned to her daughter, as if to make this revelation of her private affairs less distressing by so excluding the stranger—"Your father has always been the most generous of men," she said; "he always gives me more money if I need it, and I try to do the best I can." And a little annoyed in her weakness and helplessness by this business talk, she lay back on her pillow and closed her eyes.

"Twenty-five a week then!" Alexandra said, closing the talk by jumping up from a seat on her mother's bed and kissing the invalid's closed eyes in parting. Justine, who had remained standing, followed her down to the kitchen, where, with cheering promptitude, the new maid fell upon preparations for dinner. Alexandra rather bashfully suggested what she had vaguely planned for dinner; Justine nodded intelligently at each item; presently Alexandra left her busily making butter balls, and went upstairs to report.

"Nothing sensational about her," said Sandy to her mother, "but she takes hold! She's got some bleaching preparation of soda or something drying on the sink board; she took the shelf out of the icebox the instant she opened it, and began to scour it while she talked. She's got a big blue apron on, and she's hung a nice clean white one on the pantry door."

There was nothing sensational about the tray which Justine carried up to the sick-room that evening—nothing sensational in the dinner to which the diminished family was served. But the Salisbury family began that night to speak of Justine as the Treasure.

"Everything hot and well seasoned and nicely served," said the man of the house in high satisfaction, "and the woman looks like a servant, and acts like one. Sandy says she's turning the kitchen upside-down, but I say, give her her head!"

The Treasure, more by accident than design, was indeed given her head in the weeks that followed, for Mrs. Salisbury steadily declined into a real illness, and the worried family was only too glad to delegate all the domestic problems to Justine. The invalid's condition from nervous breakdown became nervous prostration, and August was made terrible for the loving little group that watched her by the cruel fight with typhoid fever into which Mrs. Salisbury's exhausted little body was drawn. Weak as she was physically, her spirit never failed her; she met the overwhelming charges bravely, rallied, sank, rallied again and lived. Alexandra grew thin, if prettier than ever, and Owen Sargent grew bold and big and protecting to meet her need. The boys were angels, their sister said, helpful, awed and obedient, but the children's father began to stoop a little, and to show gray in the thick black hair at his temples.

Soberly, sympathetically, Justine steered her own craft through all the storm and confusion of the domestic crisis. Trays appeared and disappeared without apparent effort. Hot and delicious meals were ready at the appointed hours, whether the pulse upstairs went up or down. Tradespeople were paid; there was always ice; there was always hot water. The muffled telephone never went unanswered; the doctor never had to ring twice for admittance. If fruit was sent up to the invalid it was icy cold; if soup was needed it appeared smoking hot and guiltless of even one floating pinpoint of fat.

Alexandra and the trained nurse always found the kitchen the same: orderly, aired, silent, with Justine, a picture of domestic efficiency, sitting by the open window, or on the shady side porch, shelling peas or peeling apples, or perhaps wiping immaculate glasses with an immaculate cloth at the sink.

The ticking clock, the shining range, the sunlight lying in clean-cut oblongs upon the bright linoleum-covered floor, Justine's smoothly braided hair and crisp percales, all helped to form a picture wonderfully restful and reassuring in troubled days.

Alexandra, tired with a long vigil in the sick-room, liked to slip down late at night to find Justine putting the last touches to the day's good work. A clean checked towel would be laid over the rising, snowy mound of dough; the bubbling oatmeal was locked in the fireless cooker, doors were bolted, window shades drawn. There was an admirable precision about every move the girl made.

The two young women liked to chat together, and sometimes, when some important message took her to Justine's door in the evening, Alexandra would linger, pleasantly affected by the trim little apartment, the roses in a glass vase, Justine's book lying open-faced on the bed, or her unfinished letter waiting on the table. For all exterior signs, at these times, she might have been a guest in the house.

Every Saturday evening the Treasure presented her account book to Mr. Salisbury. There was always a small balance, sometimes five dollars, sometimes one; but Justine evidently had well digested the famous formula for peace of mind.

"You're certainly a wonder, Justine!" said the man of the house more than once. "How do you manage it?"

"Oh, I cut down in dozens of ways," the girl returned with her grave smile. "You don't notice it, but I know. You have kidney stews, and onion soups, and cherry pies, instead of melons, and steaks, and ice cream; that's all!"

"And every one just as well pleased," he said in real admiration. "I congratulate you."

"It's only what we are all taught at college," Justine assured him. "I'm just doing what they told me to! It's my business."

"It's a pretty big business, and it's been waiting a long while," said Kane Salisbury.

When Mrs. Salisbury began to get well she began to get very hungry. This was plain sailing for Justine, and she put her whole heart into the dainty trays that went upstairs three times a day. While she was enjoying them Mrs. Salisbury liked to draw out her clever maid, and the older woman and the younger one had many a pleasant talk together. Justine told her mistress that she had been

"You're Certainly a Wonder, Justine!"

country-born and bred, and had grown up with a country girl's longing for nice surroundings, and education of the better sort.

"My name is not Justine at all," she said smilingly, "nor Harrison either, although I chose it because I have cousins of that name. We are all given names when we go to college, and take them with us. Until the work is recognized—as it must be some day—as dignified and even artistic, we are advised to sink our own identities in this way."

"You mean that Harrison isn't your name?" Mrs. Salisbury felt this to be really a little alarming in some vague way.

"Oh, no! And Justine was given me as a number might have been."

"But what *is* your name?" The question fell from Mrs. Salisbury as naturally as an "Ouch!" would have fallen had somebody dropped a lighted match on her hand. "I had no idea of that!" she went on artlessly. "But I suppose you told Mr. Salisbury?"

The luncheon was finished, and now Justine stood up and picked up the empty tray.

"No. That's the very point. We use our college names," she reiterated simply. "Will you let me bring you up a little more custard, madam?"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Salisbury said after a second's pause.

She looked a little thoughtful as Justine walked away. There is no real reason why one's maid should not wear an assumed name, of course. Still ——

"What a ridiculous thing that college must be!" said Mrs. Salisbury, turning comfortably in her pillows. "But she certainly is a splendid cook!"

About this point, at least, there was no argument. Justine did not need cream or sherry, chopped nuts or mushroom sauces to make simple food delicious. She knew endless ways in which to serve food; potatoes became a nightly surprise, macaroni was never the same, rice had a dozen delightful rôles. Because the family enjoyed her maple custard or almond cake, she did not, as is the habit with cooks, abandon every other flavoring for maple or almond.

Justine was following a broader schedule than that supplied by the personal tastes of the Salisburys, and she went her way serenely.

Not so much as a teaspoonful of cold spinach was wasted in these days. Justine's left-over dishes were quite as good as anything else she cooked; her artful combinations, her garnishes of pastry, her enveloping and varied sauces disguised and transformed last night's dinner into a real feast tonight.

The Treasure went to market only twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. She planned her meals long beforehand, with the aid of charts brought from college, and paid cash for everything she bought. She always carried a large market basket on her arm on these trips, and something in her trim, strong figure as she started off appealed to a long-slumbering sense of householder's pride in Mr. Salisbury. It seemed good to him that a person who worked so hard for him and for his should be so bright and contented-looking, should like her life so well.

Late in September Mrs. Salisbury came downstairs again to a spotless drawing room and a dining room gay with flowers. Dinner was a little triumph, and after dinner she was escorted to a deep chair and called upon to admire new papers and hangings, cleaned rugs and a newly polished floor.

"You are wonderful, wonderful people, every one of you!" said the convalescent, smiling eyes roving about her. "Grass paper, Kane, and such a dear border!" she said. "And everything feeling so clean! And my darling girl writing letters and seeing people all these weeks! And my boys so good! And dear old daddy carrying the real burden for every one—what a dreadfully spoiled woman I am! And Justine, come here a minute, Justine ——"

The Treasure, who was clearing the dining-room table, came in and smiled at the pretty group, mother and father, daughter and sons all rejoicing in being well and together again.

"I don't know how I am ever going to thank you, Justine," said Mrs. Salisbury with a little emotion. She took the girl's hand in both her transparent white ones. "Do believe that I appreciate it," she said. "It has been a comfort to me, even when I was sickest, even when I apparently didn't know anything, to know that you were here, that everything was running smoothly and comfortably, thanks to you. We could not have managed without you!"

Justine returned the finger pressure warmly, also a little stirred.

"Why, it's been a real pleasure," she said a little huskily. She had to accept a little chorus of thanks from the other members of the family before, blushing very much, and smiling too, she went back to her work.

"She really has managed everything," Kane Salisbury told his wife later. "She handles all the little monthly bills, telephone and gas, and so on; seems to take it as a matter of course that she should."

"And what shall I do now, Kane? Go on that way, for a while anyway?" asked his wife.

"Oh, by all means, dear! You must take things easy for a while. By degrees you can take back just as much or as little as you want with the managing."

"You dear old idiot," the lady said tenderly, "don't worry about that! It will all come about quite naturally and pleasantly."

Indeed, it was still a relief to depend heavily upon Justine. Mrs. Salisbury was quite bewildered by the duties that rose up on every side of her: Sandy's frocks for the fall, the boys' school suits, calls that must be made, friends who must be entertained, and the opening festivities of several clubs to which she belonged.

She found things running very smoothly downstairs. There seemed to be not even the tiniest flaw for a critical mistress to detect, and the children had added a bewildering number of new names to their lists of favorite dishes. Justine was asked over and over again for her Manila curry, her beef-and-kidney pie, her scones and German fruit tarts, and for a brown and crisp and savory dish in which the mistress of the house recognized, under the title of *chou farci*, an ordinary cabbage as a foundation.

"Oh, let's not have just chickens or beef!" Sandy would plead when a company dinner was under discussion. "Let's have one of Justine's fussy dishes. Leave it to Justine!"

For the Treasure obviously enjoyed company dinner parties, and it was fascinating to Sandy to see how methodically, and with what delightful leisure, she prepared for them. Two or three days beforehand her cake-making, silver-polishing, sweeping and cleaning were well under way, and the day of the event itself was no busier than any other day.

Yet it was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Salisbury first had what she felt was good reason to criticize Justine. During a brief absence from home of both boys their mother planned a rather formal dinner. Four of her closest friends, two couples, were asked, and Owen Sargent was invited by Sandy to make the group an even eight. This was as many as the family table accommodated comfortably.

Ordinarily the mistress of the house would have been fussing for some days beforehand, in her anxiety to have everything go well; but now, with Justine's brain and Justine's hands in command of the kitchen end of affairs, she went to the other extreme and did not give her own and Sandy's share of the preparations a thought until the actual day of the dinner.

For, as was stipulated in her bond, except for a general cleaning once a week, the Treasure did no work downstairs outside of the dining room and kitchen, and made no beds at any time. This meant that the daughter of the house must spend at least an hour every morning in bed-making, and perhaps another fifteen minutes in that mysteriously absorbing business known as "straightening" the living room. Usually Sandy was very faithful to these duties; more, she whisked through them cheerfully, in her enthusiastic eagerness that the new domestic experiment should prove a success.

But for a morning or two before this particular dinner she had shirked her work. Perhaps the novelty of it was wearing off a little. There was a tennis tournament in progress at the Burning Woods Country Club, two miles away from River Falls, and Sandy, who was rather proud of her membership in this very smart organization, did not want to miss a moment of it. Breakfast was barely over before somebody's car was at the door to pick up Miss Salisbury, who departed in a whirl of laughter and a flutter of bright veils, to be gone, sometimes, for the entire day.

She had gone in just this way on the morning of the dinner, and her mother, who had quite a full program of her own for the morning, had had breakfast in bed. Mrs. Salisbury came downstairs at about ten o'clock, to find the dining room airing after a sweeping, curtains pinned back, small articles covered with a dustcloth, chairs at all angles. She went on to the kitchen, where Justine was beating mayonnaise.

"Don't forget chopped ice for the shaker, the last thing," Mrs. Salisbury said, adding, with a little self-conscious rush: "And, oh, by the way, Justine, I see that Miss Alexandra has gone off again without touching the living room. Yesterday I straightened it a little bit, but I have two club meetings this morning, and I'm afraid I must fly. If—if she comes in for lunch will you remind her of it?"

"Will she be back for lunch? I thought she said she would not," Justine said in honest surprise.

"No; come to think of it, she won't," her mother admitted a little flatly. "She put her room and her brothers' room in order," she added inconsequently.

Justine did not answer, and Mrs. Salisbury went slowly out of the kitchen, annoyance rising in her heart. It was all very well for Sandy to help out about the house, but this inflexible idea of holding her to it was nonsense!

Justine Got the Full Measure of Her Disapproval

"I Pay as I Go, and Follow the Bargains"

Ruffled, she went up to her room. Justine had carried away the breakfast tray, but there were towels and bath slippers lying about, a litter of mail on the bed, and Mrs. Salisbury's discarded linen strewn here and there. The dressers were in disorder, window curtains were pinned back for more air, and the coverings of the twin beds thrown back and trailing on the floor. Fifteen minutes' brisk work would have straightened the whole, but Mrs. Salisbury could not spare the time just then. The morning was running away with alarming speed; she must be dressed for a meeting at eleven o'clock, and like most women of her age she found dressing a slow and troublesome matter; she did not like to be hurried with her brushes and cold creams, her ruffles and veil.

The thought of the unmade beds did not really trouble her when, trim and dainty, she went off in a friend's car to the club at eleven o'clock; but when she came back, nearly two hours later, it was distinctly an annoyance to find her bedroom still untouched. She was tired then and wanted her lunch; but instead she replaced her street dress with a loose house gown and went resolutely to work.

Musing over her solitary luncheon she found the whole thing a little absurd. There was still the drawing room to be put in order, and no reason in the world why Justine should not do it. The girl was not overworked, and she was being paid thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents every month! Justine was big and strong, she could toss the little extra work off without any effort at all.

She wondered why it is almost a physical impossibility for a nice woman to ask a maid the simplest thing in the world, if she is fairly certain that that maid will be ungracious about it.

"Dear me!" thought Mrs. Salisbury, eating her chop and salad, her hot muffin and tart without much heart to appreciate these delicacies. "How much time I have spent in my life going through imaginary conversations with maids! Why couldn't I just step to the pantry door and say, in a matter-of-fact tone, 'I'm afraid I must ask you to put the sitting room in order, Justine. Miss Sandy has apparently forgotten all about it. I'll see that it doesn't occur again'? And I could add—now that I think of it—'I will pay you for your extra time, if you like, and if you will remind me at the end of the month.'

"Well, she may not like it, but she can't refuse," was her final summing up. She went out to the kitchen with a deceptive air of composure.

Justine's occupation, when Mrs. Salisbury found her, strengthened the older woman's resolution. The maid, in a silent and spotless kitchen, was writing a letter. Sheets of paper were strewn on the scoured white wood of the kitchen table; the writer, her chin cupped in her hand, was staring dreamily out of the kitchen window. She gave her mistress an absent smile, then laid down her pen and stood up.

"I'm writing here," she explained, "so that I can catch the milkman for the cream."

Mrs. Salisbury knew that it was useless to ask if everything was in readiness for the evening's event. From where she stood she could see piles of plates already neatly ranged in the warming oven, peeled potatoes were soaking in ice water in a yellow bowl, and the parsley that would garnish the big platter was ready, crisp and fresh in a glass of water. "Well, you look nice and peaceful," smiled the mistress. "I am just going to dress for a little tea, and I may have to look in at the opening of the Athenæum Club," she went on, fussing with a frill at her wrist, "so I may be as late as five. But I'll bring some flowers when I come. Miss Alexandra will probably be at home by that time; but if she isn't—if she isn't, perhaps you would just go in and straighten the living room, Justine. I put things somewhat in order yesterday, and dusted a little; but of course things get scattered about, and it needs a little attention. She may, of course, be back in time to do it ——"

Her voice drifted away into casual silence. She looked at Justine expectantly, confidently. The maid flushed.

"I'm sorry," she said frankly. "But that's against one of our rules, you know. I am not supposed to ——"

"Not ordinarily, I understand that," Mrs. Salisbury agreed quickly. "But in an emergency ——"

Justine, with the maddening gentleness of the person prepared to carry a point at all costs, answered again:

"It's the rule. I'm sorry; but I am not supposed to."

"I should suppose that you were in my house to make yourself useful to me," Mrs. Salisbury said coldly. She used a tone of quiet dignity; but she knew that she had had the worst of the encounter. She was really a little dazed by the firmness of the rebuff.

"They make a point of our keeping to the letter of the law," Justine explained.

"Not knowing what my particular needs are, nor how I like my house to be run, is that it?" the other woman asked shrewdly.

"Well ——" Justine hung upon an embarrassed assent. "But perhaps they won't be so firm about it as soon as the school is really established," she added eagerly.

"No; I think they will not!" Mrs. Salisbury agreed with a short laugh, "inasmuch as they *cannot*, if they ever hope to get any foothold at all!"

And she left the kitchen feeling that, in the last remark at least, she had scored, yet very angry at Justine who made this sort of warfare necessary.

"If this sort of thing keeps up I shall simply have to let her *go!*" she said.

But she was trembling, and she came to a full stop in the front hall. It was maddening; it was unbelievable; but that neglected half hour of work threatened to wreck her entire day. With every fiber of her being in revolt, she went into the sitting room.

This was Alexandra's responsibility, after all, she said to herself. And after a moment's indecision she decided to telephone her daughter at the Burning Woods Club.

"Hello, mother," said Alexandra, when a page had duly informed her that she was wanted at the telephone. Her voice sounded a little tired. "What is it, mother?"

"Why, I ought to go to Mary Bell's tea, dearie, and I wanted just to look in at the Athenæum ——" Mrs. Salisbury began, a little inconsequently. "How soon do you expect to be home?" she broke off to ask.

"I don't know," said Sandy lifelessly.

"Are you coming back with Owen?"

"No," Sandy said in the same tone. "I'll come back with the Prichards, I guess, or with one of the girls. Owen and the Brice boy are taking Miss Satterlee for a little spin up round Feather Rock."

"Miss *who?*" But Mrs. Salisbury knew very well who Miss Satterlee was. A pretty and pert and rowdyish little dancer, she had managed somehow to captivate one or two of the prominent matrons of the club, and was much in evidence there, to the great discomfort of the more conservative Sandy and her intimates.

Now Sandy's mother ended the conversation with a few very casual remarks, in not too sympathetic or indignant a vein. Then, with heart and mind in anything but a hospitable or joyous state, she set about the task of putting the sitting room in order. She abandoned once and for all any hope of getting to her club or her tea that afternoon, and was therefore possessed of three distinct causes of grievance.

"Do You Suppose I'd Pay a Maid Thirty-Seven Dollars a Month to Go Tramping Off in the Rain?"

With her mother heart aching for the quiet misery betrayed by Sandy's voice she could not blame the girl. Nor could she blame herself. So Justine got the full measure of her disapproval and, while she worked, Mrs. Salisbury refreshed her soul with imaginary conversations in which she kindly but firmly informed Justine that her services were no longer needed.

However the dinner was perfect. Course smoothly followed course; there was no hesitating, no hitch; the service was swift, noiseless, unobtrusive. The head of the house was obviously delighted and the guests enthusiastic.

Best of all Owen arrived early, irreproachably dressed, if a little uncomfortable in his evening clothes, and confided to Sandy that he had had a "rotten time" with Miss Satterlee.

"But she's just the sort of little cat that catches a dear, great big idiot like Owen," said Sandy to her mother, when the older woman had come in to watch the younger slip into her gown for the evening's affair.

"Look out, dear, or I shall begin to suspect you of a *tendresse* in that direction!" the mother said archly.

"For Owen?" Sandy raised surprised brows. "I'm mad about him; I'd marry him tonight!" she went on calmly.

"If you really cared, dear, you couldn't use that tone," her mother said uncomfortably. "Love comes only once, *real* love, that is ——"

"Oh, mother! There's no such thing as real love," Sandy said impatiently. "I know ten good, nice men I would marry; and I'll bet you did, too, years ago, only you weren't brought up to admit it! But I like Owen best, and it makes me sick to see a person like Rose Satterlee annexing him. She'll make him utterly wretched; she's that sort. Whereas I am really decent, don't you know; I'd be the sort of wife he'd go crazier and crazier about. He's one of those unfortunate men who really don't know what they want until they get something they don't want. They ——"

"Don't, dear. It distresses me to hear you talk this way." Mrs. Salisbury said with dignity. "I don't know whether modern girls realize how dreadful they are," she went on, "but at least I needn't have my own daughter show such a lack of—of delicacy and of refinement."

And in the dead silence that followed Mrs. Salisbury cast about for some effective way of changing the subject, and finally decided to tell Sandy what she thought of Justine.

But here, too, Sandy was unsympathetic. Scowling as she hooked the filmy pink and silver of her evening gown Sandy took up Justine's defense.

"All up to me, mother, every bit of it! And, honestly now, you had no right to ask her to do ——"

"No right!" Exasperated beyond all words, Mrs. Salisbury picked up her fan, gathered her dragging skirts together, and made a dignified departure from the room. "No right!" she echoed, more in pity than in anger. "Well, really, I wonder sometimes what we are coming to! No right to ask my servant, whom I pay thirty-seven and a half dollars a month, to stop writing letters long enough to clean my sitting room! Well, right or wrong, we'll see!"

But the cryptic threat contained in the last words was never carried out. The dinner was perfect, and Owen was back in his old position as something between a brother and a lover, full of admiring great laughs for Sandy, and boyish confidences. There was not a cloud on the evening for Mrs. Salisbury. And the question of Justine's conduct was laid on the shelf.

IV

AFTER the dinner party domestic matters seemed to run even more smoothly than before, but there was a difference, far below the surface, in Mrs. Salisbury's attitude toward the new maid. The mistress found herself incessantly looking for flaws in Justine's perfectness; for things that Justine might easily have done but would not do.

In this Mrs. Salisbury was unconsciously aided and abetted by her sister, Mrs. Otis, a large, magnificent woman of forty-five, who had a masterful and assured manner,

(Continued on Page 36)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 25, 1913

The Model Market Letter

GOVERNOR SULZER'S strictly typical experience in stock speculation reminds us of a splendid literary opening. Brokers take a great deal of pains with their market letters to present and prospective customers; yet we have never seen any composition of that nature which was not a hundred miles beside the mark. With singular fatuity they all overlook the main point. We recommend a model communication something as follows:

"*Dear Customer:* After carefully reviewing the financial situation at home and abroad, and giving due weight to probable political action at Washington, we conclude that you can lose your money very tidily this week by purchasing railroad stocks. The corn crop, as you know, is short and the demand for feeding purposes is bound to be large; consequently for persons in a position of trust who are anxious to break into the penitentiary we heartily recommend a campaign on the long side of corn. By balancing the supply of cotton against the demand we arrive at the opinion that you can readily separate yourself from your farm by going short on cotton."

During the last twenty years very much has been disclosed about speculation, and all that time we have been looking in vain for the disclosure of an amateur speculator who won. A new style of market letter is needed.

City Elections

HARDLY anybody knows anything worth mentioning about the government of a big city, yet nearly everybody feels in duty bound to hold an opinion on the subject. Ask an intelligent New Yorker about the present administration. "Excellent," he will tell you—"one of the best we ever had!" Ask another intelligent New Yorker the same question and he replies: "Rotten—perfectly rotten!"

The first man means that he admires the late mayor's epistolary style, or that the newspaper he habitually reads was a Gaynor partisan. The second man means that dissolute women, being driven from Broadway, invade the district where he lives; or he has the Lieutenant Becker episode in mind.

Ask both for a balance sheet showing approximately the money spent and the results obtained, as compared with any other administration, and neither can answer.

A city government is judged largely by more or less accidental relations to vice. If there happens to be a scandalous exposure it is condemned. If there does not happen to be an exposure it passes muster with many voters and an investigation years afterward may show how it was all the time squandering money, skimping construction, stuffing payrolls, and so on.

There is really little intelligent criticism of a city government that reaches the public. To fool people about an administration is shockingly easy.

Propaganda

ONLY a few years ago whenever we mentioned banking and currency we could hear ourselves shouting in a wilderness. It seemed to be a subject in which there was absolutely no public interest and as to which none but hopelessly vague, confused ideas were abroad; but, as The Annalist recently pointed out, whatever else may be said about the Glass-Owen Bill, the discussion of it has been the sanest discussion of currency ever conducted in this country.

It is very significant that the same party which stood for free silver but little more than a decade ago has now formally reaffirmed the gold standard.

The Monetary Commission was pretty copiously sneered at. The bill it finally proposed was contemptuously rejected and its monumental report was sometimes referred to as a mere waste of much effort and money; but its educational value is apparent in the comparative intelligence with which banking and currency are now discussed. Even five years ago a Glass-Owen Bill would have been impossible. People were then saying that the country would not tolerate any sort of governmental bank—because Andrew Jackson would not tolerate one sort two generations ago.

The moral is: Never become discouraged. If the idea has sound life in it it will strike root and grow. It is like your winter-wheat crop: Day after day the ground is absolutely bare—not an encouraging spear of green anywhere; then, overnight, it is covered with wheat.

The Scientific Farmer's Wife

THERE will be more or less trouble about keeping the girls on the farm until somebody invents a kitchen silo—a capacious receptacle of concrete into which may be dumped on cool winter days a few tons of fried pork, hot biscuits, baked potatoes, corned beef, cabbage, boiled onions and apple pie, tastefully diluted with some hogsheads of gravy and coffee. There should, of course, be a trap-door at the bottom, out of which the contents may be shoveled when the haying hands, harvest hands and berry pickers are to be fed in the dogdays.

"I can hardly pass a hired man on the road without wanting to strike him!" observed a scientific farmer's wife the other day. The storage capacity of these hungry males is in fact appalling, and science, as applied to agriculture, has done comparatively little to lower the temperature of the kitchen in midsummer.

Probably, on the whole, the kitchen is the weakest point in scientific farming. The same college training that makes farming a stimulating intellectual exercise for a young man also stimulates intellectual aspirations in the young woman which are hardly satisfied with cooking three square meals a day and contemplating rural scenery across the steam of a washtub. And in nearly all rural communities, at all seasons, it is far easier to hire hands for the field than for the kitchen.

Science has done far more for the farmer than for his wife.

After the Sanatorium

MASSACHUSETTS has been checking up the results of her battle with the great white plague. She finds, for one item, that in about seventeen months one hundred and twenty-seven patients were discharged from the Lawrence Tuberculosis Hospital. Seventy-five of the patients subsequently died. Of seventeen no trace is found. Seven are apparently well.

Of the remaining twenty-eight all but four are living in tenements under the same unsanitary conditions that were responsible for their having tuberculosis in the first place; and only two of the twenty-eight were taking any particular pains to avoid spreading the plague. Presumably, then, we have a certain net gain of seven out of a hundred and twenty-seven.

You can never cure poverty with charity, but only alleviate it a little here and there. Nor can you ever exterminate tuberculosis with free sanatoriums. To do that, you must get back to the unsanitary living conditions in which the plague breeds.

Massachusetts and other states must by no means be discouraged over free sanatoriums. They help some. But most of our social actions, whether they are accomplished politically or through voluntary associations, aim at curing the results of a bad condition rather than changing the underlying condition.

The Diplomatic Service

PRESIDENT WILSON'S selection of an Illinois country editor for ambassador to Russia provokes derision along the Atlantic seaboard; but the selection, in fact, is a very happy one. Some years ago a gentleman of tremendous social distinction was ambassador to Russia, and he complained bitterly because he had no gold bullion on his clothes or a palace to live in, like other ambassadors. Ever since then we have been hearing that the country ought to be ashamed of itself because it does not pay ambassadors much larger salaries and provide them with imposing residences.

Now the way out of this difficulty obviously is to select for ambassadorships persons who have not been used to living in palaces or wearing embroidered garments—plain citizens for whom the street cars and an eight-room flat with a bath are quite good enough.

A good country editor, who mows his own lawn with manly pride and shakes down his own furnace, is ideal material for the diplomatic service, because the country can rest assured that he will not torment it with complaints about the pay, the quarters he has to live in or the clothes our simple usage prescribes. We should heartily favor making the diplomatic service a special perquisite of the country press.

Of course if the ambassador's job were presumed to require any special training, experience or aptitude it would be quite different; but evidently no such presumption obtains at Washington.

The New Tariff

THE total effect of the new tariff upon your cost of living will be small, and such effect as it does ultimately have will appear gradually. Woolen goods, for example, should be somewhat cheaper; but only a small part of your income goes for wool. To the ordinary family rent and food are two of the largest items. Rent certainly will be as high as ever and sugar is the only food article likely to be affected.

Why so great an effort for so small a tangible result? you ask. Well, the railroads might double freight rates on almost all manufactured goods without affecting your cost of living very much. As they eloquently point out, the freight charge amounts to only three or four cents on a pair of shoes, only a dime or so on a coat, only a fraction of a cent on a pound of sugar or flour. But doubling those rates on the enormous quantity of goods they haul would give them a great profit, to which they are not entitled. It would not hurt you much if some one robbed you of a quarter every week; but if some one robbed everybody of a quarter every week he could soon buy the country.

The best thing about this new tariff is that it squarely challenges a condition which has flourished practically without interruption and without effective challenge for half a century. Unless we have incredibly bad luck it will presently be demonstrated that the country can prosper without taxing all the people for the benefit of a few.

Examining Immigrants

WE ARE very little impressed by the proposal that only one-tenth as many immigrants of any nationality as now reside in the United States be admitted in any year. The literacy test that Mr. Taft vetoed was decidedly better; but, whether Congress ever amends the present immigration policy or not, there ought to be no dispute about better inspection at Ellis Island.

Writing in The Survey, Doctor Sprague, of the United States Public Health Service, calculates that we are admitting annually about three thousand mental defectives and an equal number that are or will become insane.

The fault is not with the administration at Ellis Island—where nine-tenths of all immigrants arrive—but with Congress. Doctor Sprague finds that for the fiscal year 1912 the Government spent eight cents and a fraction a head for inspection of aliens at the island. You do not need a scientific education to tell how much medical inspection eight cents will pay for.

Could not the Government afford to pay as much as one-tenth of the head tax it charges all immigrants for the purpose of having them examined—or even half the tax? Could not it afford to buy a quarter or a half as much medical examination as every life-insurance company requires before writing a policy?

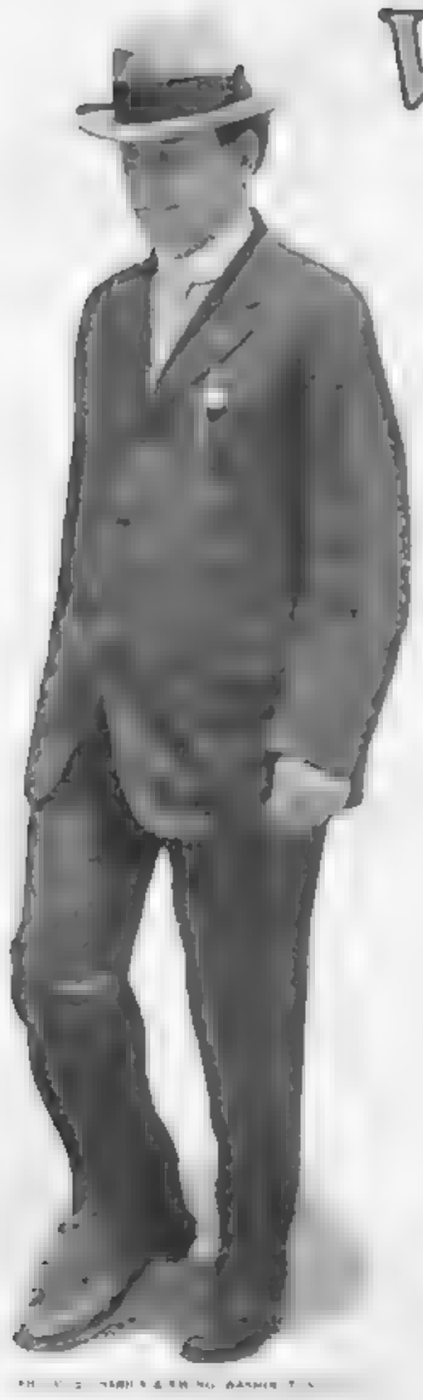
The Balkan Amenities

"OLD-AGE pensions in Great Britain were long opposed as financially impossible," observes Professor Taussig; "yet Great Britain, when her people's blood was up for the South African War, taxed herself without hesitation for sums much greater than any old-age pensions could require. If the impulse of sympathy were as strong as the ancient and brutal fighting instinct, we should hear little of financial obstacles in the way of schemes for far-reaching social improvement."

Suppose some one had suggested that the Balkan states go to the verge of insolvency for the purpose of educating their half-savage inhabitants. Probably he would have been committed to a lunatic asylum or shot on the spot. But insolvency for mutual destruction is cheerfully embraced. For some years Germany has been heavily burdened financially. No responsible German statesman would have dreamed of proposing, last spring, to raise one billion marks by extraordinary taxation of the most drastic sort for any humane purpose. But when the Kaiser made the proposal for war purposes there was little serious opposition. They will tell you at Washington that it is quite out of the question for the Federal Government to spend twenty-five million dollars a year for five years in constructing good roads; but many estimable citizens grow purple with indignation because it spends only seven times that every year on army and navy.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Joe T., the Pronto Person From Arkansas

THE abundant representation Arkansas has had recently in the United States Senate presents many dangers to the commentator. They are a serious people—those Arkansas politicians; and they object to aught but the most serious treatment of themselves and the offices they attain.

Once, last spring, when it seemed to be raining United States senators from Arkansas in Washington, I ventured a few remarks on what appeared to be a new and profitable industry carried on in that state—to wit, the rapid appointment of senators, which will enable several Arkansas patriots to revel for life in the title thus worthily bestowed, and did enable them to remain on the payroll and enjoy such emoluments as could be devised for periods of specified duration.

In pointing out the fact that Arkansas had a greater number of individual senators in a shorter space of time than had been observed of late years, I said each new senator from Arkansas drew twelve hundred dollars in mileage. That was wrong. I was promptly and properly rebuked for the error. Each new senator from Arkansas did not draw twelve hundred dollars in mileage. Each new senator drew about half that sum for mileage, but each new senator received for his services about twelve hundred dollars—cost the United States that much; and the transactions remained reasonably profitable notwithstanding—that is, to the new senators.

Therefore, the consideration of another new senator from Arkansas shall be pendentous—must be; for there could be no excuse for a second error as to this important matter. Politics moves rapidly in Arkansas. It was explained that the rapid investing and divesting of togas were the result of political exigency and expediency; and it certainly was expedient, even if not so exigent as to be observable on Capitol Hill.

However, that is all past and gone. Arkansas had her presto-change representation, and now a somewhat permanent citizen is there, upholding the dignity of that state in company with James P. Clarke, said dignity having drooped a bit in the not-far-distant past.

Cautious reference is made to Senator Joe T. Robinson. Though his name appears in the Congressional Directory, in the autobiographical section, as Joseph Taylor Robinson, I am told that is a mere concession to form—mayhap an editorial blunder—for in Arkansas the senator is known universally as Joe T.—not Joe, or Joseph Taylor, or J. Taylor, but as Joe T.—just that. And so shall he be here, lest—oh, well, he's Joe T.

Every man prides himself on some personal proficiency, property or possession. We all have known citizens who were quite puffed up because they could wiggle their ears, and I once discovered a person who assumed importance because he had six toes; while the number is legion of our fellow creatures who pin medals on themselves because they take cold baths or take hot ones, or—they say—understand Bergsöe, or appreciate Wagner, or wear goatees—not, of course, that Senator Joe T. exalts himself for any of these momentous reasons, but merely as a foreword concerning a human foible that is not lacking even in him, and which takes the form of the firm conviction that he is the best bird shot in his state.

The Bloodless Massacre of Oratory

SO HE may be—so he may be. Still, minding my p's and q's assiduously, I venture the assertion that, excellent a bird shot as Joe T. may be, he is not half or quarter so fatal to the quail or partridge or grouse as he is to adjectives and adverbs.

Once he gets into action, with his feet braced, the light of conquest in his eyes, his oratorical gun ready, his trope cartridges in his belt, his elocutionary finger on the verbal trigger, he slaughters them by the thousand. Down they come fluttering to his feet—adjective after adjective and adverb after adverb, falling into and through his rolling sentences.

Oh, it is great! You can picture it to yourself. The oratorical sweepstakes is on for the Flowery Language Cup. The scorer calls: "Joe T. Robinson is next gun!" Up steps Joe T., calm, confident, eager, sureshot of all the tonitrous and tralatitious sureshots. "Are you ready?" "Ready!" "Pull!"

Bang! "Dead adjective!" shouts the scorer. Bang! "Dead adverb!" Bang! Bang! "Double!" As I live, he took an adjective with one barrel and an adverb with the other. And so it goes; and when the count is made there stands Joe T., winner of the sweepstakes, with the field literally strewn with the victims of his certain skill.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that most of the people outside of Arkansas think of Arkansans in terms of the Arkansaw Traveler, who found the native, you remember, who could not fix his roof when it was raining and saw no need for fixing it when the weather was dry. Do not make the mistake of considering Joe T. in this light. If the Arkansaw Traveler had run across Joe T. he would have discovered a citizen who not only had fixed his roof expeditiously but who had all his fences in repair. If Joe T. were referring to another who was a hustler he would speak of his dynamic energy; so that is good enough for Joe T. Dynamic energy is an inclusive term and it includes Joe T. He is a bundle of live wires.

Take a short period of forty-three days in his crowded life last spring. In that brief space of time he was a representative in Congress, governor of Arkansas and United States senator therefrom; and that, as all will admit, is moving with considerable celerity, to say nothing of going some.

Joe T. had been elected to Congress five times, and resigned on January fourteenth last to become governor, which he did a day or two later. Meantime Senator Jeff Davis had died, and on January twenty-eighth Joe T. was elected to the United States Senate, and resigned as governor early in March to take his seat as senator on the tenth day of that month.

He was always a pronto person, however. Joe T. never took his leisurely time about anything. He preferred to jump hurdles rather than to padge along the smooth highway. He dashed through school, dived head first into the law, took a running jump into the Arkansas Legislature when he was twenty-three, beat Sam M. Taylor for Congress by the time he was thirty, served in the House of Representatives until last spring, and then grabbed the other offices one after another, with both haste and precision; and now, puffing slightly, but in full possession of his oratory, he is sitting back in the Senate wondering what he can find to do to keep him busy for the next six years.

Joe T. is a good debater as well as an orator. He was a figure in Congress and came to be of considerable importance when the Democrats gained control of the House. He is a fine lawyer—better before a jury than elsewhere; and they say he is a whirlwind on the stump. When it is necessary for Joe to talk he can talk a bird out of a tree; but when he thinks silence is his cue, a public library closed for a holiday is a babel of noise compared to him. He will listen when it seems to be his turn, but he does not stop long to hear life stories or discursive expeditions into immaterial topics; and some of the Arkansas folks, who like to hold men up for chats, condemn him for being selfish.

The truth of it is, Joe T. is ambitious and largely concerned with the affairs of Joe T., which has a tendency to discourage conversation on his part concerning the affairs of others; but those who know him best say he is warm-hearted, loyal, and a mighty good fellow. They think well of him in the Senate, for he has been given important committee assignments; and he is quite likely to stir up things over there one of these days. Any man who was born in 1872 and has been so expeditiously on his way as Joe T. will not sit in the Senate and let the moss grow on him, even if the atmosphere of that reposeful place is conducive to the growth of moss—which it is, and of other noiseless fungi too numerous to mention, including gum shoes and rubber tires.

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St. Louis Boston

ROOSEVELT ON THE PROGRESSIVE FIGHT

(Continued from Page 4

heat of a campaign, and is active in the interest of the people as a whole. Our headquarters are open all the year round, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. This is true even of many state headquarters. Thus we have provided a meeting place for men and women—men and women stand on an absolute equality in our party, you know—to discuss political issues, economic issues and social and industrial issues, to talk openly, not secretly, of party policies and party methods, and to plan the fight that shall result in advancing the outposts of progress. Our headquarters welcome the scholar, the farmer, the workingman, the business man—and particularly the wives of all of them, together with all women who subscribe to or are merely interested in Progressive principles. You will also find at party rooms the new type of politician of the twentieth-century model, who is a practical man of high ideals, who strives to reduce these high ideals to actual practice."

"Actual practice." I repeated the words, and asked for information as to what was actually being done with this excellent "paper" organization, explaining that reporters are from Missouri. Colonel Roosevelt was not averse to "showing" me in this way:

"Our party is not in power, is not in office, but it is our duty to formulate public opinion and prepare it so that it shall insist on action along the lines we advocate. We recognize the urgent need of strengthening the party machinery, but we also recognize that machinery, though imperatively necessary, is of value only when treated as a practical means of securing applied realism.

"Now under the direction of Mr. Walter F. Brown, the national committee is assisting in the organization of the new party in the several states. This work is going forward with energy and zeal. It is being thoroughly done, and by the time of the next congressional campaign we hope very real progress will have been made. Here we are not building from the top down but from the ground up. The inspiration and the support of each unit of organization must come from its home town or congressional district, not from national headquarters. It is not the work of men who make a business of politics, but of men who, successful in business, have turned to politics, many of them for the first time, to achieve economic and social reforms. It is the new politics."

"But you do not rely on mere party organization—on the machinery—to arouse interest and get out the vote?"

A Highbrow Plan That Works

"We do not," replied the Colonel decisively. "For the first time in the history of any great party in this country we recognize that the party organization can best be strengthened by continuous, effective work for definite measures and ideals. We intend to bring about the rule of the people, to effect economic reforms and to achieve social and industrial justice—first, through scientific research, in which correct information is the keynote, and then by the translation of the knowledge thus acquired into action through the medium of a political organization in which service is the watchword. This is the basis of the Progressive service."

"Sounds rather highbrowish," I interjected.

"No matter how it sounds," answered the Colonel, "it is mighty effective. Naturally the Progressive service has no meaning for old-line politicians, simply because it is not on a basis of office-holding. It is purely on a basis of measures. On the old theory only a few of the members of any party can actually participate in a party's activities. Under our practice and with our thoroughly democratic plan of organization, carried down to the smallest party unit, every man and woman has a place and can render valuable service, service that is of pressing concern and of real benefit to the country. It opens a field of work to all. But let me give you the plan and scope of this division of party labor, as summarized by Miss Frances A. Kellor, who is chief of the Progressive service, after the first eight months of organization and administration:

"'Its purpose is to keep the promises made by the Progressive platform. Its methods are education and legislation.

"'It affords an unparalleled training school in political action for women who cannot vote, and furnishes the answer in advance to the question as to what women will do with the vote.

"'It constitutes a clearing house for the states in matters of common effort, legislation, organization, propaganda, and in all subjects of interest in the Progressive movement, affording a prompt, reliable and effective way of getting the people all working together to realize their ideals.

"'The organization of the service division coördinately with the political division is a successful attempt to establish a democratic form of party management with ful. measure of responsibility.'"

"But how does it work?" I demanded.

The Progressive Service

"Through two branches: the legislative bureau and the bureau of education. Greater than the need of legislation today," explained Mr. Roosevelt, "are—widely diffused information, the collection of reliable data, trained speakers who can measure up to the public demand for knowledge, and the encouragement that will make the laws represent the will as well as the needs of the people. The day of the old campaign orator is gone. The political speaker of tomorrow is not the candidate for office nominated because of his party service, but the man or woman who has helped to formulate the platform, who has worked for Progressive measures, the expert on subjects now before the people, and the people themselves who live under conditions that we seek to remedy by legislation. The Progressive service—this is how it works:

"If a person desires information about what is being done concerning minimum wages, social insurance, currency reform, housing, conservation, public health, cost of living, farm improvement, suffrage, public education, methods of taxation, direct legislation, corporation control, or any other subject related to the Progressive platform, let him send a postal card to the Progressive National Service, Forty-Second Street Building, New York City, and the information will be forthcoming without charge. There have been innumerable requests for information answered by the service, some of them unique in character. One man wrote in and asked how he could best spend twenty-five dollars for books relating to Progressive principles. Miss Kellor answered him promptly, giving a list of valuable books.

"If a local Progressive club is planning a rally, or some non-partisan organization proposes to discuss a question relating to Progressivism, the service will assign the best possible speakers on special topics, as well as speakers prepared to debate the broadest principles underlying the Progressive movement. Whenever clubs, societies or associations of earnest-minded men and women desire to inform themselves on great questions of pressing moment, it is necessary only to communicate with the Progressive national service and the entire matter of a lecture course will be arranged at a minimum cost. There are today a thousand speakers and lecturers on the roll of the Progressive service.

"Another function of Miss Kellor's work is to stimulate the formation of social centers where public discussion of the people's problem may be held. In fact the service is in active coöperation with the leading non-partisan movements to this end throughout the country, which of itself emphasizes what I have already said—that the Progressive service has no meaning for old-line politicians. They would complain: 'What earthly good can it do in landing a job?' But it is measures, not jobs, that we Progressives are primarily concerned about.

"I almost forgot the 'movies,'" said the Colonel with a smile. "The Progressive service supplies to motion-picture companies scenarios of plays dealing with the social and industrial problems of the people, written by well-known authors, from which films are prepared and distributed for production in the usual way. Thus conditions

Come On, Boys!

Build a Railroad With Me

If you want to keep *your* boy happy and contented these coming indoor days, buy him an Ives Miniature Railway System. He will find an endless store of fun and fascination in building and running an Ives Railway.

Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys

Alone—or with his playmates—he will spend hour after hour watching the Ives Toy Train, under its own power, dash round and round the track. He can stop it at stations or by signal, just like a real engineer.

The arrangement of trackage, stations, switches and other parts will develop his mechanical skill—interest him in the useful things ahead of him in life.

Ives Struktiron

If your boy has an Ives Railway, renew his interest by buying him more accessories. A new accessory this year is Ives Struktiron. It consists of a series of structural iron parts, with the necessary angles and braces for building bridges and framework for stations, roundhouses, and scores of other structures.

Struktiron is made unusually strong so that it can be used for practical purposes. Your boy can build a bridge 3 feet long which will carry unusual weight. Ask your dealer or write us about Struktiron

We guarantee every Ives Toy. Any part that proves defective in workmanship or material will be replaced by us, free of charge.

Mechanical Systems cost complete from $1.00 to $20.00 a set; Electrical, from $4.00 to $25.00. The Ives name on every piece is your guarantee of long service. Look for it.

The best toy, department and hardware stores sell Ives Miniature Railway Systems and Ives Struktiron. But if you cannot readily find an Ives dealer in your town, please write us.

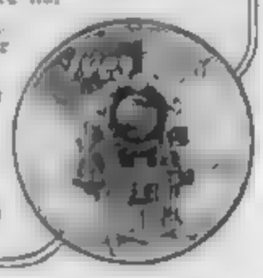
Beautiful illustrated Catalog of Ives Toys free for your toy dealer's name.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation

Established 1868

104 Holland Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn.

DEALERS: Write us if you are not handling Ives Toys.



as they actually exist in prisons, mines, sweatshops and factories where child labor is employed will be shown all over the country. You will know them by their label—Progressive National Service.

"The first of the series will be called Sarah Knisley's Arm, and will picture the case of an unfortunate young woman who lost her hand through its being crushed in cogwheels which a New York statute required her employer to guard. Sarah Knisley's subsequent attempt to secure justice will also be depicted. As I have on more than one occasion seized the opportunity to explain, the Court of Appeals of New York held that, because this girl kept at work, knowing that her employer was refusing to give her the protection the law directed him to give, *she assumed the risk and waived the right to damages.* Such a ruling made the law a dead letter, so far as its protection to employees in dangerous trades or occupations was concerned. We Progressives insist that cases such as this are to be considered in terms of human life, and not merely as dry law, and this lesson will be drawn from the first film released—if that's the correct term—under Progressive auspices."

Except for educating public opinion, valuable in itself, where did all this lead? I reminded Mr. Roosevelt that some one had said: "Without means of attainment and measures of result an ideal becomes meaningless."

"Precisely," he agreed. "Nothing is easier than to demand on the stump—or in essays and editorials—the abolition of injustice and the securing to each man of his rights. But to accomplish practical and effective results in conformity with such utterances is so difficult that the average public man and the average public writer have not even attempted it. Unfortunately too many of the men in public life who have seemed to strive for results have contented themselves with enacting legislation which, just because it made believe to do so much, in truth accomplished very little."

Mr. Charles McCarthy's Work

"The only solution is that worked out by Mr. Charles McCarthy, chief of the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Library. His is no patent remedy for getting universal reform. He has demonstrated that a real reform movement must have many lines of development. Reformers, if they are to achieve results, must look backward and forward; must be bold and yet must exercise prudence and caution in all they do. They must never fear to advance, and yet they must carefully plan how to advance before making the effort. They must wisely plan what they are to construct and how they are to construct it before they tear down what exists. The people must be given full power to make their action effective, and at the same time the educational institutions of the commonwealth must be built up in such a way as to give the people the opportunity to learn how to use their power wisely. Furthermore political reform must not stand alone. It must accompany economic reform; and economic reform must have a twofold object: first, to increase general prosperity, because unless there is such general prosperity no one can be well off; and, second, to secure a fair distribution of this prosperity—to pass prosperity round.

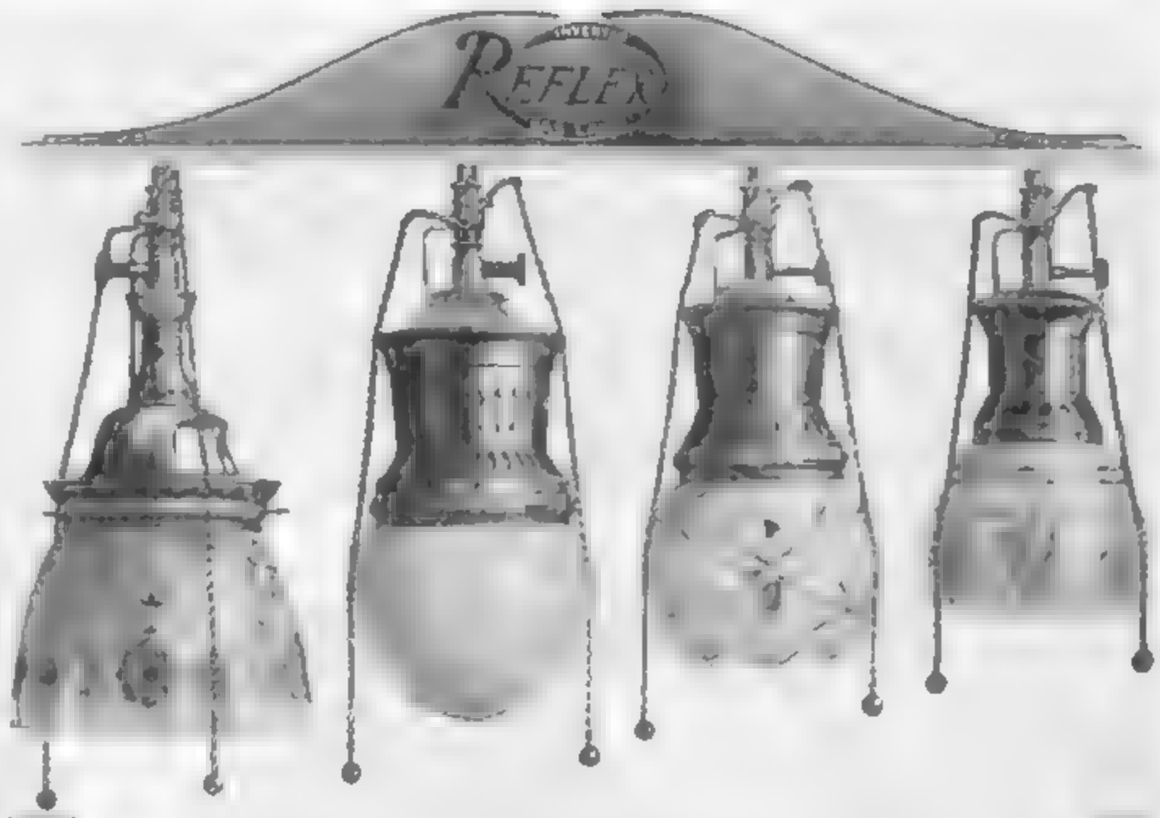
"Scientific self-help and patient care in radical legislation are the two great lessons that Mr. McCarthy's work in Wisconsin has given to the nation, and that Progressives everywhere are making use of. Particularly is this so at national headquarters. For we have a legislative reference bureau, directed by Mr. Donald R. Richberg, with Miss Mary Imhoff, who worked with Mr. McCarthy in Wisconsin, serving as assistant director. This bureau gathers and distributes scientific information concerning:

"Existing laws—what states have enacted Progressive legislation, and whether these laws are well drawn and genuine or half-baked and insincere.

"What the experiences of communities in the United States and abroad have been in putting Progressive principles into actual practice.

"The need for new laws—where insufficient laws should be amended and where entirely new legislation is demanded and why.

"Progressive bills pending in Congress and in state legislatures—their history: how drafted and how supported.

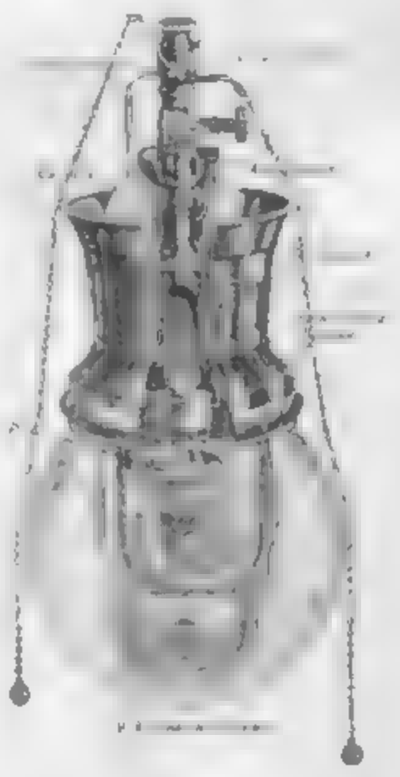


MODERN GAS LIGHTING IS SUPREME—in volume, tone, economy, hygienic value and delightful decorative effect.

"Reflex" Lamps—plus your gas company's service—give you every feature of this supremacy,—*more than that,* give you an entirely new idea of gas illumination.

The "Reflex" is the best inverted Welsbach, and is unrivalled by any other inverted gas lamp because of

These Special "Reflex" Features:—



THERMOSTAT—You never see this little device, but you know it is there by the absence of damaging "flash-backs" at time of lighting. Prolongs life of mantle.

ADJUSTMENTS—Correctly proportion quantities of gas and air, securing perfect combustion and economy.

RACEWAY—Scientifically constructed to mix the gas and air thoroughly, securing maximum efficiency and eliminating noise.

SPRING GLOBE HOLDER—Does away with antiquated screws; saves time, trouble and glassware. Globe removed or replaced in an instant.

SPECIAL LACQUER—Non-tarnishable; prevents discoloration of metal parts of burner.

SELF-LIGHTER, or PILOT—Lights and extinguishes lamp by touching a button or chain,—no matches! Uses insignificant amount of gas.

GLASSWARE—Verre Krasna Opaline, imported solely by this Company, is the finest illuminating glassware made. Its perfect diffusion contributes to the *quality* of the light without sacrifice of *quantity.*

Other Glassware, to meet every requirement of distribution or decoration.

In economy, artistic appearance, and lighting efficiency, "Reflex" is the modern gas-illumination.

The genuine "Reflex" Lamp and "Reflex" Mantle are made only by the Welsbach Company. They bear the "Reflex" trademark and the Welsbach Shield of Quality on the box. Look for these trademarks. Imitations do not give the same service and satisfaction.

REFLEX

Welsbach Mantles, Lamps and Supplies For Sale By Gas Companies and Dealers Everywhere

WELSBACH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER, N. J.

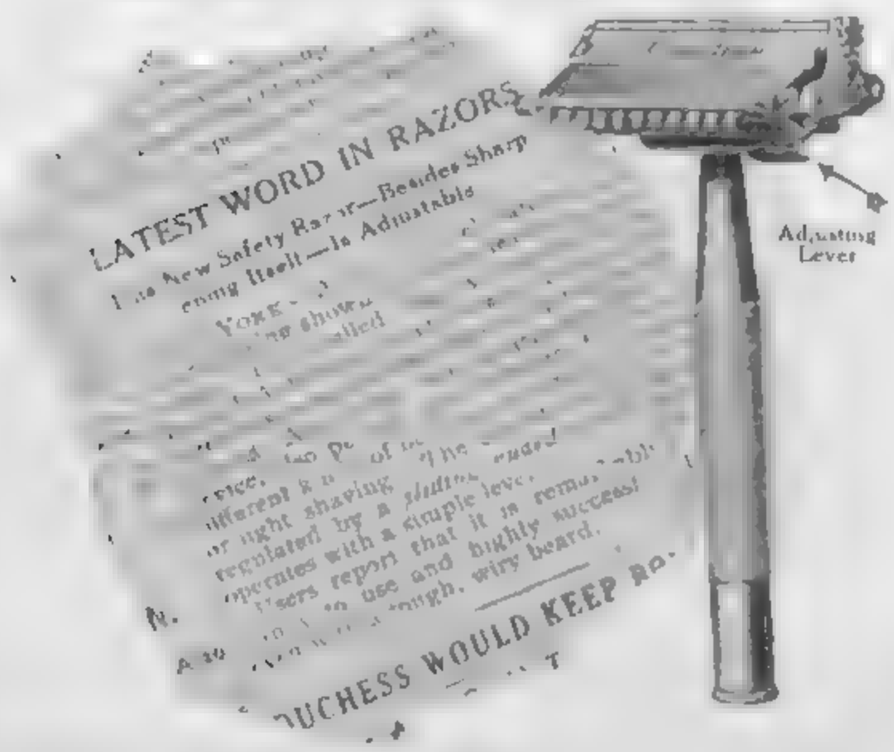
When you know Gas Lighting you prefer it

Our Guarantee Made Possible by Easy Stropping

THE 500 Shaves Guarantee from 12 Blades means a velvety, cool, satisfying shave every day. No dull blades, no constant expense—just 10 seconds stropping, without removing the blade from the shaving holder, and you have an edge so keen that it removes a scrubby beard absolutely without sensation.

You can't realize what comfort there is in AutoStrop Safety Razor shaving until you have tried it. In order to make it easy for you, we allow dealers to sell the Razor on the 30 day trial basis. Money refunded if it does not fulfil every advertised claim.

News Item for AutoStrop Shavers



Adjustable

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

The new adjustable model is now on the market in the United States. Adjustable to all beards. Price $5. Send for our Catalog showing fancy and fitted sets.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto, London

"Records of public officials on Progressive measures—is a particular lawmaker or executive honestly Progressive? Has he worked for principles or for office? Where are the Progressives well represented, where are they opposed, and where are they betrayed?

"The Legislative reference bureau analyzes legislative proposals, furnishes expert advice to legislators, drafts bills, sends a representative to legislative conferences, gives first aid in the drafting of Progressive legislation during sessions of Congress, cooperates upon request with state legislative committees—in short its purpose and its practice is to pave the rough road from platform pledges to laws upon the statute books."

"Have there been any tangible results so far?"

"As the Progressive service is but eight months old it is too early to expect full returns. There has been, however, a notable showing in the matter of progressive legislation throughout the country, always passed with the aid of Progressives, and usually passed under the driving influence of Progressive action. You might well call attention to the following state statutes, for example: California—mothers' pension, minimum wage and hours of labor for women; Connecticut - blue-sky and workmen's compensation; Idaho—mothers' pension; Illinois—woman suffrage, mothers' pension and workmen's compensation; Massachusetts—one day's rest in seven for workers, together with an old-age pension investigation commission; Montana—initiative and referendum and blue-sky; Ohio—workmen's compensation; Pennsylvania—uniform primary, mothers' pension, public utilities, woman suffrage resolution (must be passed by succeeding legislature); Rhode Island—hours of labor for women; Vermont—child labor, hours of labor for women, ban on watered stocks, and direct primaries submitted to a referendum; West Virginia—blue-sky and water-power regulation; Wisconsin—blue-sky, minimum wage, mothers' pension and water-power regulation submitted to a referendum."

Platform Planks in Expert Hands

"In my native state of New York," emphasized Mr. Roosevelt, "this is the record: Compulsory workmen's compensation, minimum wage, constitutional amendment for review of judicial decisions, direct primary, non-partisan judicial primaries, short ballot, corrupt practices act—every one defeated by the action of the Democratic majority, under Tammany dictation, and with the aid of the Barnes Republican machine.

"Every plank of our platform is in charge of a committee of experts—the best men on the subject in the country. They are carrying on what might be termed laboratory work, and as their experiments are concluded their findings are embodied in drafts of proposed laws. Already much time has been devoted to the three bills providing the trust regulation pledged in our national platform and involving the most important economic policy of the Progressive Party. When the bills are in final form they will be introduced in Congress by members of the Progressive Party.

"Already Federal Progressive bills have been introduced by our congressmen—nine important measures. I want to refer specifically to these bills, for the purpose of directing general public notice to this legislation.

"A tariff commission bill with teeth in it, and a naturalization commission bill have been introduced by Representative Murdock; a social insurance commission bill, by Representative Kelly; an amendment to the Constitution, making amendment easier, by Representative Chandler; a Federal child-labor bill, by Representative Copley; a measure fixing an eight-hour day for women in the District of Columbia, and a bill prohibiting convict-labor-made goods in interstate commerce, by Representative Nolan; a national rivers commission bill, by Representative Temple, and workmen's compensation for Federal employees, by Representative Rupley.

"All of these bills are in the keeping of committees of the House. The important thing is that public pressure be brought to bear on these several committees to bring about action and if possible favorable reports of Progressive measures. The special session of the Sixty-third Congress is to be devoted, I understand, entirely to the tariff and the currency. But in December begins

The Red Man's Gift

When the Pilgrims came to America the chief article of food of the Indians (one of the most stalwart races of men the world has ever produced) was "Indian Corn."

The women ground it in hollowed stones, and cooked it in a rude manner, but it, together with meat taken in the chase, sustained a race of muscular giants.

Two or three hundred years of cultivation has resulted in a very superior grade of this Indian Corn, and the food expert has produced therefrom, by skillful cooking, a food delicious beyond the comprehension of the past—

Post Toasties

"Toasties" have a flavor wonderfully tempting, and come ready to eat direct from package with cream or milk—and a little sugar, if you like.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

Smart Fall Fashions

Style 5320
Gun Metal Calf
with Dull Top and
Blind Eyelets

Dorothy Dodd Shoes are the footwear of youth. They are made to meet the demands of the younger set.

And youth is not a matter of *age*—it is largely a matter of *dress*. That's something every woman knows.

The Dorothy Dodd models are graceful and up-to-the-second in style. They include every leather and fabric combination now in vogue.

Go to the Dorothy Dodd dealer in your town. His stock will please both your eye and your foot, for Dorothy Dodd Shoes are as good to look upon as they are comfortable to walk in.

Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
A few $5.50 and $6.00.

Dorothy Dodd dealers can supply you through Parcels Post.

Look for the Trade Mark

Dorothy Dodd Shoe Co.
140 Bickford Street
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

the long session, when there will be ample time to consider general legislation. Then will be written the record of the Democratic Party upon trust regulation, conservation and social and industrial justice. In the campaign of 1914 the Democrats will find it impossible to use either the tariff or the currency to stave off a reckoning on the great industrial and social problems of the day.

"One other point: I have repeatedly said that both of the two old parties are boss-controlled. Political history is at present furnishing an astonishing example of this precise state of affairs. Go back a little over four years, to the Republican Congress that convened March 15, 1909, to enact the Payne-Aldrich law. At the very outset the Insurgents, led by Victor Murdock—now the Progressive leader in the House—started the fight on Cannonism. Most of the Democrats, actuated by political expediency, as has since been conclusively proved, joined forces with Mr. Murdock and his fighting band. The result was that Cannonism became an issue in the congressional campaign of 1910, and was one of the two main causes for the election of a Democratic House.

"What is the spectacle presented today in the House of Representatives? For Cannonism we have Underwoodism; for an arbitrary speaker we have an equally arbitrary caucus. Stranger still, we hear the voice of Mondell, Reactionary Republican, pleading in the name of representative government, in the hope of restoring the prestige of the House, in the faith of good legislation, to remove the shackles from the minds and the wills and the consciences of members! For an abject apostle of Joe Cannon to prate about caucus tyranny and the domination of a boss was too excruciatingly funny to escape the notice of Victor Murdock. He has always led the fight to restore popular government in the House, and he knows who are its friends and who its enemies. What he has said of both old parties is worth remembering:

Off for the Real Jungle

"'The caucus is getting to be pretty hot for the gentlemen on the majority side. It is getting to be a pretty warm poker to hold. But I take no stock in the accusations against the Democrats that come so fluently from the Republican side. It is very pleasant, in the matter of gag rule, to hear the pot calling the kettle black, but does it get us anywhere? . . . The caucus is the device of the devil. It is not a part of representative government.'

"What I particularly desire to emphasize, for it involves one of the issues foremost in the Progressive creed, is that the secret caucus is every whit as bad as Cannonism. Now Cannonism was repudiated at the polls. In its place, we were told by Mr. Wilson, was to come the New Freedom. Mr. Wilson promised also that 'pitiless publicity' was to pervade *every* obscure and veiled process and function of government. And what have we? Legislation by secret caucus! In this respect the New Freedom is the old Republican gag rule invoked by Democrats with executive approval.

"The pot and the kettle!"

That was all, I concluded. We were to end the interview with a punch at King Caucus. But I changed the subject to Colonel Roosevelt's South American invasion, made at the invitation of Progressives of Argentina.

"You visit Brazil, Argentina and Chile."

The Colonel nodded.

"You discuss ——"

"American internationalism, character and civilization, democratic ideals, the democratic movement in a republic, expound the Progressive doctrine—for it is a world doctrine," he epitomized.

"Then the jungle?"

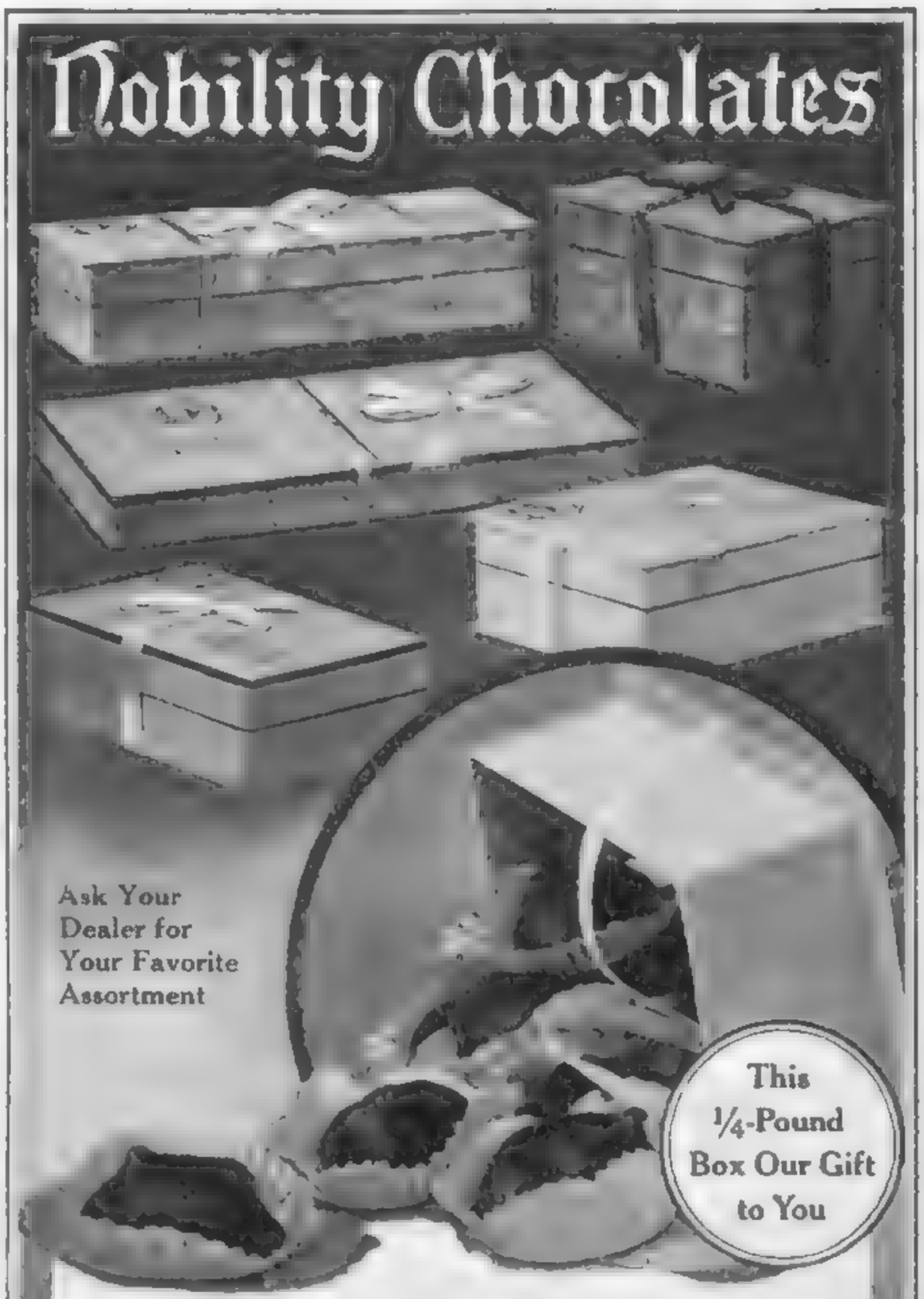
There came into his eyes the look of youthful enthusiasm and anticipation that had been there when he sailed away to Africa, now four and a half years ago.

"The real jungle," said the Colonel.

"And while you are away out of reach, what of Progressives?" I asked, bringing the talk back to the main topic. "What farewell message have you for those who must bear the brunt of the attack?"

"Let them, men and women, keep the faith," he answered quickly; "and above all be not dismayed by temporary setbacks. A young, vigorous party such as ours, planted squarely on the Progressive platform, can take a lot of punishment without permanent injury. So, to quote my favorite motto: Don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard! And goodby and good luck!"

Nobility Chocolates



Ask Your Dealer for Your Favorite Assortment

This ¼-Pound Box Our Gift to You

SATIN-SMOOTH flavors melting to delight, the most delicate chocolate that ever tickled a candy palate or watered a candy tongue, and more "sweet-tooth" surprises packed in a candy box than any candy box has a right to expect—that's what Nobility Chocolates offer *you*.

That's the character of Nobility Chocolates—whether they be Boxed Bitter Sweets, Milk, Fruit and Nut Creams, or any of the others in the Nobility group. *That's* the quality in the quarter-pound box we offer you as a *gift*—so sure are we that you'll come back and *buy* them in future.

Send for your "Satisfaction Box" now. Send names and addresses of friends and 10 cents for each for postage and packing, and the name of your candy dealer, and a box of "Nobility" will come back to each; dainty and fragrant and delightfully packed, each candy different and every little candy brother the proof that *all* the little candy brothers are *worth* a dollar the pound—$1.25 on the Pacific Coast.

Your box is waiting for you.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY

245 Washington Street, North, Boston, Mass.

To Dealers in High-Grade Confectionery

Write to us using your letterhead and we will send you, free, special samples of Nobility Chocolates and details of our introductory offer to you.

LOOSE-WILES CO., 245 Washington St., North, Boston

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Nobility Satisfaction Box.

Name _____

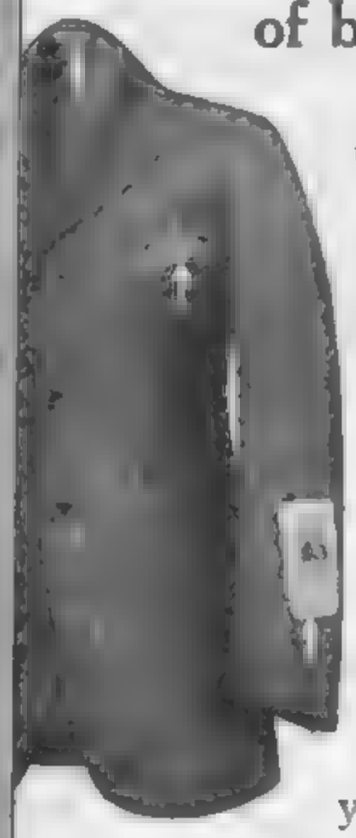
Address _____

State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Take the guesswork out of buying clothes!

$17



You do not have to take anything "on faith" when you buy a Styleplus suit or overcoat—they are **triple-guaranteed.**

The Styleplus Label (in the coat), the Styleplus Ticket (on the sleeve), and the Styleplus Guarantee (in the pocket) are our three Certified Pledges of Quality.

They make us responsible for how your Styleplus suit and overcoat will fit and wear. **They make you sure** of getting your money's worth.

They take the guesswork out of buying clothes!

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over"

Economy is the Spirit of the Age. Sane, scientific, wise saving—the demand for the "right" goods at the "right" price. The kind of men who wear Styleplus Clothes $17 decline any longer to pay $20 to $25 for the splendid style and long service they can now get in these clothes. Thus

You save
$3 to $8
on each suit or overcoat

Styleplus Clothes $17 are made in such a variety of fabrics, cuts, and models that they respond to *every* taste and *every* requirement. Men of *all* ages and *all* walks of life can find "just their suit" and "just their overcoat" at the Styleplus Store.

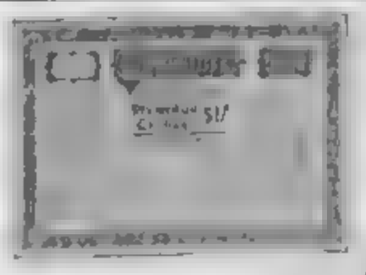
Style + all-wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

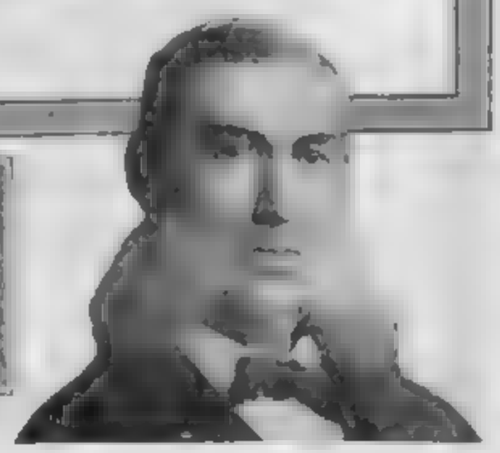
The Store of Clothing Economy—the store that saves you money—the Styleplus Store in your town!

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

$17

Look for this Guarantee in the Pocket





WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

(Continued from Page 9)

All things sensational, lurid and swell,
We're after you, gents—
Hang the expense!
We offer you each fifteen thousand per week—
Funny stuff, nimble stuff, dance, sing or speak.
Open or shut, there's my fair proposish.
Will you sign with me, gents? I'm awaiting your wish."
Teeth like an adder and eyes like a fish,
The Tempter of Men
Held a large fountain pen
O'er a smoke-colored contract in writing posish.

None uttered
A word.
Then fluttered
And stirred
Round the table a noise such as little mice make
When they're tempted by corn yet afraid of a snake.

Woodrow sat silent with down-dropping jaw,
Totally dumb from the horror he saw;
For all of a sudden all members up got,
Signed the black contract at once on the spot;
And the next thing he knew
His Cabinet true
Had put on its hat in a manner polite
And followed its manager into the night.

II

SOON from the Vaudeville Heaven there blazed
Over the Nation
A new constellation.
Crowds sought the billboards and rapturous gazed,
Though somewhat amazed,
Phased and dazed
By the startling new headliners luridly phrased.
Wilson's and Redfield's names startled the air,
Rivaling Lauder and Madame Polaire.
"Watch for Great Garrison!" shouted the bill,
"Science and skill!
A thrill!
Watch him teaching the National Guard how to drill!"

"McAdoo! McAdoo! Magical Treasurer!
Lightning deceiver and currency measurer!
He can pull coin from the air while you view it!
McAdoo, do tell us how you do do it!"

"Josephus Daniels'
Troupe of trained spaniels
In pantomime clever
'The Navy Forever'!"

And the best on the list.
Which could not be missed,
"Who can explain
Franklin K. Lane?
Alaskan geologist,
White House astrologist.
Champion interstate genial monologist!"

Not since the staging of Gaby des Lys
Has anything "drawn" to so vast a degree.
Seat speculators
Took wealth from spectators.
From Seneca Crossing to far Kankakee.
They sold out the houses six months in advance
While many an audience sat in a trance,
Clapping pit-pat,
Crying, "See that!"
When McAdoo drew fresh new bills from his hat;
And when Franklin Lane,
In humorous vein,
Gave Roosevelt sketches again and again,
The roof tumbled down and great numbers were slain.

Meanwhile the President, lorn and alone,
Held down his job with a desolate groan;
For running a nation without any Cabinet
Is like catching fish with a leaky and shabby net.
Matters of finance, socialist movements,
Treaties with foreigners, public improvements,
Fishery wrangles,
Panama tangles,
Battleship building from five or six angles,
Land conservation,
War, aviation,
The corn, bean, and spinach crop over the nation

Robert W. Chambers Great New Novel "The Hidden Children"

is full of the dash that makes a Chambers' novel so vitally interesting. Mr. Chambers is at his best when he writes a story of war, and this thrilling romance of the Revolution is his masterpiece. With consummate skill he leads you now into the lively society of the silk stockings! Indian officers and their ladies, now off in the trackless forest with soft-footed savages and buckskinned riflemen, now to the sacrificial altar of the bloody Senecas. As if in a trance, you seem to have lived through those awful days when the war cry sounded along the banks of the Mohawk and the Long House of the Iroquois tottered to its fall.

Strangely interwoven with Indian legend and the brave deeds of a little band of patriots is the delightful love story of the French maiden, Lois, and the sturdy ranger, Loskiel. A strain, enchanting and eerie, makes the book by far the most enthralling novel that Chambers has ever written.

Howard Chandler Christy's

illustrations are superb. They have caught the haunting wildness of the sombre forests, their painted denizens and the hardy woodsmen who opposed cunning with cunning. Christy's brush has indeed visualized the wonderful descriptive powers of Chambers pen. The dainty Lois has been made a creature charming beyond expression.

"The Hidden Children" starts in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine. If you miss this brilliant novel, with its famous author and its famous artist, you will miss one of the greatest treats ever offered to fiction readers. Merely pin a dollar bill to the coupon below and you will receive Cosmopolitan for the next eight months. This is a very special offer, that enables you to get an epoch-making novel and in addition a periodical that, by employing only the best authors and artists in the country, has earned for itself the reputation of "America's Greatest Magazine."

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to this coupon, fill in your name and address and [illegible] at once and [illegible] with Robert W. Chambers' story [illegible] worth the price, we will gladly give the [illegible] dollar back.

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YALE

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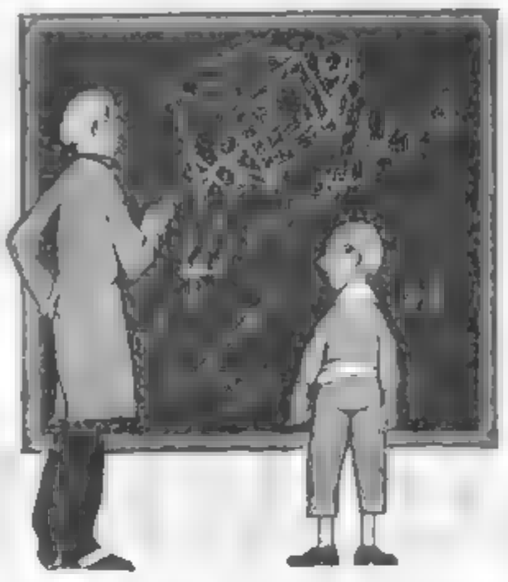

Public Schools Teach "Yo, Heave-Ho!" Methods

THEY teach the lifting and moving of loads by methods old as Bible times—*man-muscle* methods, wasteful of energy, wasteful of money.

Your son is learning *only those old methods*—methods taught you as a boy—methods used today in your business, to handle goods—*i. e.*, combined muscle, pulleys, rollers, crowbars, floor trucks, etc.

Impractical education is the laughing-stock of today!

The Yale Steel Triplex Block has revolutionized the whole system of handling loads in the great manufacturing plants of the world—has saved millions of dollars expense.

It is used for any load too heavy to be lifted with one hand—used to load raw material, to transport it on trolleys from machine to machine—to place finished product on out-going truck or car.

Yet—since public schools do not teach these modern methods, commercial business knows little about them!

Have your boy know. Learn about them yourself—for the sake of your business.

Ask us for a copy of
"A YALE DEVICE THAT LAUGHS AT GRAVITY"

—a valuable book—really a "Primer of Mechanics."

Send for this free book *today*, you'll be glad you didn't put it off and forget.

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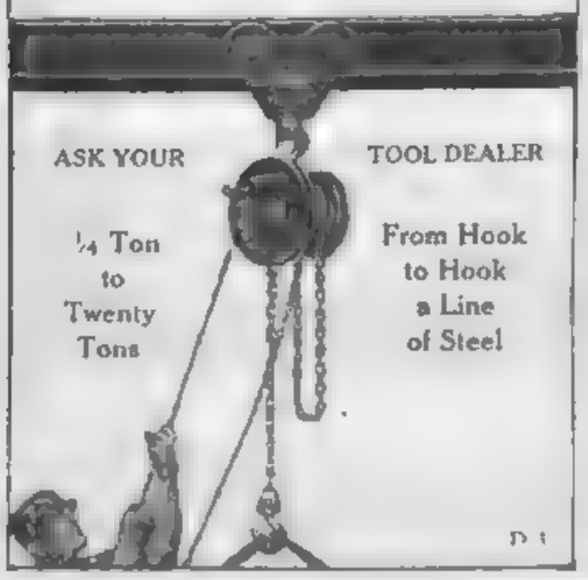

Simply stood still while each head of department
Just let 'em rip,
Went on a trip
And toured in the towns which large profit in art meant.

And the worst of it was that in House and in Senate,
From Senator Bristow to Congressman Bennett,
All found they were living a trifle too spendy
For the payment attached to their *modus vivendi;*
So all, due to pride,
Took jobs on the side.
Some signed for baseball, some lectured on Verdi,
Others went round with a big hurdy-gurdy,
With the baneful result that the national forum
Was always too empty to scrape up a quorum.
And when the Supreme Court decided to travel . . .

One Friday morn down the White House's gravel
William J. Bryan came treading quite meek—
He now called in Washington one day a week.
He opened the door and found—so runs the fable—
Woodrow alone at the Cabinet table.
"Where's Franklin Lane?"
"This week he plays Maine."
"Redfield and Wilson?"
"Tonight at South Stilson
They give select songs from the show 'Prince of Pilsen.'"
"Do you mean to imply ——"
"Yes, I do!" With a sigh
Woodrow gave Bill a malevolent eye.
"William," he muttered, "this scene is a sample
Of the terrible, ruinous force of example.
If Tom is a shirk,
By a similar quirk
Harry and Dick will go light on their work.
If William J. Bryan, too big for his salary,
Neglects the whole nation to tickle the gallery
Why shouldn't Daniels and Garrison cease work
And double their incomes by general piecework?"
"Horrors!" cried William, "and did I begin it?"
"Yes," Woodrow said, "and the Devil is in it!"
At that William J.
Lost his look of dismay.
"If the Devil is in it just sit there a minute ——"

Now it seems that St. Bill, in his boyhood polemical,
When he turned gold to silver by magic alchemical,
Had studied white magic from various levels,
Spellbinding, trustbusting, casting out devils;
So he drew seven circles, spoke words rather queer,
"Abracadabra! Satan, come here!"
And at once the old Tempter of Men did appear.
"Fiend!" cried the Saint. "We are weary of you.
Bring back our Cabinet pretty d. q.
Exige Diabolus! Presto, skidoo!"

Satan was off. And in one minute more
The Cabinet members appeared at the door.
Bright were their faces
As down in their places
They sat and took up where they'd left off before.

And Bryan, they say, found a lesson so great
In the foregoing tale that from that very date
He ne'er again quit the Department of State,
But slept near his desk
On a couch picturesque
And fired his stenographers when they were late.
And his conscience so quickened, the chronicles say,
He asked that the Government cut down his pay
To half what it was—but I bitterly grieve
To own there are some things I cannot believe.

This $35 American Adder

First Announced Last June
Now in 10,000 Offices

Try It Ten Days

Here is a machine which has become a sensation. A machine which adds, subtracts and multiplies.

On which anyone, with little practice, can compute a hundred figures a minute.

A portable Adder which can be placed close to one's books and papers.

A desk Adder, enabling each user to have his individual machine.

It is the latest adding machine, built by men who know, and based on vast experience.

It is simple and infallible, rapid and competent. Each copied number is read at a glance, and checked with the original before making additions.

No expert is needed. A child can operate.

And this machine—which does the same work as $150 machines—is sold for only $35

150 Per Day

This American Adder was first announced in June. In four months it has gone into 10,000 offices. Now our output of 150 Adders per day fails to keep up with demands for it.

Big offices use it to give each worker his own convenient Adder. It often saves its price each month in time.

Small offices, stores and factories use it—thousands of places which went without Adders. The price is low, and anyone can use it.

The evidence is that a million men will want this machine when they know it.

Make This Test

We have dealers in 600 cities. Send us this coupon, and a man will bring the machine to your office and show you how to use it.

He will leave it ten days. At the end of that time he will take it away if you can get along without it.

There will be no obligation. And this test will show what endless service this machine can render. Please don't wait longer. Mail this coupon now.

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Chicago, Ill.

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AMERICAN CAN CO., (Adding Machine Division) 1212 Monroe Bldg., Chicago
Eastern Sales Dept., 442 West 14th St., New York

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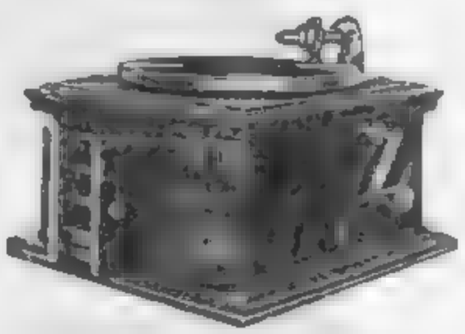
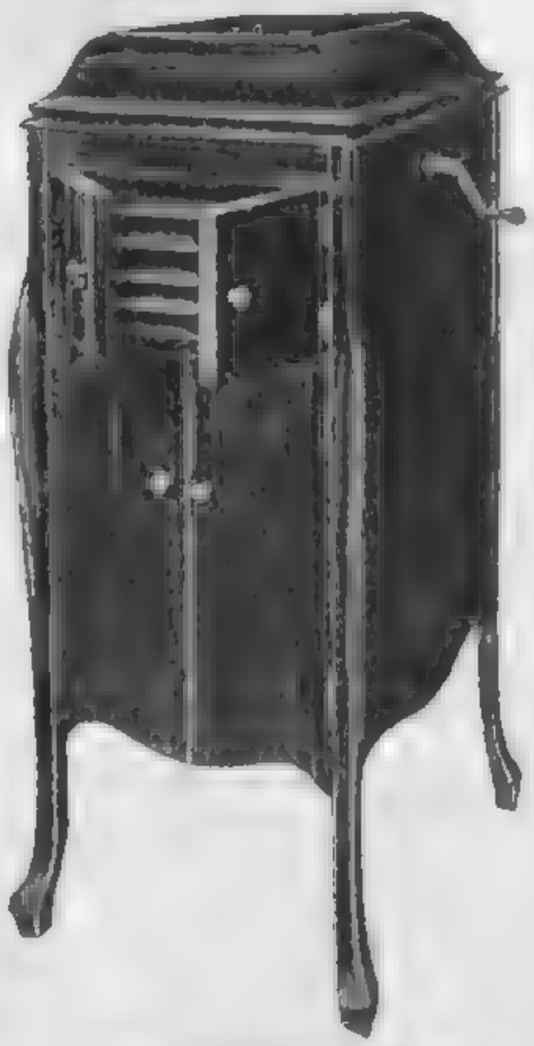


Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

The Victrol your love

The love of music is born in every one of us, and we naturally come to love the kind of music we hear the most.

In this day of the Victrola it is easy for every one to hear the world's best music—and not only to hear it, but to understand and enjoy it, for this wonder instrument gives to you a thorough appreciation of the master-works of music.

The Victrola opens to

a satisfies of music

you a new and ever-increasing vista of musical delight, as elevating as it is entertaining, and completely satisfies your longing for musical recreation.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

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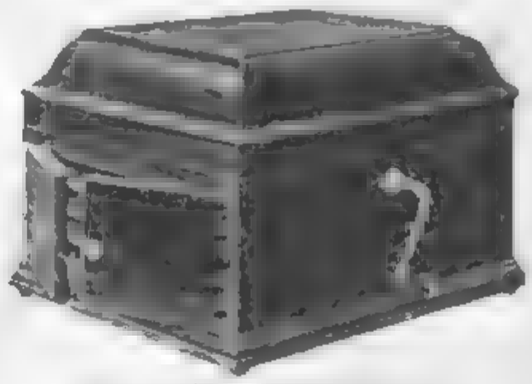
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

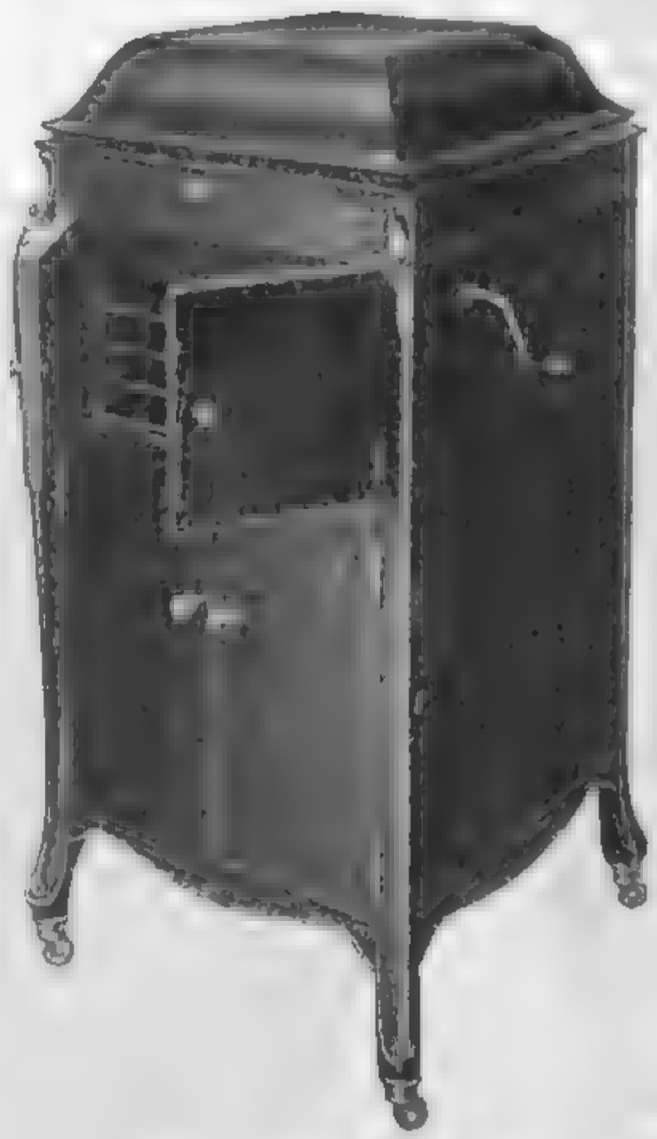
Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
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Just See, Men, What 50c Will Buy

—a staunch, sturdy undergarment **with unbreakable seams** that will *wear* you and *warm* you to the last degree of comfort and satisfaction. Men, if you have been paying twice as much for your underwear, before you do it again, just examine

50c per Garment HANES $1.00 per Union Suit

ELASTIC KNIT

UNDERWEAR

You will find it possesses every feature of merit that you could desire in underwear. You will find "extra value" features that mark Hanes Underwear apart from others—the elastic rib clarette, which hugs the neck closely and keeps out the cold; the improved knitted cuffs that will not flare out; the staunchly sewn waistband the reinforced shoulders that will not stretch and slip down; and the *unbreakable seams* with their absolute guarantee of your money back or a new garment for any returned with a seam broken. And the material and making are standards of values in themselves.

Ask your dealer to show you "Hanes." Compare it with what you have been buying. We welcome any test of comparison. If you don't know the name of the "Hanes" dealer in your town, write us for his name.

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THE burglar knows *he's fast unmatched* when he looks down the black muzzle of a Savage. The thought of its ten ready shots flashes over him. He knows that even a woman points it straight in the dark.

The woman *does not fear* the Savage, as she fears other firearms, because she can see and feel when *this* Automatic is loaded and cocked.

You can't say you didn't know the *Savage* was loaded. Shoots one shot to each trigger pull—fast or slow—just as you want them

Send 6c in stamps for book "If You Hear a Burglar."

THE 10 Shots Quick SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Savage Arms Co., 710 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Savage 22 Repeating Rifle and Savage Rifle

THE TREASURE

(Continued from Page 25)

as became a very rich and influential widow. Mrs. Otis had domineered Mrs. Salisbury throughout their childhood; she had brought up a number of sons and daughters in a highly successful manner; and finally she kept a houseful of servants, whom she managed with a firm hand, and managed, it must be admitted, very well. She had seen the Treasure many times before, but it was while spending a day in November with her sister that she first expressed her disapproval of Justine.

"You spoil her, Sarah," said Mrs. Otis. "She's a splendid cook, of course, and a nice-mannered girl. But you spoil her."

"I? I have nothing to do with it," Mrs. Salisbury asserted promptly. "She does exactly what the college permits; no more and no less."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Otis said largely, genially. And she exchanged an amused look with Sandy.

The three ladies were in the little library, after luncheon, enjoying a coal fire. The sisters, both with sewing, were in big arm chairs. Sandy, idly turning the pages of a new magazine, sat at her mother's feet.

"Now, that darning, Sally," Mrs. Otis said, glancing at her sister's sewing. "Why don't you simply call the girl and ask her to do it? There's no earthly reason why she shouldn't be useful. She's got absolutely nothing to do. The girl would probably be happier with some work in her hands. Don't encourage her to think that she can whisk through her lunch dishes and then rush off somewhere. They have no conscience about it, my dear. You're the mistress, and you are supposed to arrange things exactly to suit yourself, no matter if nobody else has ever done things your way from the beginning of time'"

"That's a lovely theory, aunty," said Alexandra, "but this is an entirely different situation."

For answer Mrs. Otis merely compressed her lips, and sewed steadily on.

"Where's Justine now?" she asked after a moment.

"In her room," Mrs. Salisbury answered.

"No; she's gone for a walk, mother," Sandy said. "She loves to walk in the rain, and she wanted to change her library book, and send a telegram or something ——"

"Just like a guest in the house!" Mrs. Otis observed, with fine scorn. "Surely she asked you if she might go, Sally?"

"No. Her—her work is done. She—comes and goes that way."

"Without saying a word? And who answers the door?" Mrs. Otis was unaffectedly astonished now.

"She does if she's in the house, Mattie, just as she answers the telephone. But she's only actually on duty one afternoon a week."

"You see, the theory is, aunty," Sandy supplied, "that persons of our income—I won't say of our position, for mother hates that—but of our income, aren't supposed to require formal door-answering very often."

Mrs. Otis, her sewing suspended, moved her round eyes from mother to daughter and back again. She did not say a word, but words were not needed.

"I know it seems outrageous in some ways, Mattie," Mrs. Salisbury presently said, with a little nervous laugh. "But what is one to do?"

"Do?" echoed her sister roundly. "Do? Well, I know I keep six house servants, and have always kept at least three, and I never heard the equal of this in all my days! Do? I'd show you what I'd do, fast enough! Do you suppose I'd pay a maid thirty-seven dollars a month to go tramping off to the library, in the rain, and to tell me what my social status is? Why, Evelyn keeps two, and pays one eighteen and one fifteen, and do you suppose she'd allow either such liberties? Not at all. The downstairs girl wears a nice little cap and apron—'Madam, dinner is served,' she says ——"

"Yes, but Evelyn's had seven cooks since she was married," Sandy, who was not a great admirer of her young married cousin, put in here, "and Arthur said that she actually cried because she could not give a decent dinner!"

"Evelyn's only a beginner, dear," said Evelyn's mother sharply, "but she has the right spirit. No nonsense, regular holidays, and hard work when they are working, is the only way to impress maids."

You get your own sleeve length in the

Emery Shirt

No need to tug at and soil your cuffs, to hunch your shoulders, or bunch your sleeves with sleeve-holders.

And for comfort and appearance there's pre-shrunk neckbands; unbreakable buttonholes; generously cut shoulders; smooth setting fronts; matched patterns.

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An End to Inky Fingers!

My handy little "Jack Knife Safety" Pen means no more inky, smeary fingers for fountain pen users. The "lucky curve" and special ink lock make this a perfectly safe and *clean* pen.—*Geo. S. Parker.*

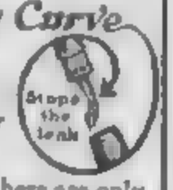
PARKER LUCKY CURVE

Jack Knife Safety Fountain Pen

Think of a pen you can carry upside down or right side up in any position—any pocket—anywhere—free from worry and inky fingers! "Sounds" good, doesn't it? And it is good—and *true* of my Jack Knife Safety Pen. It can't leak—can't smear your fingers—a real annoyance-proof pen that is always as clean as a hound's tooth and writes as smooth as glass.

The Lucky Curve

The fortunate discovery that made the Parker leak-proof.



The pens shown here are only two of hundreds of styles in Parker Jack Knife Safety, Standard and Self-Filling Pens at $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

15,000 Dealers sell Parker Pens on trial. If you can't locate a dealer, send for complete illustrated catalog.

No. 75 $3.75 No. 10 $2.50

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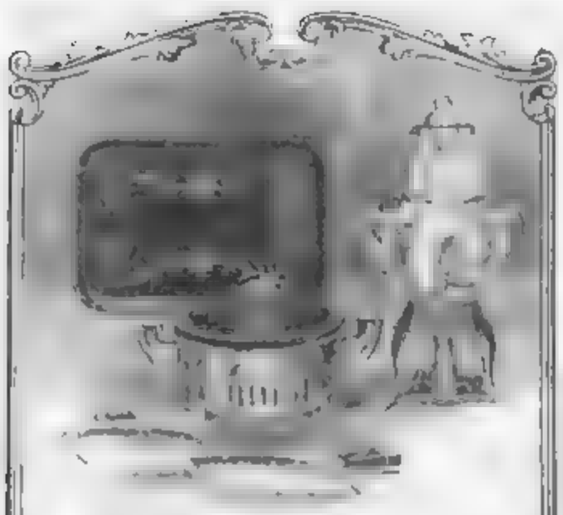

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Percolators

Start up your Royal-Rochester Percolator. There now. In a jiffy you'll have steaming, rich-flavored, fragrant coffee. Royal-Rochesters come in Colonial copper, Aluminum, Royal nickel and *China*. Notice—*China*. A new thing this year. We have alcohol lamp, electric, or stove percolators. Prices from $2.50 to $18.

Royal-Rochester Casseroles

Company coming to dinner? Give them a treat in a handsome Royal-Rochester Casserole. Under the tight-fitting lid all the rich juices of fish, steak, game or chicken are retained. Many different sizes and patterns. From $2 to $6.

Royal-Rochester Trays

Folks look before they eat. Let them admire your handsome Royal-Rochester Serving Tray. Trays—trays—trays—charming adjuncts to dainty service. Sideboard ornaments when not in use. 60 varieties. $2.50 to $15.

Royal-Rochester Crumb Sets in choice designs. $1 to $2.50.

Royal-Rochester

If you have trouble locating a Royal-Rochester dealer in your town, write us. We will send you his name.

Look for the Royal-Rochester trade-mark on each piece. Ask to see the Royal-Rochester line of percolators, egg boilers, chafing dishes, toasters, casseroles, trays, crumb sets and other useful conveniences.

Rochester Stamping Co.
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No special room needed. For $1 or more down (de- [illegible] Cues, etc., free. Sizes, up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard).

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FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

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Latest style, highest quality hand copper-plate engraving; inside and outside envelopes. Delivery charges prepaid. Engraved plate and 50 visiting cards $1.00. Samples free.
Chas. H. Elliott Co., 1036 Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia

"Well, we simply won't discuss it," Mrs. Otis said, firm lines forming themselves at the corners of her capable mouth. "If you like that sort of thing you like it—that's all! I don't. We'll talk of something else."

But she could not talk of anything else. Presently she burst out afresh.

"Dear me, when I think of the way ma used to manage 'em! No nonsense there; it was walk a chalk line in ma's house! Your grandmother," she said to Alexandra with stern relish, "had had a pack of slaves about her in her young days. But, of course, Sally," she added charitably, "you've been ill, and things do have to run themselves when one's ill ——"

"You don't get the idea, aunty," Sandy said blithely. "Mother pays for efficiency. Justine isn't a mere extra pair of hands; she's a trained professional worker. She's just like a stenographer, except that what she does is ten times harder to learn than stenography. We can no more ask her to get tea than dad could ask his head bookkeeper to—well, to drop in here some Sunday and O. K. mother's household accounts. It's an age of specialization, Aunt Martha."

"It's an age of utter nonsense," Mrs. Otis said forcibly. "But if your mother and father like to waste their money that way ——"

"There isn't much waste of money to it," Mrs. Salisbury put in neatly, "for Justine manages on less than I ever did. I think there's been only one week this fall when she hasn't had a balance."

"A balance of what?"

"A surplus, I mean. A margin left from her allowance."

The sewing fell heavily into Mrs. Otis' broad lap.

"She handles your money for you, does she, Sally?"

"Why, yes. She seems eminently fitted for it. And she does it for a third less, Mattie, truly. She more than saves the difference in her wages."

"You let her buy things and pay the tradesmen, do you?"

"Oh, aunty, why not?" Alexandra asked, amused but impatient. "Why shouldn't mother let her do that?"

"Well, it's not my idea of good housekeeping, that's all," Mrs. Otis said. "Managing is the most important part of housekeeping. In giving such a girl financial responsibilities you not only let go of the control of your household but you put temptation in her way. No; let the girl try making some beds and serving tea now and then, and do your own marketing and paying, Sally. It's the only way."

"Justine tempted? Why, she's not that sort of girl at all!" Alexandra laughed.

"Very well, my dear, perhaps she's not: and perhaps you young girls know everything that is to be known about life," her aunt answered witheringly. "But when grown business men were cheated as easily as those men in the First National were," she finished impressively, alluding to recent occurrences in River Falls, "it seems a little astonishing to find a girl your age so sure of her own judgment, that's all."

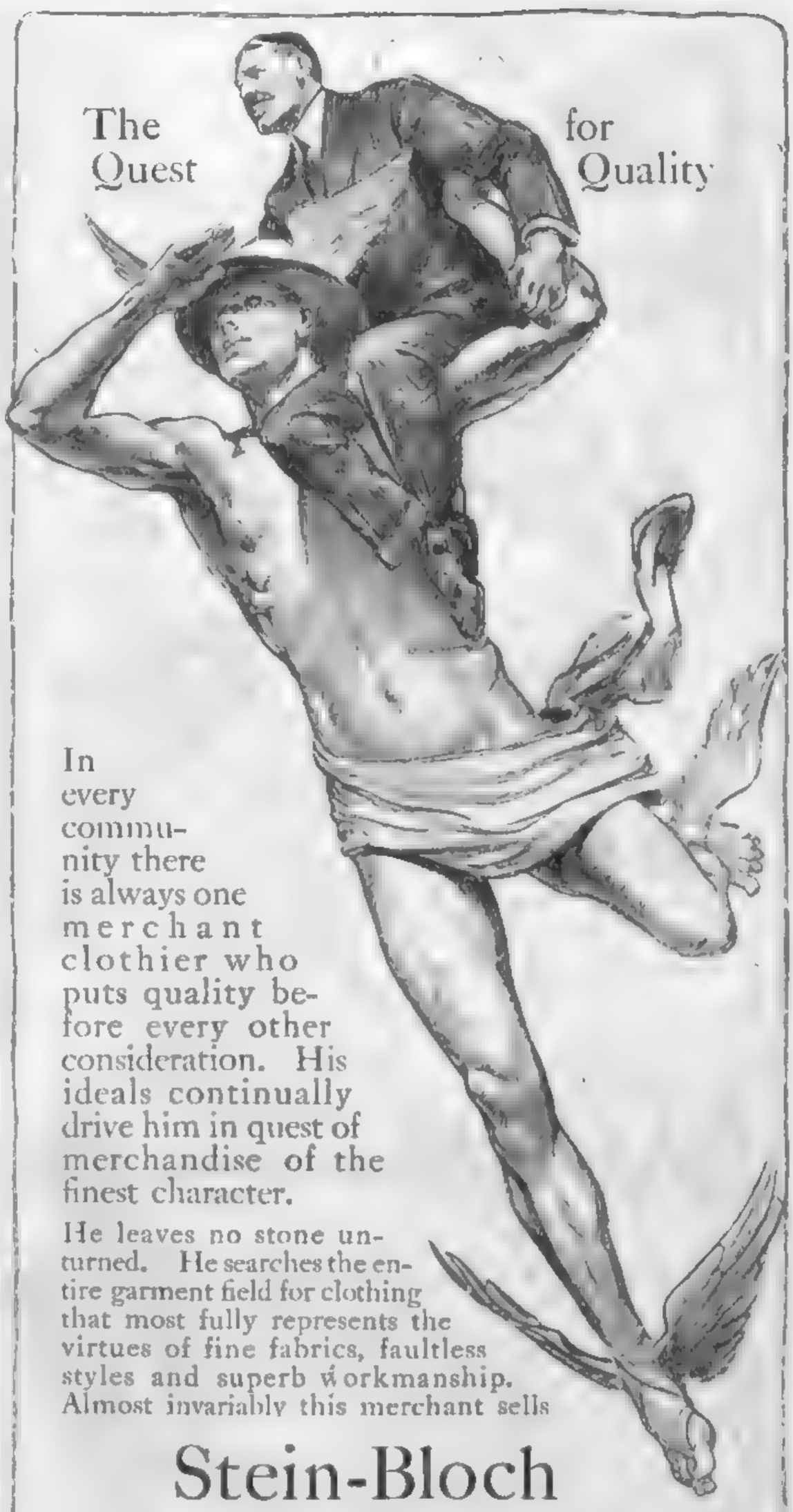
Sandy's answer, if indirect, was effective.

"How about some tea?" she asked. "Will you have some, either of you? It only takes me a minute to get it."

"And I just wish you could have seen Mattie's expression, Kane," Mrs. Salisbury said to her husband when telling him of the conversation that evening. "Really, she glared! I suppose she really can't understand how, with an expensive servant in the house ——" Mrs. Salisbury's voice dropped a little on a note of mild amusement. She sat idly at her dressing-table, her hair loosened, her eyes thoughtful. When she spoke again it was with a shade of resentment. "And really, it is most inconvenient," she said. "I don't want to impose upon a girl; I never did impose upon a girl; but I like to feel that I'm mistress in my own house. If the work is too hard one day I will make it easier the next, and so on. And then another thing," she presently roused herself to add, "Mat thinks that it is very bad management on my part to let Justine handle money. She says ——"

"I devoutly wish that Mattie Otis would mind ——" Mr. Salisbury did not finish his sentence. He wound his watch, laid it on his bureau and went on more mildly: "If you can do better than Justine it may or may not be worth your while to take that out of her hands; but if you can't it seems to me sheer folly. Really, Sally ——"

"Yes, I know! I know," Mrs. Salisbury said hastily. "But, really, Kane," she



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He leaves no stone unturned. He searches the entire garment field for clothing that most fully represents the virtues of fine fabrics, faultless styles and superb workmanship. Almost invariably this merchant sells

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Only one consideration compels the dealer to choose Stein-Bloch—the fact that he must thoroughly satisfy a clientele of exacting dressers, or see their custom go to a better judge of fine clothing.

The Stein-Bloch Company has been co-operating with this spirit of leadership for fifty-nine years and the Stein-Bloch label today among men who *know* clothes-values stands unequivocally for "The Highest Expression of the Tailor's Art."

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Wholesale Tailors
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THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

If Your Gloves Rip After You Leave the Store

What then? If they rip next week, or the week after next or the week after that, or the fourth week, what can you do? In every pair of

IRELAND'S GUARANTEED GLOVES

is a signed Guarantee Bond. They are bonded to wear. You can take Ireland's Gloves back and your guarantee bond does your talking and explaining for you. The guarantee says that if these gloves should "rip at the seam, or tear in the material, etc.," you get a new pair or this pair made as good as new.

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went on slowly, the color coming into her face, "let us suppose that every family had a graduate cook, who marketed and managed. And let us suppose the children, like ours, are out of the nursery. Then just what share of her own household responsibility is a woman supposed to take?

"You are eternally saying, not about me, but about other men's wives, that women today have too much leisure as it is. But with a Justine, why, I could go off to clubs and card parties every day! I'd know that the house was clean, the meals as good and as nourishing as could be; I'd know that guests would be well cared for, and that bills would be paid. Isn't a woman, the mistress of a house, supposed to do more than that? I don't want to be a mere figurehead."

Frowning at her own reflection in the glass she tried to puzzle it out.

"In the old times, when women had big estates to look after," she presently pursued, "servants, horses, cows, vegetables and fruit gardens, soap-making and weaving and chickens and babies, they had real responsibilities, they had real interests. Housekeeping today isn't interesting. It's confining, and it's monotonous. But, take it away, and what is the modern woman going to do?"

"That," her husband answered seriously, "is the real problem of the day, I truly believe. That is what you women have to discover. Delegating your housekeeping, how are you going to use your energies and find the work you want to do in the world? How are you going to manage the question of being obliged to work at home, and to suit your hours to yourself, and to express yourselves, and at the same time get done some of the work of the world that is waiting for women to do?"

His wife continued to eye Mr. Salisbury expectantly.

"Well, how?" said she.

"I don't know. I'm asking you!" Mrs. Salisbury sighed.

"Dear me, I do get so tired of this talk of efficiency, and women's work in the world!" she said. "I wish one might feel it was enough to live along quietly, busy with dressmaking, or perhaps now and then making a fancy dessert for guests, giving little teas and card parties, and making calls. It"—a yearning admiration rang in her voice—"It seemed such a dignified, pleasant ideal to live up to!" Mrs. Salisbury said quietly.

"Well, it looks as if we had seen the last of that particular type of woman," her husband said cheerfully. "Or at least it looks as if that woman would find her own level, deliberately separate herself from her more ambitious sisters who want to develop higher arts than that of mere housekeeping."

"And how do you happen to know so much about it, Kane?"

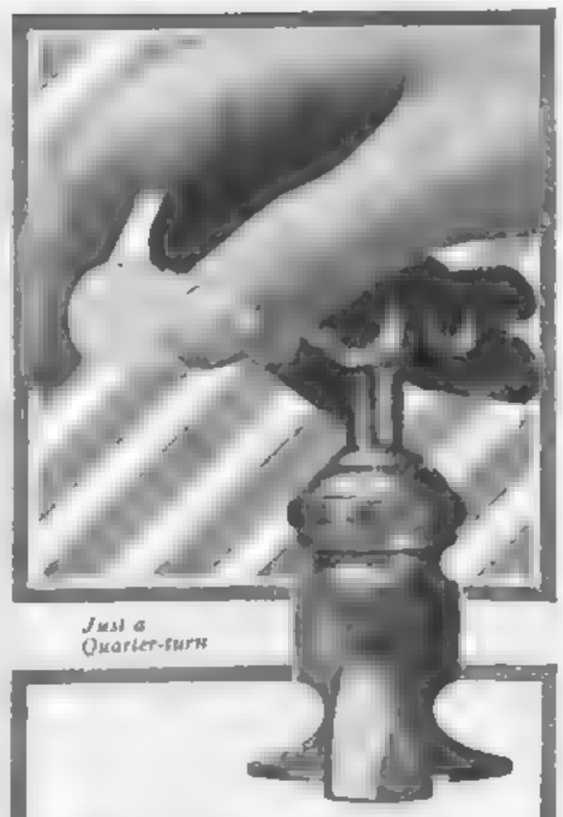
"I? Oh, it's in the air, I guess," the man admitted. "The whole idea is changing. A man used to be ashamed of the idea of his wife's working. Now men tell you with pride that their wives paint or write or bind books. Bates' wife makes loads of money designing toys, and Mrs. Brewster is consulting physician on a hospital staff. Mary Shotwell—she was a trained nurse—what was it she did?"

"She gave a series of talks on hygiene for rich people's children," his wife supplied. "And of course Florence Yeats makes candy, and the Gerrish girls have opened a tearoom in the old garage. But it seems funny, just the same! It seems funny to me that so many women find it worth while to hire servants, so that they can rush off to make the money to pay the servants! It would seem so much more normal to stay at home and do the housework themselves, and it undoubtedly would look better."

"Well, certain women always will, I suppose. And others will find their outlets in other ways, and begin to look about for Justines, who will lift the household load. I believe we'll see the time, Sally," said Kane Salisbury thoughtfully, "when a young couple, launching into matrimony, will discuss expenses with a mutual interest; you pay this and I'll pay that, as it were. A trained woman will step into their kitchen, and madam will walk off to business with her husband as a matter of course."

"Heaven forbid!" Mrs. Salisbury said piously. "If there is anything romantic or tender or beautiful about married life under those circumstances, I fail to see it, that's all!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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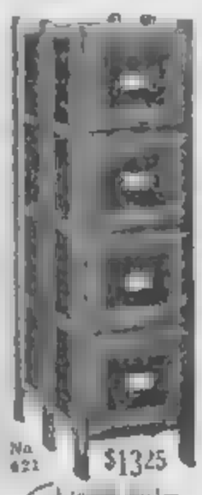

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 13)

"Girl," said her grandfather, "would you make tomorrow for me at the office a copy of this letter on the typewriter machine?"

He spoke in German and she answered in New-Yorkese, while her nimble fingers wrestled with the task of back-buttoning her apron.

"Sure thing! It won't take hardly a minute to rattle that off. Funny-looking old thing!" she went on, taking up the faded original. "Who wrote it? And whatcher goin' to do with it, grosspops?"

"That," he told her, "is mine own business! It is for you, please, to make the copy and bring both to me tomorrow, the letter and also the copy."

So on Monday morning, when the rush of taking dictation at the office of the Great American Hosiery Company, in Broome Street, was well abated, the competent Miss Hortense copied the letter; and that same evening her grandfather mailed it to The Sun, accompanied by his own introduction. The Sun straightway printed it without change and—what was still better—with the sender's name spelled out in capital letters; and that night, at the place down by the corner, Corporal Jacob Speck was a prophet not without honor in his own country; much honor, in fact, accrued.

If you have read certain other stories of mine you may remember that, upon a memorable occasion, Judge William Pitman Priest made a trip to New York, and while there had dealings with a Mr. J. Hayden Witherbee, a promoter of gas and other hot-air propositions; and that during the course of his stay in the metropolis he made the acquaintance of one Malley, a Sun reporter. This had happened some years back, but Malley was still on the staff of The Sun. It happened also that, going through the paper to clip out and measure up his own space, Malley came upon the corporal's contribution. Glancing over it idly, he caught the name, twice or thrice repeated, of the town where Judge Priest lived. So he bundled together a couple of copies and sent them South, with a short letter; and therefore it came about in due season, through the good offices of the United States Post-office Department, that these inclosures reached the judge on a showery afternoon as he loafed upon his wide front porch, waiting for his supper.

First, he read Malley's letter and was glad to hear from Malley. With a quickened interest he ran a plump thumb under the wrappings of the two close-rolled papers, opened out one of them at page ten and read the opening statement of Corporal Jacob Speck, for whom instantly the judge conceived a long-distance fondness. Next he came to the letter that Miss Hortense Engel had so accurately transcribed, and at the very first words of it he sat up straighter, with a surprised and gratified little grunt; for he had known them both—the writer of that letter and its recipient. One still lived in his memory as a red-haired girl with a pert, malicious face, and the other as a stripling youth in a ragged gray uniform. And he had known most of those whose names studded the printed lines so thickly. Indeed, some of them he still knew—only now they were old men and old women—faded, wrinkled bucks and belles of a far-distant day.

As he read the first words it came back to the judge, almost with the jolting emphasis of a new and fresh sensation, that in the days of his own youth he had never liked the girl who wrote that letter or the man who received it. But she was dead this many and many a year. Why, she must have died soon after she wrote this very letter—the date proved that—and he, the man, had fallen at Chickamauga, taking his death in front like a soldier; and surely that settled everything and made all things right! But the letter—that was the main thing. His old blue eyes skipped numbly behind the glasses that saddled the tip of his plump pink nose, as the old judge read it—just such a letter as he himself had received many a time; just such a wartime letter as uncounted thousands of soldiers North and South received from their sweethearts, and read and reread by the light of flickering campfires, and carried afterward in their knapsacks through weary miles of marching.

It was crammed with the small-town gossip of a small town that was but little more than a memory now—telling how, because he would not volunteer, a hapless youth had been waylaid by a dozen high-spirited girls and overpowered, and dressed in a woman's shawl and a woman's poke bonnet, so that between two suns he left town with his shame; how, since the Yankees had come, sundry faithless females were friendly—actually friendly, this being underscored—with the more personable of the young Yankee officers; how half the town was in mourning for a son or brother dead or wounded; how a new and a sweetly sentimental song, called Rosalie, the Prairie Flower, was being much sung at the time—and had it reached the army yet? how old Mrs. Hobbs had been exiled to Canada for seditious acts and language, and had departed northward between two files of bluecoats, reviling the Yankees with an unbitted tongue at every step; how So-and-So had died or married, or gone refugeeing below the enemy's lines safely into Southern territory; how this thing had happened and this thing had not.

The old judge read on and on, catching gladly at names that kindled a tenderly warm glow of half-forgotten memories in his soul, until he came to the last paragraph of all; and then, as he comprehended the intent of it in all its barbed and venomed malice, he stood suddenly erect, with the outspread paper shaking in his hard grip. For now, coming back to him by so strange a way across fifty years of silence and misunderstanding, he read there the answer to the town's oldest, biggest tragedy, and knew what it was that all this time had festered, like buried thorns, in the flesh of those two men, his comrades and friends. He dropped the paper, and up and down the wide, empty porch he stumped on his short, stout legs, shaking with the shock of revelation, and with indignation and pity for the blind and bitter uselessness of it all.

"Ah, hah!" he said to himself over and over again understandingly. "Ah, hah!" And then: "Next to a mean man, a mean woman is the meanest thing in this whole created world, I reckin. I ain't sure but what she's the meanest of the two. And to think of what them two did between 'em—she writin' that hellish black lyin' tale to 'Lonzo Pike and he puttin' off hotfoot to Abner Tilghman, to poison his mind with it and set him like a flint against his own flesh and blood! And wasn't it just like Lon Pike to go and git himself killed the next day after he got that there letter! And wasn't it just like her to up and die before the truth could be brought home to her! And wasn't it like them two stubborn, set, contrary, close-mouthed Tilghman boys to go 'long through all these years, without neither one of 'em ever offerin' to make or take an explanation!" His tone changed: "Oh, ain't it been a pitiful thing! And all so useless! But—oh, thank the Lord—it ain't too late to mend it partway anyhow! Thank God, it ain't too late for that!"

Exulting now, he caught up the paper he had dropped and, with it crumpled in his pudgy fist, was halfway down the gravel walk, bound for the little cottage snuggled in its vine ambush across Clay Street, before a better and a bigger inspiration caught up with him and halted him midway of an onward stride.

Was not this the second Friday in the month? It certainly was. And would not the Camp be meeting tonight in regular semi-monthly session at Kamleiter's Hall? It certainly would. For just a moment Judge Priest considered the proposition. He slapped his linen-clad flank gleefully, and his round old face, which had been knotted with resolution, broke up into a wrinkly, ample smile; he spun on his heel and hurried back into the house and to the telephone in the hall. For half an hour, more or less, Judge Priest was busy at that telephone, calling in a high, excited voice, first for one number and then for another. While he did this his supper grew cold on the table; and in the dining room Jeff, the white-clad, fidgeted; and out in the kitchen, Aunt Dilsey, the turbaned, fumed—but, at Kamleiter's Hall that night at eight, Judge Priest's industry was in abundant fullness rewarded.

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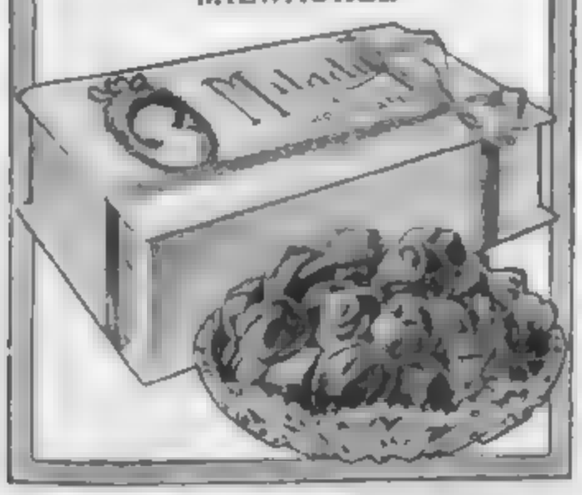

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twenty. Of these twenty, fifteen sat on the hard wooden chairs when Judge Priest rapped with his metal spectacle-case for order, and that fifteen meant all who could travel out at nights. Doctor Lake was there, and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, the faithful and inevitable. It was the biggest turnout the Camp had had in a year.

Far over on one side, cramped down in a chair, was Captain Abner Tilghman, feeble and worn-looking. His buggy horse stood hitched by the curb downstairs. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby had gone to his house for him and on the plea of business of vital moment had made him come with him. Almost directly across the middle aisle on the other side sat Mr. Edward Tilghman. Nobody had to go for him. He always came to a regular meeting of the Camp, even though he heard the proceedings only in broken bits.

The adjutant called the roll and those present answered, each one to his name; and mainly the voices sounded bent and sagged, like the bodies of their owners. A keen onlooker might have noticed a sort of tremulous, joyous impatience, which filled all save two of these old, gray men, driving on the preliminaries with uncommon speed. They fidgeted in their places.

Presently Judge Priest cleared his throat of a persistent huskiness and stood up.

"Before we proceed to the regular routine," he piped, "I desire to present a certain matter to a couple of our members." He came down off the little platform, where the flags were draped, with a step that was almost light; and into Captain Abner Tilghman's hand he put a copy of a city paper, turned and folded at a certain place, where a column of printed matter was scored about with heavy pencil bracketings. "Cap'n," he said, "as a personal favor to me, suh, would you please read this here article?—the one that's marked"—he pointed with his finger—"not aloud—read it to yourself, please."

It was characteristic of the paralytic to say nothing. Without a word he adjusted his glasses and without a word he began to read. So instantly intent was he that he did not see what followed next—and that was Judge Priest crossing over to Mr. Edward Tilghman's side, with another copy of a paper in his hand.

"Ed," he bade him, "read this here article, won't you? Read it clear through to the end—it might interest you maybe." The deaf man looked up at him wonderingly, but took the paper in his slightly palsied hand and bent his head close above the printed sheet.

Judge Priest stood in the middle aisle, making no move to go back to his own place. He watched the two silent readers. All the others watched them too. They read on, making slow progress, for the light was poor and their eyes were poor. And the watchers could hardly contain themselves; they could hardly wait. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby kept bobbing up and down like a pudgy jack-in-the-box that is slightly stiff in its joints. A small, restrained rustle of bodies accompanied the rustle of the folded newspapers held in shaky hands.

Unconscious of all scrutiny, the brothers read on. Perhaps because he had started first—perhaps because his glasses were the more expensive and presumably therefore the more helpful—Captain Abner Tilghman came to the concluding paragraph first. He read it through—and then Judge Priest turned his head away, for a moment almost regretting he had chosen so public a place for this thing.

He looked back again in time to see Captain Abner getting upon his feet. Dragging his dead leg behind him, the paralytic crossed the bare floor to where his brother's gray head was bent to his task. And at his side he halted, making no sound or sign, but only waiting. He waited there, trembling all over, until the sitter came to the end of the column and read what was there—and lifted a face all glorified with a perfect understanding.

"Eddie!" said the older man—"Eddie!" He uttered a name of boyhood affection that none there had heard uttered for fifty years nearly; and it was as though a stone had been rolled away from a tomb—as though out of the grave of a dead past a voice had been resurrected. "Eddie!" he said a third time, pleadingly, abjectly, humbly, craving for forgiveness.

"Brother Abner!" said the other man. "Oh, Brother Abner!" he said—and that was all he did say, all he had need to say, for he was on his feet now, reaching out with widespread, shaking arms.

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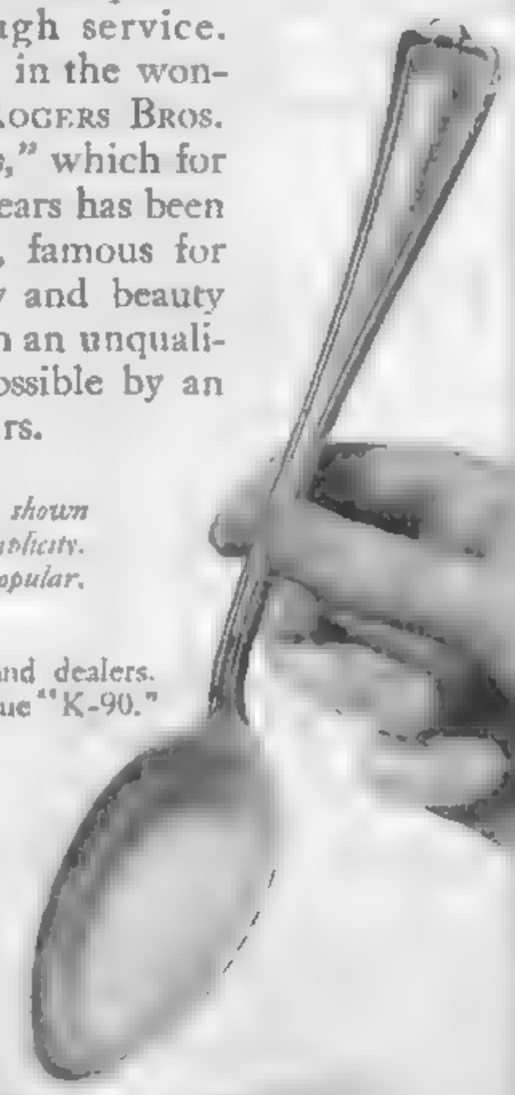

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Sergeant Jimmy Bagby tried to start a cheer, but could not make it come out of his throat—only a clicking, squeaking kind of sound came. As a cheer it was a miserable failure.

Side by side, each with his inner arm tight gripped about the other, the brothers, bareheaded, turned their backs upon their friends and went away. Slowly they passed out through the doorway into the darkness of the stair landing, and the members of the Gideon K. Irons Camp were all up on their feet.

"Mind that top step, Abner!" they heard the younger man say. "Wait! I'll help you down."

That was all that was heard, except a scuffling sound of uncertainly placed feet, growing fainter and fainter as the two brothers passed down the long stairs of Kamleiter's Hall and out into the night—that was all, unless you would care to take cognizance of a subdued little chorus such as might be produced by twelve or thirteen elderly men sniffling in a large, bare room. As commandant of the Camp it was fitting that Judge Priest should speak first.

"The trouble with this here Camp is jest this," he said: "It's got a lot of snifflin' old fools in it that don't know no better than to bust out cryin' when they oughter be happy!" And then, as if to show how deeply he felt the shame of such weakness on the part of others, Judge Priest blew his nose with great violence, and for a space of minutes industriously mopped at his eyes with an enormous handkerchief.

In accordance with a rule, Jeff Poindexter waited up for his employer. Jeff expected him by nine-thirty at the latest; but it was actually getting along toward ten-thirty before Jeff, who had been dozing lightly in the dim-lit hall, oblivious to the fanged attentions of some large mosquitoes, roused suddenly as he caught the sound of a rambling but familiar step clunking along the wooden sidewalk of Clay Street. The latch on the front gate clicked; and as Jeff poked his nose out of the front door he heard, down the aisle of trees that bordered the gravel walk, the voice of his master uplifted in solitary song.

In the matter of song the judge had a peculiarity. It made no difference what the words might be or the theme—he sang every song and all songs to a fine, high, tuneless little tune of his own. At this moment Judge Priest, as Jeff gathered, was showing a wide range of selection. One second he was announcing that his name was Joe Bowers and he was all the way from Pike; and the next he was stating, for the benefit of all who might care to hear these details, that they—presumably certain horses—were bound to run all night—bound to run all day; so you could bet on the bobtailed nag and he'd bet on the bay. Nearer to the porch steps it boastingly transpired that somebody had jumped aboard the telegraf, and steered her by the triggers; whereat the lightnin' flew and 'lectrified, and killed ten thousand niggers! But even so general a catastrophe could not weigh down the singer's spirits. As he put a fumbling foot upon the lowermost step of the porch, he threw his head far back and shrilly issued the following blanket invitation to ladies resident in a far-away district:

Oh, Bowery gals, won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight?
Oh, Bowery gals, won't you come out tonight,
And dance by the light of the moon?
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin';
And her heel it kep' a-rockin'—kep' a-rockin';
She was the purtiest gal in the room!

Jeff pulled the front door wide open. The song stopped and Judge Priest stood in the opening, teetering a little on his heels. His face was all a blushing pinky glow.

"Evenin', jedge!" greeted Jeff. "You're late, suh!"

"Jeff," said Judge Priest slowly, "it's a beautiful evenin'."

Amazed, Jeff stared at him. As a matter of fact, the drizzle of the afternoon had changed, soon after dark, to a steady downpour. The judge's dimpled hatbrim dripped raindrops and his shoulders were sopping wet; but Jeff had yet to contradict knowingly and willfully a prominent white citizen.

"Yas, suh!" he said, half affirmatively, half questioningly. "Is it?"

"It is so!" said Judge Priest. "Every star in the sky shines like a diamond! Jeff, it's the most beautiful evenin' I ever remember!"

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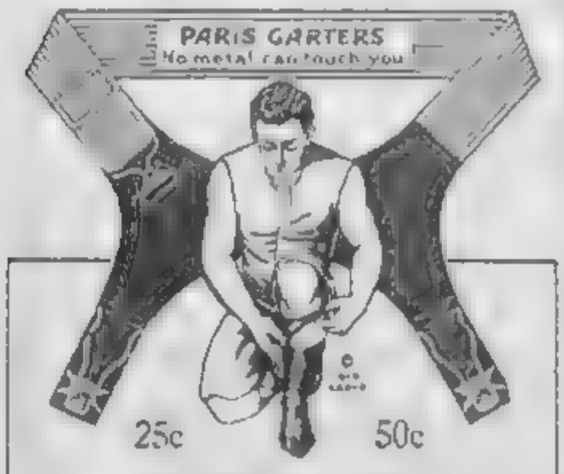

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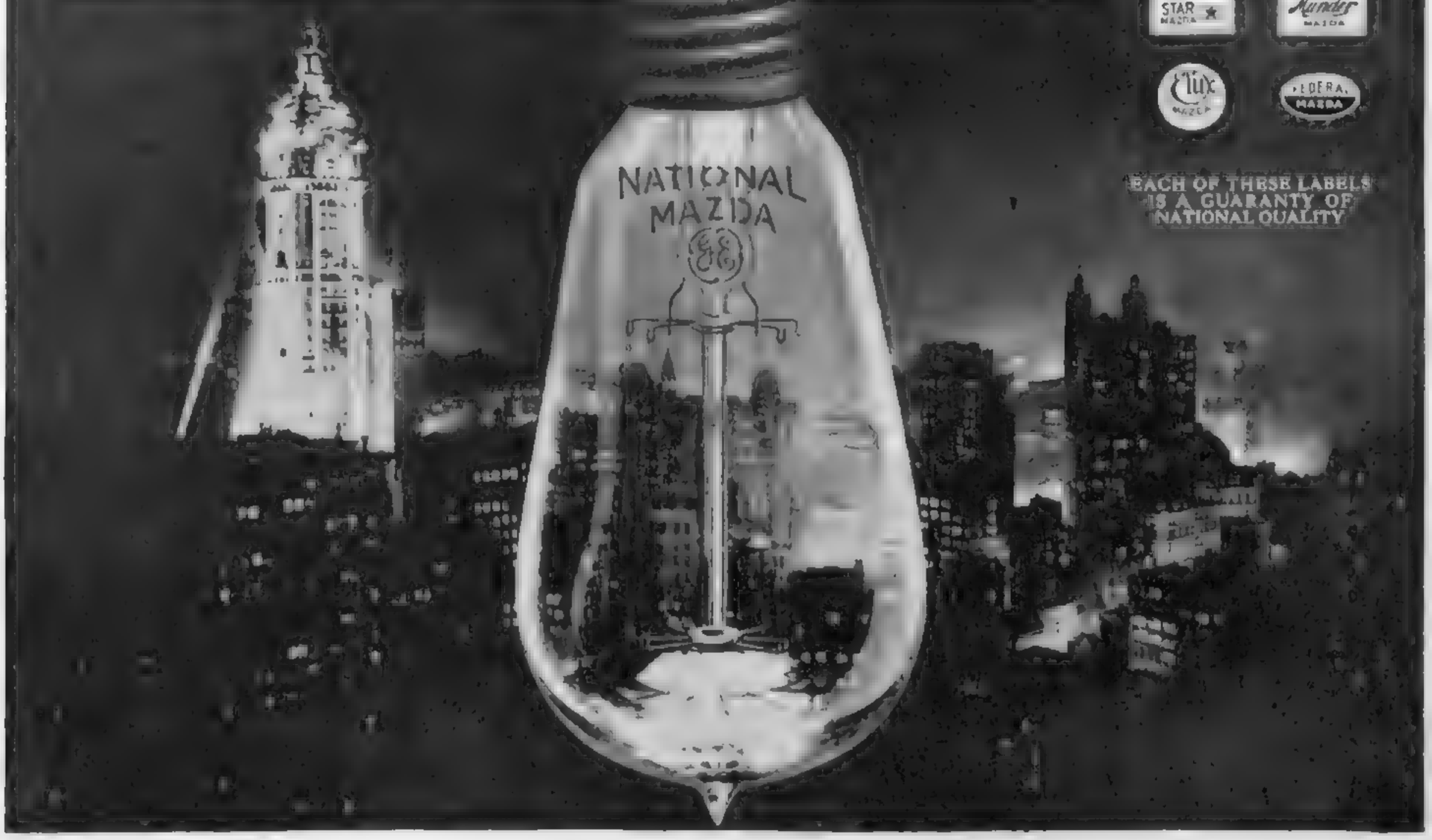

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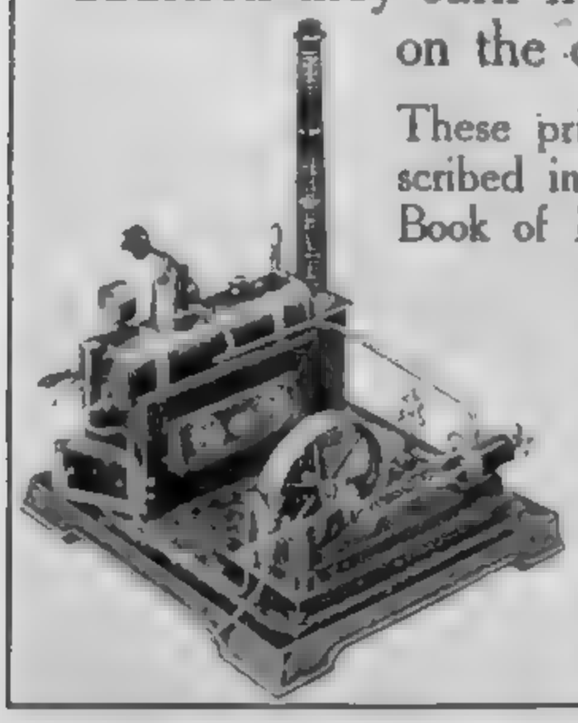

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THE SIMPLE LIFERS

(Continued from Page 8)

electric fan going, and iced cantaloupe, and nobody worrying about her soul or thinking her own thoughts, and no rabbits.

Our suitcases were safe enough in the hollow tree, and I thought the spring wagon had been back already, for there were fresh tracks. This discouraged me and I sat down on a log to rest. It was then that I heard the girl crying.

She was crying softly, but in the woods sounds travel. I found her on her face on the pine needles about twenty yards away, wailing her heart out into a pink automobile veil, and she was so absorbed in her misery that I had to stoop and touch her before she looked up.

"Don't cry," I said. "If you are lost I can direct you to a settlement."

She looked up at me, and from being very red and suffused she went quite pale. It seems that with my bare legs and sandals and my hair down, which was Tish's idea of making it come in thick and not gray, and what with my being sunburned and stained with berries, she thought I was a wild woman. I realized what was wrong.

"Don't be alarmed," I said somewhat grimly. "I'm rational enough; if I hop about instead of walking it's because I'm the tomb of more rabbits than I care to remember, but aside from that I'm all right. Are you lost?"

She sat up, still staring, and wiped her eyes.

"No. I have a machine over there among the trees. Are there—are there plenty of rabbits in the woods?"

"Thousands." She was a pretty little thing, very young, and dressed in a white motor coat with white shoes and hat.

"And—and berries?"

"There aren't many berries," I admitted. "The birds eat 'em. We get the ones they don't fancy."

Now I didn't think for a moment that she was worried about my diet, but she was worried about the food supply in the woods, that was sure. So I sat down on a stump and told her about puff-balls, and what Tish had read about ants being edible but acid, and that wood mice, roasted and not cooked too dry, were good food, but that Aggie had made us liberate the only ones we had caught, because a man she was once engaged to used to carry a pet mouse in his pocket.

Nothing had really appealed to her until I mentioned Mr. Wiggins. Then unexpectedly she began to cry again. And after that I got the whole story.

It seems she was in love with a young man who was everything a young man ought to be and had money as well. But the money was the barrier really, for the girl's father wouldn't believe that a youth who played polo, and did not have to work for a living, and led cotillons, and paid calls in the afternoon could have really good red blood in him. He had a man in view for her, she said, one who had made his money himself, and had to have his valet lay out his clothes for fear he'd make a mistake. Once the valet had to go to have a tooth pulled and the man had to decline a dinner.

"Father said," finished the little girl tearfully, "that if Percy—that's his name, and it counted against him too—that if Percy was a real man he'd do something. And then he hap-happened on a book of my small brother's, telling how people used to live in the woods, and kill their own food and make their own fire——"

"The Young Woodsman, of course," I put in.

"And how the strong survived, but the weak suc-succumbed, and he said if Percy was a man, and not a t-tailor's dummy, he'd go out in the woods, j-just primitive man, without anything but a pair of bathing trunks, and keep himself alive for a month. If he s-stood the test father was willing to forget the 'Percy.' He said that he knew Mr. Willoughby could do it—that's the other man—and that he'd come out at the end of the time with a deed for the forest and mortgages on all the surrounding camps."

"And Percy agreed?"

"He didn't want to. He said it took mentality and physical endurance as well as some courage to play polo. Father said it did—on the part of the pony. Then s-some of the men heard of it, and there were bets on it—ten to one he wouldn't do it and twenty to one he couldn't do it. So Percy decided to try. Father was so afraid that some of the campers and guides would help him that he had notices sent out at Mr. Willoughby's suggestion offering a reward if Percy could be shown to have asked any assistance. Oh, I know he's sick in there somewhere, or starving, or—dead!"

I had had a great light break over me, and now I stooped and patted the girl on the shoulder.

"Dead! Certainly not," I said. "I saw him last night."

"Saw him!"

"Well, not exactly saw him—there wasn't much light. But he's alive and well, and—do you really want him to win?"

"Do I?" She sat up with shining eyes. "I don't care whether he owns anything in the world but the—the trunks. If I didn't think I'd add to his troubles I'd go into the woods this minute and find him and suffer with him."

"You'd have to be married to him first," I objected, rather startled. But she looked at me with her cheeks as red as strawberries.

"Why?" she demanded. "Father's so crazy about primitive man—did primitive man take his woman to church to be married, with eight bridesmaids and a reception after the ceremony? Of course not. He grabbed her and carried her off."

"Good heavens! You're not in earnest?"

"I think I am," she said slowly. "I'd rather live in the woods with Percy and no ceremony than live without him anywhere in the world. And I'll bet primitive man would have been wiped off the earth if he hadn't had primitive woman to add her wits to his strength. If Percy only had a woman to help him!"

"My dear," I said solemnly, "he has! He has, not one, but three!"

It took me some time to explain that Percy was not supporting a harem in the Maine woods; but when at last she got my idea and that the other two classed with me in beauty and attractiveness, she was overjoyed.

"But Percy promised not to ask for help," she said suddenly.

"He need..'t. My dear, go away and stop worrying about Percy—he's all right. When is the time up?"

"In three weeks."

"I suppose father and the Willoughby person will come to meet him?"

"Yes, and all the fellows from the club who have put money up on him. We're going to motor over and father's bringing the physical director of the athletic club. He's not only got to survive, but he's got to be in good condition."

"He'll be in good condition," I said grimly. "Does he drink and smoke?"

"A little, not too much. Oh yes, I had forgotten!" She opened up a little gold cigarette case, which she took from her pocket, and extracted a handful of cigarettes.

"If you are going to see him," she said, "you might put them where he'll find them?"

"Certainly not."

"But that's not giving them to him."

"My dear child," I said sternly, "Percy is going to come out of these woods so well and strong that he may not have to work, but he'll want to. And he'll not smoke anything stronger than corn silk, if we're to take charge of this thing."

She understood quickly enough and I must say she was grateful. She was almost radiant with joy when I told her how capable Tish was, and that she was sure to be interested, and about Aggie's hay fever and Mr. Wiggins and the rabbit snares. She leaned over and kissed me impulsively.

"You dear old thing!" she cried. "I know you'll look after him and make him comfortable and - how old is Miss Letitia?"

"Something over fifty and Aggie Pilkington's about the same, although she won't admit it."

She kissed me again at that, and after looking at her wrist watch she jumped to her feet.

"Heavens!" she said. "It's four o'clock and my engine has been running all this time!"

She got a smart little car from somewhere up the road, and the last I saw of her she was smiling back over her shoulder and the car running on the edge of a ditch.

"You are three darlings!" she called back. "And tell Percy I love him—love him—love him!"

I thought I'd never get back to the lake. I was tired to begin with, and after I'd gone

about four miles and was limping with a splinter in my heel and no needle to get it out with, I found I still had the fungus message to the spring-wagon person under my arm.

It was dark when I got back and my nerves were rather unstrung, what with wandering from the path here and there, with nothing to eat since morning, and running into a tree and taking the skin off my nose. When I limped into camp at last I didn't care whether Percy lived or died, and the thought of rabbit stew made my mouth water.

It was not rabbit however. Aggie was sitting alone by the fire, waving a brand round her head to keep off mosquitoes, and in front of her, dangling from the spit, were a dozen pairs of frogs' legs in a row.

I ate six pairs without a question and then I asked for Tish.

"Catching frogs," said Aggie laconically, and flourished the brand.

"Where?"

"Pulling them off the trees. Where do you think she gets them?" she demanded. A large mosquito broke through her guard at that moment and she flung the torch angrily at the fire.

"I'm eaten alive!" she snapped. "I wish to heaven I had smallpox or something they could all take and go away and die."

The frogs' legs were heavenly, although in a restaurant I loathe the things. I left Aggie wondering if her hay fever wasn't contagious through the blood and hoping the mosquitoes would get it and sneeze themselves to death, and went to find Tish.

She was standing in the margin of the lake up to her knees in water, with a blazing torch in one hand and one of our tent-poles in the other. Tied to the end of the pole was a grapevine line, and a fishing-hook made of a hairpin was attached to it.

Her method, which it seems she'd heard from Charlie Sands and which was not in the Young Woodsman, was simple and effectual.

"Don't move," she said tensely when she heard me on the bank. "There's one here as big as a chicken!"

She struck the flare forward, and I could see the frog looking at it and not blinking. He sat in a sort of a heavenly ecstasy, like a dog about to bay at the moon, while the hook dangled just at his throat.

"I'm half ashamed to do it, Lizzie, it's so easy," she said calmly, still tickling the thing's throat with the hook. "Grab him as I throw him at you. They slip off sometimes."

The next instant she jerked the hook up and caught the creature by the lower jaw. It was the neatest thing I have ever seen. Tish came wading over to where I stood and examined the frog.

"If we only had some Tartare sauce!" she said regretfully. "I wish you'd look at my ankle, Lizzie. There's something stuck to it."

The something was a leech. It refused to come off, and so she carried both frog and leech back to the camp. Aggie said on no account to pull a leech off, it left its teeth in and the teeth went on burrowing, or laid eggs or something. One must leave it on until it was full and round and couldn't hold any more, and then it dropped off.

So all night Tish kept getting up and going to the fire to see if it was swelling. But toward morning she fell asleep and it dropped off, and we had a terrible feeling that it was somewhere in our blankets.

But the leech caused less excitement that evening than my story of Percy and the little girl in the white coat. Aggie was entranced, and Tish had made Percy a suit of rabbit skin with a cap to match and outlined a set of exercises to increase his chest measure before I was half through with my story.

But Percy did not appear, although we had an idea that he was not far off in the woods. We could hear a crackling in the undergrowth, but when we called there was no reply. Tish was eating a frog's leg when the idea came to her.

"He'll never come out under ordinary circumstances in that—er—costume," she said. "Suppose we call for help. He'll probably come bounding. Help!" she yelled, between bites, as one may say. "Help! Fire! Police!"

"Help!" cried Aggie. "Percy, help!" It sounded like "Mercy, help!"

It worked like a charm. The faint crackling became louder, nearer, turned from a suspicion to a certainty and from a certainty to a fact. The bushes parted and Percy stood before us. All he saw was three elderly women eating frogs' legs round a fire under a cloud of mosquitoes. He stopped, dumfounded, and in that instant we saw that he didn't need the physical exercises, but that, of course, he did need the rabbit-skin suit.

"Great Scott!" he panted. "I thought I heard you calling for help."

"So we did," said Tish, "but we didn't need it. Won't you sit down?"

He looked dazed and backed toward the bushes.

"I—I think," he said, "if there's nothing wrong I'd better not "

"Fiddlesticks!" Tish snapped. "Are you ashamed of the body the Lord gave you? Don't you suppose we've all got skins? And didn't I thrash my nephew, Charlie Sands, when he was almost as big as you and had less on, for bathing in the river? Sit down, man, and don't be a fool."

He edged toward the fire, looking rather silly, and Aggie passed him a frog's leg on a piece of bark.

"Try this, Percy," she said, smiling. At the name he looked ready to run.

"I guess you've seen the notices," he said, "so you'll understand I cannot accept any food or assistance. I'm very grateful to you anyhow."

"You may take what food you find, surely," said Aggie. "If you find a roasted frog's leg on the ground—so—there's nothing to prevent you eating it, is there?"

"Nothing at all," said Percy, and picked it up. "Unless, of course ——"

"It's not a trap, young man," said Tish. "Eat it and enjoy it. There are lots more where it came from."

He relaxed at that, and on Tish's bringing out a blanket from the tent to throw over his shoulders he became almost easy. He was much surprised to learn that we knew his story, and when I repeated the "love him" message he seemed to grow a foot taller and his eyes glowed.

"I'm holding out all right," he said. "I'm fit physically. But the thing that gets my goat is that I'm to come out clothed. Dorothea's father says that primitive man, with nothing but his hands and perhaps a stone club, fed himself, made himself a shelter and clothed himself in skins. Skins! I'm so big that two or three bears would hardly be enough. I did find a hole that I thought a bear or two might fall into, and got almost stung to death robbing a bee tree to bait the thing with honey. But there aren't any bears, and if there were how'd I kill 'em? Wait until they starve to death?"

"Rabbits!" said Tish.

He looked down at himself and he seemed very large in the firelight.

"Dear lady," he said, "there aren't enough rabbits in the county to cover me, and how'd I put them together? I was a fool to undertake the thing, that's all."

"But aren't you in love with her?" asked Aggie.

"Well, I guess I am. It isn't that, you know. I'm a good bit worse than crazy about her. A man might be crazy about a mint julep or a power boat, but—well, he'd hardly go into the woods in his skin and live on fish until he's scaly for either of them. If I don't get her I don't want to live. That's all."

He looked so gloomy and savage that we saw he meant it, and Aggie was perceptibly thrilled. Tish, however, was thinking hard, her eyes on the leech.

"Was there anything in the agreement to prevent your accepting any suggestions?"

He pondered. "No, I was to be given no food, drink, shelter or any weapon. The old man forgot fire—that's how I came to beg some."

"Fire and brains," reflected Tish. "We've given you the first and we've plenty of the second to offer. Now, young man, this is my plan. We'll give you nothing but suggestions. If now and then you find a cooked meal under that tree, that's accident, not design, and you'd better eat it. Can you sew?"

"I'm like the Irishman and the fiddle—I never tried, but I guess I can." He was much more cheerful.

"Do you have to be alone?"

"I believe he took that for granted, in this costume."

"Will it take you long to move over here?"

"I think I can move without a van," he said, grinning. "My sole worldly possessions are a stone hatchet and a hairpin fishhook."

"Get them and come over," commanded Tish. "When you leave this forest at the

(Continued on Page 49)

Mostly Sniffles

"Life," says O. Henry, "is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles—mostly sniffles."

YOU remember that story in Texas—where he tells—"Santa was lyin' in bed pretty sick. 'I've heard you ridin' across the grass for hours, Webb,' she says. 'You saw the sign?' she whispers. 'The minute I hit camp,' says I. 'Twas marked on the bag of potatoes and onions.' 'They're always together in life,' says she soft-like. 'They go well together,' I says, 'in a stew.' 'I mean hearts and crosses,' says Santa. 'Our sign—to love and to suffer—that's what they mean.'"

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O. Henry!—Prince of Entertainers—Master of the Unexpected Ending—Bohemian by instinct—Nomad by nature—American to the finger tips! It is no wonder that the first edition of his work sold for $125 a set. It is no wonder that scholars and plain people and foreign nations and all America call him great—it is no wonder that press of national demand has forced us to extend this offer once more—when we intended to close it last month.

The American World Meets in "O. Henry's" Pages and Gets to Know Itself Better.

He tells why himself in simple fashion. They say I know New York well. Just change 23rd Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flat-iron Building, and put in the Town Hall, then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. So long as a story is true to life, the mere change of local color will set it in the East, West, South or North. The characters in the 'Arabian Nights' parade up and down Broadway at midday, or on Main Street in any town."

This low-priced offer with the Kipling FREE was made to introduce O. Henry to the American public—but when 60,000 people rushed at once to get this complete edition at the low price—we knew that O. Henry needed no introducing. The American public already knew and loved him. So this offer must close at once. Act promptly and get your set—now—while you can, and get the Kipling FREE.

Send Coupon Without Money for 18 Volumes Free on Approval

It brings both sets—the Kipling and the O. Henry—all charges prepaid—on approval.

O. Henry in 12 volumes, complete, bound in green silk cloth, gold tops and backs, full of illustrations—the **Kipling** in 6 volumes bound in red silk cloth, gold tops and backs.

If you don't love the world better when you've read them,—send all the 18 volumes back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for the O. Henry. The Kipling is FREE. Send the coupon today, while the offer is still good.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

30 Irving Place, NEW YORK

B. M. P. 10-25

Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place
New York

Sent me on approval [illegible] O. Henry in 12 vol. [illegible] Also the 6 vol. set of Kipling. If I keep the books I am to pay $1 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling free. Otherwise I will notify you within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

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The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change payments to $1.50 a month for 13 months.

"4" Studebaker

Electrically Lighted and Started

Try To Find Another "Four" Like This

We hold fast to four positive convictions concerning this new Studebaker "Four."

We are convinced, to begin with, that you will not find another "four" which compares with it in value.

We are convinced that it will eventually compel those above it in price to give more; and those below it, to charge less.

We believe it will cause more changes in ownership than any "four" which has preceded it.

We believe it will make more new owners among those who have waited for a higher quality to be brought down to this price than any "four" which has preceded it.

The huge facilities of fourteen Studebaker factories are centered this year on the production of one "Four" and one "Six"

How We Reached the $1050 Price

Understand this new Studebaker "Four" is electrically lighted and started.

It is a full five-passenger car.

It is *manufactured* from start to finish.

Its goodness is built-in—not assembled.

As an illustration, a corps of four hundred vigilant inspectors watches every part every day.

It sells complete for $1050.

And the price is made possible:

First, by dollars and cents, volume of production.

Second, by intensified manufacturing by focusing the facilities of these fourteen Studebaker factories on the production of two cars, one "Four" and one "Six."

See What Kind of a Car It Is

You can't appreciate the price unless you study the construction.

Listen:

It is built on the full floating type, designed and built in the Studebaker plants.

It has a full-powered, long stroke, block motor, designed and built in the Studebaker plants.

The intake is very short and direct, placing the carburetor in the most advantageous position.

In fuel, both oil and gasoline, it will give long mileage.

Timken Bearings Where Wear Is Greatest

It is a full Timken roller bearing car—every point in the transmission and rear axle, and in the front wheel hubs.

It has left hand steer and center control.

Its construction is so simple and its adjustments so accessible that no owner needs the criticism of others; he can see for himself.

It has low, comfortably tilted, and deeply upholstered seats.

It presents a beautiful and graceful body design.

The hood slopes gradually upward and joins a deep cowl without break or offset.

Still More Built-In Goodness

It has the gasoline tank under the cowl, affording a short, direct, gravity feed.

It has clean running-boards, with tool box and battery under the front seat.

The "Four" is equipped with the two-unit Wagner system—two units because the motor and generator functions are better accomplished by separate machines.

Gray & Davis parabolic electric lamps, brilliant and handsome in appearance, are used. The wheels are provided with detachable demountable rims and an extra rim with tire irons is attached in the rear.

Wheelbase is 108 inches.

The windshield is of new design, ventilating, clear vision and rain vision.

Studebaker-Jiffy curtains can be put in place from within the car in an instant.

$1050 Studebaker,

In Next Sunday's Papers All Over the United States Will Appear

Studebaker "6"

Electrically Lighted and Started

A "Six" that Has a Field All To Itself

This superb new Studebaker "SIX" is a *manufactured* "six" down to the smallest essential detail.

Any other kind of a "six" we decline to consider in comparison.

In a "six" you must have manufactured accuracy—every "six" part must synchronize with every other part.

And—even so—there is no other "six," either assembled or manufactured, which is even near the Studebaker "SIX" in price.

Studebakers will build this year 16,000 "sixes"—more than all the "sixes" produced in the United States last year

Why This Price Is Wonderful

You should not dispense with manufactured qualities in a "six."

And outside of this Studebaker "SIX" you can't get them without paying a much higher price.

You get them in the Studebaker "SIX" at this price because of the Studebaker volume.

Two or three times as many "sixes" as any other plant in the world has ever produced in a year.

Every one of these, we wish to repeat—over and over again—*manufactured* in the strictest sense of the word.

Why This "SIX" Is A Real "Six"

The motor of the Studebaker "SIX" is designed and built from the rough bar—nails in the Studebaker plants.

Its full-floating rear axle is designed and built in the Studebaker plants.

Its transmission and differential gears are cut and machined in the Studebaker plants.

The heat-treating and hardening of parts are done in the Studebaker furnaces.

The materials are selected, and tested, and retested, to see that their quality remains constant, in the Studebaker laboratories.

We believe that in fuel consumption the "SIX" is at least as economical, if not more so, than any good car of equal horsepower on the market.

It is light, considering its 121-inch wheelbase, and an unusually powerful car.

For the same reason, it is very economical in the wear of tires.

This Is Not a Stinted "Six"

Observe the beauty of this Studebaker "SIX."

Can any price purchase greater beauty?

It is a seven-passenger "SIX."

Its upholstery is deep and luxurious

It affords ample room, both in front and in the rear.

Extra Seats Fold Out of Way

The auxiliary seats fold entirely out of the way into recesses in the back of the front seat.

Its proportions and its balance are perfect, so that the easiest riding [illegible]

As in the Studebaker "Four" the Westinghouse six-volt two-unit system of electric lighting and starting is used. This equipment is reliable and wholly satisfactory.

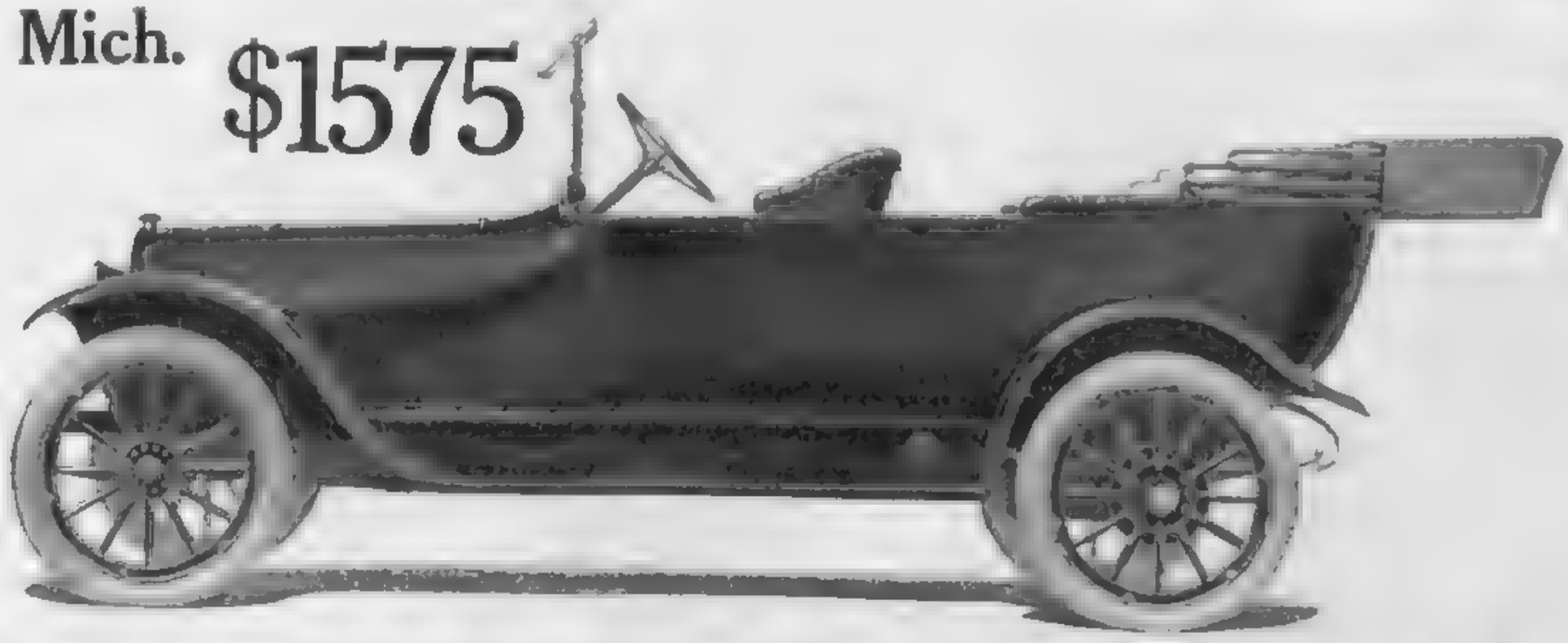
The parabolic electric lamps are Gray & Davis' highest quality.

[illegible]

The curtains are the Studebaker Jiffy pattern, the most convenient form of the storm [illegible] curtains ever [illegible]

The windshield of our own design, needs no [illegible] tools, and is at once full vision, clear vision and ventilating.

Detroit, Mich. **$1575**



Further and Complete Details of These Most Interesting Cars

Why the Wagner Starter is on the Studebaker Car

THE electric starter came on the market and, at once, stamped as obsolete many of the best cars. "My kingdom for a starter" was the attitude of the automobile manufacturer. Instantly there was opened to builders of motors a new field, rich and alluring. Many rushed in.

The Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company did not.

They realized that new things reach perfection only through evolution.

Wagner, Quality was the mark set for the Wagner Starter, and Wagner, Quality does not fall short of perfection. So the marketing of the Wagner Starter was held back and the evolution was pushed on in the Wagner shops—not on the public highways.

Automobile manufacturers, knowing the Wagner standing in the electrical world, urged us to equip their cars.

"In time we will," was our reply, "but not until the starter has developed perfection and we can put it out as truly representative of Wagner, Quality."

Developed in low temperatures

Realizing that the severest test of a starter comes in cold weather, we perfected the Wagner Starter in low temperatures. In Winter it was tested under the most trying conditions. In Summer the tests were conducted in cold storage.

After three years of painstaking study and development, Wagner, Quality was attained and the Wagner Company was ready to offer its starter service to automobile makers.

A starter was built especially for the Studebaker Car. The Studebaker Corporation tested it in a most gruelling way—and it never failed.

The ability of the generator to keep the battery charged, while running at slow speed, and with frequent stops, and yet not overcharge it, when running at high speed, is the supreme test of a starter.

A Studebaker car, equipped with the Wagner Starter, was run continuously for 8 hours—stopping and starting the engine every two blocks, without the semblance of hesitation on the part of the starter.

Wagner, Quality

THE STERLING MARK IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

The car was then taken to the factory and, while standing and not generating current, the engine was stopped and started 800 times, without a failure, and then run *on the battery* a full minute and a half, before the charge was exhausted.

These tests proved Wagner, Quality—and that is the starter you will get on a Studebaker car this year.

The Studebaker Corporation got what they wanted—a starter perfectly suited to the car. And we got what we wanted—what is probably the largest starter contract on the market.

Our factory is working, at full capacity, to fill this contract and two others. Next year our capacity will be increased and other good cars will be exclusively equipped with Wagner Starters.

The Wagner Starter is designed especially for the car it equips. It cannot be put on any car, but must be built into the car, as a part of it.

If you want Wagner, Quality in a starter, you can get it only by owning a car made by a manufacturer who had the foresight to equip it with a Wagner Starter.

The object of this advertisement is not to sell you a Wagner Starter. It is to inform those who do not know the significance of the term Wagner, Quality in the electrical world, what it means to own a car that is equipped with a Wagner Starter.

If you are not posted on electrical reputations, ask your electric light man about the Wagner Company. He will tell you that they are electrical engineering specialists of the highest rank.

The Wagner Company does not attempt to manufacture everything electrical. They specialize on devices that require the highest electrical skill. These they develop to a state of perfection. The Wagner Company stands

Supreme as manufacturers of the single-phase motor

Among their many achievements they have developed and perfected:

A highly successful single-phase converter for charging electric automobiles.

A thoroughly efficient rectifier for charging small lighting and ignition batteries.

A practical adjustable speed, single-phase, alternating current motor.

A perfect unity power factor, single-phase motor.

To the initiated these achievements are sufficient guarantee of success for the Wagner Starter.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co.

St. Louis, Mo. **Established 1890**

Wagner Quality

FACTORY BRANCHES WITH FULLY EQUIPPED SERVICE STATIONS: Boston, New York, Montreal, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles

SELLING AGENCIES: Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle.

(Continued from Page 45)

end of the time you are going to be fed and clothed and carry a tent; you will have with you smoked meat and fish; you will carry under your arm an Indian clock or sundial; you will have a lamp—if we can find a clam shell or a broken bottle—and you will have a firemaking outfit with your monogram on it."

"But, my dear friend," he said, "I am not supposed to have any assistance and ——"

"Assistance!" Tish snapped. "Who said assistance? I'm providing the brains, but you'll do it all yourself."

He moved over an hour or so later and Tish and I went into the tent to bed. Somewhat later, when she limped to the fire to see how the leech was filling up, he and Aggie were sitting together talking, he of Dorothea and Aggie of Mr. Wiggins. Tish said they were both talking at the same time, neither one listening to the other, and that it sounded like this:

"She's so sweet and trusting and honest—well, I'd believe what she said if she ——"

"—— fell off a roof on a rainy day and was picked up by a man with a horse and buggy quite unconscious."

THE next three weeks were busy times for Percy. He wore Tish's blanket for two days, and then finding it in the way he discarded it altogether. Seen in daylight it was easy to understand why little Dorothea was in love with him. He was a handsome young giant, although much bitten by mosquitoes and scratched with briars.

The arrangement was a good one all round. He knew of things in the wood we'd never heard of—wild onions and artichokes, and he had found a clump of wild cherry trees. He made snares of the fibers of tree bark, and he brought in turtles and made plates out of the shells. And all the time he was working on his outfit, curing rabbit skins and sewing them together with fibers under my direction.

When he'd made one sleeve of his coat we had a sort of celebration. He'd found an empty bottle somewhere in the woods, and he had made a wild cherry decoction that he declared was cherry brandy, keeping it in the sun to ferment. Well, he insisted on opening the brandy that day and passing it round. We had cups made of leaves and we drank to his sleeve, although the stuff was villainous. He had put the sleeve on, and it looked rather inadequate.

"Here's fun," he said joyously. "If my English tailor could see this sleeve he'd die of envy. A sleeve's not all of a coat, but what's a coat without a sleeve? Look at it—grace, ease of line and beauty of material."

Aggie lifted her leaf.

"To Dorothea!" she said. "And may the sleeve soon be about her."

Tish thought this toast was not delicate, but Percy was enchanted with it.

It was on the evening of the fourth day of Percy's joining our camp that the Willoughby person appeared. It happened at a most inauspicious time. We had eaten supper and were gathered round the campfire, and Tish had put wet leaves on the blaze to make a smudge that would drive the mosquitoes away. We were sitting there, Tish and I coughing and Aggie sneezing in the smoke, when Percy came running through the woods and stopped at the foot of a tree near by.

"Bring a club, somebody," he yelled. "I've treed the back of my coat."

Tish ran with one of the tent poles. A tepee is inconvenient for that reason. Every time any one wants a fishing pole or a weapon, the tent loses part of its bony structure and sags like the face of a stout woman who has reduced. And it turned out that Percy had treed a coon. He climbed up after it, taking Tish's pole with him to dislodge it, and it was at that moment that a man rode into the clearing and practically fell off his horse. He was dirty and scratched with brambles, and his once immaculate riding clothes were torn. He was about to take off his hat when he got a good look at us and changed his mind.

"Have you got anything to eat?" he asked. "I've been lost since noon yesterday and I'm about all in."

The leaves caught fire suddenly and sent a glow into Percy's tree. I shall never forget Aggie's agonized look or the way Tish flung on more wet leaves in a hurry.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but supper's over."

"But surely a starving man ——"

"You won't starve inside of a week," Tish snapped. "You've got enough flesh on you for a month."

He stared at her incredulously.

"But, my good woman," he said, "I can pay for my food. Even you itinerant folk need money now and then, don't you? Come, now, cook me a fish; I'll pay for it. My name is Willoughby—J. K. Willoughby. Perhaps you've heard of me."

Tish cast a swift glance into the tree. It was in shadow again and she drew a long breath. She said afterward that the whole plan came to her in the instant of that breath.

"We can give you something," she said indifferently. "We have a stewed rabbit, if you care for it."

There was a wild scramble in the tree at that moment, and we thought all was over. We learned later that Percy had made a move to climb higher, out of the firelight, and the coon had been so startled that he almost fell out. But instead of looking up to investigate, the stranger backed toward the fire.

"Only a wildcat," said Tish. "They'll not come near the fire."

"Near!" exclaimed Mr. Willoughby. "If they came any nearer they'd have to get into it!"

"I think," said Tish, "that if you are afraid of them—although you are safe enough if you don't get under the trees; they jump down, you know—that you would better stay by the fire tonight. In the morning we'll start you toward a road."

All night with Percy in the tree! I gave her a savage glance, but she ignored me.

The Willoughby looked up nervously, and of course there were trees all about.

"I guess I'll stay," he agreed. "What about that rabbit?"

I did not know Tish's plan at that time, and while Aggie was feeding the Willoughby person and he was grumbling over his food I took Tish aside.

"Are you crazy?" I demanded. "Just through your idiocy Percy will have to stay in that tree all night—and he'll go to sleep, likely, and fall out."

Tish eyed me coldly.

"You are a good soul, Lizzie," she observed, "but don't overwork your mind. Go back and do something easy—let the Willoughby cross your palm with silver, and tell his fortune. If he asks any questions I'm queen of the gypsies, and give him to understand that we're in temporary hiding from the law. The worse he thinks of us the better. Remember, we haven't seen Percy."

"I'm not going to lie," I said sternly.

"Pooh!" Tish sneered. "That wretch came into the woods to gloat over his rival's misery. The truth's too good for him."

I did my best, and I still have the silver dollar he gave me. I told him I saw a small girl, who loved him but didn't realize it yet, and there was another man.

"Good gracious," I said, "there must be something wrong with your palm. I see the other man, but he seems to be in trouble. His clothing has been stolen, for he has none, and he is hungry, very hungry."

"Ha!" said Mr. Willoughby, looking startled. "You old gypsies beat the devil! Hungry, eh? Is that all?"

The light flared up again and I could see clearly the pale spot in the tree, which was Percy. But Mr. Willoughby's eyes were on his palm.

"He has about decided to give up something—I cannot see just what," I said loudly. "He seems to be in the air, in a tree perhaps. If he wishes to be safe he should go higher."

Percy took the hint and moved up, and I said that was all there was in the palm. Soon after that Mr. Willoughby stretched out on the ground by the fire, and before long he was asleep.

During the night I heard Tish moving stealthily about in the tepee and she stepped on my ankle as she went out. I fell asleep again as soon as it stopped aching. Just at dawn Tish came back and touched me on the shoulder.

"Where's the blackberry wine?" she whispered.

I sat up instantly.

"Has Percy fallen out of the tree?"

"No. Don't ask any questions, Lizzie. I want it for myself. That dratted horse fell on me."

She refused to say any more and lay down groaning. But I was too worried to sleep again.

In the morning Percy was gone from the tree. Mr. Willoughby had more rabbit and

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK SOCKS

Buy them if you want comfort as well as strength

There is not much virtue in a sock that's just *strong*—you want style and foot comfort as well. Bachelors' Friend socks are for men who are careful in their dress, who are particular as to fit and appearance and yet who would be sure of their

Money's Worth in Wear

They are sold at the same price as the usual guaranteed hose, but their wearability is acquired by the quality of yarns of which they are made and by careful reinforcing, rather than the use of cheap, hard-twisted yarns that are hard and uncomfortable to the foot.

Why buy any other kind when Bachelors' Friend are priced and guaranteed just the same as other guaranteed socks? Sizes 9's to 12's—guaranteed fast dyes—all leading colors.

Box of 2 pairs, guaranteed 2 months
" " 3 " " " 3 "
" " 4 " " " 4 " } $1.00 a box

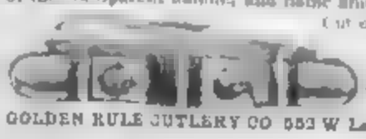
SPECIAL—Lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks made—three pairs in a box, guaranteed 3 months, $1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us your dealer's name and address so that we can arrange for your future wants.

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

A Real Knife for a Real Man

Not the ordinary gift knife, but a genuine hand forged English Razor Steel Knife that will cut and hold the edge—fully guaranteed. We will put any photo or lodge [illegible] one side of the transparent handle, and name and address on the other. Cut one [illegible]

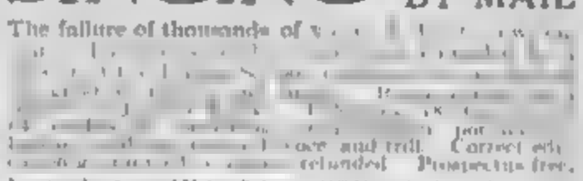


Agents wanted. Write for catalog and terms.

GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO. 653 W. Lake St., Dept. 93, Chicago

SINGING TAUGHT BY MAIL

The failure of thousands of [illegible]



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Lawton Institute of Voice Culture, 407 Alexander St., Rochester, N.Y.

Have You Met Mr. & Mrs. Carter's Inx?

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx are for unusual people and all who write unusual things. Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx have a right to be termed unusual, too, for they are designed to hold unusual inks—Carter's. They know that Carter's Inks are unusual because they are made in the Carter laboratories and manufactory. That's evidence enough that they are carefully and skillfully made and that every bit of material that goes into them has been closely and cautiously examined. They are so brilliant, so intense, so unlikely to corrode the pen point or leave a watery streak. *You* should know these things, too.

Ask your stationer to show you Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx and to tell you how you can secure both—or you can get them by sending us 25c to pay for their traveling clothes and transportation. Pin the coupon to your letter head, please.

THE CARTER'S INK CO.

Boston, Mass. New York Chicago Montreal

Largest manufacturers of writing inks, adhesives, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers in America.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find:—
25 cents for Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx, Size A.
Name
Address
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Force of Character

IN the building of character and success the teeth play a vital part. Because good teeth lead to good digestion, to good health—hence to good work which builds strong character. This is why all ambitious people should practice

GOOD TEETHKEEPING

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Make a habit of the regular night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

The standard dentifrice prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Cleanses and preserves the teeth by thorough polishing. Hardens the gums—makes them healthy and non-sensitive.

Dr. Lyon's is *safe*. Contains no injurious chemicals. Lends a natural fragrance to the breath. The efficiency of this dentifrice has increased its popularity through three generations.

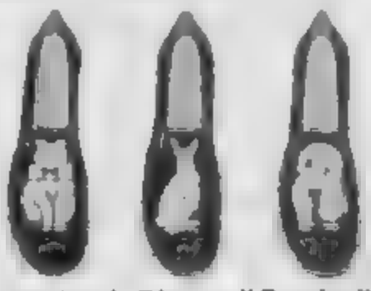
What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Women's Peerless "Comfy"
Price, $1.50

"Comfy" Slippers mean healthful comfort

"Comfy" Slippers make the most restful slipper imaginable. They protect the feet from cold or damp floors, and are just as comfortable in summer as in winter. The shapes and colors appeal to the most particular people; the comfort appeals to everyone.



Children's Picture "Comfys"

The children will be fascinated with these quaint slippers. There are three designs in navy blue or red—Kitten, Rabbit and Dutch Kids. Children's, $1.10. Misses', $1.25. Packed in decorated boxes made for children.

Look for this "Comfy" Trade Mark

Tailor-Made "Comfy"

A comfortable utility slipper. Women's Colors: Dark and light gray, navy blue, fawn, red, wine, brown, black, light blue, old rose and pink, $1.25. Men's, in the darker shades, $1.50.

For men—for women—for children

At your dealer's

Insist on getting Daniel Green "Comfys." If your dealer does not sell them, we will send direct on receipt of price, carriage prepaid, if you give dealer's name. Send for illustrated catalog.

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co., 114 E. 13th St., N. Y.

Sole Manufacturers of "Comfy" Footwear

prepared to leave the forest. He offered Tish a dollar for the two meals and a bed, and Tish, who was moving about stiffly, said that she and her people took no money for their hospitality. Telling fortunes was one thing, bread and salt was another. She looked quite haughty, and the Willoughby person apologized and went into the woods to get his horse.

The horse was gone!

It was rather disagreeable for a time. He plainly thought we'd taken it, although Tish showed him that the end of the strap had been chewed partly through and then jerked free.

"If the creature smelled a wildcat," she said, "nothing would hold it. None of my people ever bring a horse into this part of the country."

"Humph!" said Mr. Willoughby. "Well, I'll bet they take a few out!"

He departed on foot shortly after, very disgusted and suspicious. We showed him the trail, and the last we saw of him he was striding along, looking up now and then for wildcats.

When he was well on his way Percy emerged from the bushes. I had thought that he had helped Tish to take the Willoughby horse, but it seems he had not, and he was much amazed when Tish came through the wood leading the creature by the broken strap.

"I'll turn it loose," she said to Percy, "and you can capture it. It will make a good effect for you to emerge from the forest on horseback, and anyhow, what with the rabbit skin, the tent and the sundial and the other things, you have a lot to carry. You can say you found it straying in the woods and captured it."

Percy looked at her with admiration not unmixed with reverence. "Miss Letitia," he said solemnly, "if it were not for Dorothea I should ask you to marry me. I'd like to have you in my family."

I am very nearly to the end of my narrative. Toward the last Percy was obliged to work far into the night, for of course we could not assist him. He made a full suit of rabbit skins sewed with fibers, and a cap and shoes of coonskin to match. The shoes were cut from a bedroom-slipper pattern that Tish traced in the sand on the beach, and the cap had an eagle feather in it. He made a birch-bark knapsack to hold the fish he smoked and a bow and arrow that looked well but would not shoot. When he had the outfit completed he put it on, with the stone hatchet stuck into a grapevine belt and the bow and arrow over his shoulder, and he looked superb.

"The question is," he reflected, trying to view himself in the edge of the lake: "Will Dorothea like it? She's very keen about clothes. And gee, how she hates a beard!"

"You could shave as the Indians do," Tish said.

"How?"

"With a clamshell."

He looked dubious, but Tish assured him it was feasible. So he hunted a clamshell, a double one, Tish requested, and brought it into camp.

"I'd better do it for you," said Tish. "It's likely to be slow, but it is sure."

He was eying the clamshell and looking more and more uneasy.

"You're not going to scrape it off?" he asked anxiously. "You know, pumice would be better for that, but somehow I don't like the idea."

"Nothing of the sort," said Tish. "The double clamshell merely forms a pair of Indian nippers. I'm going to pull it out."

But he made quite a fuss about it, and said he didn't care whether the Indians did it or not, he wouldn't. I think he saw how disappointed Tish was and was afraid she would attempt it while he slept, for he threw the Indian nippers into the lake and then went over and kissed her hand.

"Dear Miss Tish," he said, "no one realizes more than I your inherent nobility of soul and steadfastness of purpose. I admire them both. But if you attempt the Indian nipper business, or to singe me like a chicken while I sleep, I shall be—forgive me, but I know my impulsiveness of disposition—I shall be really vexed with you."

Toward the last we all became uneasy for fear hard work was telling on him physically. He used to sit cross-legged on the ground, sewing for dear life and singing Hood's The Song of the Shirt in a doleful tenor.

"You know," he said, "I've thought once or twice I'd like to do something have a business like other fellows. But somehow dressmaking never occurred to

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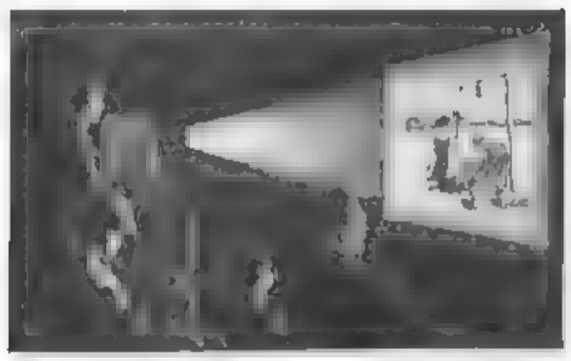

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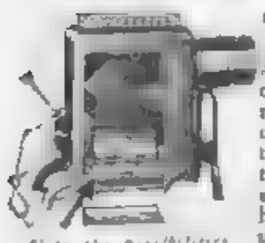

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me. Don't you think the expression of this right pant is good? And shall I make this gore bias or on the selvage?"

He wanted to slash one trouser leg.

"Why not?" he demanded when Tish frowned him down. "It's awfully fetching, and beauty half revealed, you know. Do you suppose my breastbone will ever straighten out again? It's concave from stooping."

It was after this that Tish made him exercise morning and evening and then take a swim in the lake. By the time he was to start back he was in wonderful condition, and even the horse looked saucy and shiny, owing to our rubbing him down each day with dried grasses.

The actual leavetaking was rather sad. We'd grown to think a lot of the boy and I believe he liked us. He kissed each one of us twice, once for himself and once for Dorothea, and flushed a little over doing it, and Aggie's eyes were full of tears.

He rode away down the trail like a mixture of Robinson Crusoe and Indian brave, his rubbing-fire stick, his sun-dial with burned figures and his bow and arrow jingling, his eagle feather blowing back in the wind, and his moccasined feet thrust into Mr. Willoughby's stirrups, and left us desolate. Tish watched him out of sight with set lips and Aggie was whimpering on a bank.

"Tish," she said brokenly, "does he recall anything to you?"

"Only my age," said Tish rather wearily, "and that I'm an elderly spinster teaching children to defy their parents and committing larceny to help them."

"To me," said Aggie softly, "he is young love going out to seek his mate. Oh, Tish, do you remember how Mr. Wiggins used to ride by taking his work horses to be shod!"

We went home the following day, which was the time the spring-wagon man was to meet us. We started very early and were properly clothed and hatted when we saw him down the road.

The spring-wagon person came on without hurry and surveyed us as he came.

"Well, ladies," he said, stopping before us, "I see you pulled it off all right."

"We've had a very nice time, thank you," said Tish, drawing on her gloves. "It's been rather lonely, of course."

The spring-wagon person did not speak again until he had reached the open road. Then he turned round.

"The horse business was pretty good," he said. "You ought to hev seen them folks when he rode out of the wood. Flabbergasted ain't the word. They was ding-busted."

Tish whispered to us to show moderate interest and to say as little as possible, except to protest our ignorance. And we got the story at last like this:

It seems the newspapers had been full of the attempt Percy was to make, and so on the day before quite a crowd had gathered to see him come out of the wood.

"Ten of these here automobiles," said the spring-wagon person, "and a hay-wagon full of newspaper fellows from the city with cameras, and about half the village back home walked out or druv and brought their lunches—sort of a picnic. I kep' my eye on the girl and on a Mr. Willoughby.

"The story is that Willoughby was the father's choice—Willoughby was pale and twitching and kep' moving about all the time. But the girl, she just kep' her eyes on the trail and waited. Noon was the time set, or as near it as possible.

"The father talked to the newspaper men mostly. 'I don't think he'll do it, boys!' he said. 'He's as soft as milk and he's surprised me by sticking it out as long as he has. But mark my words, boys,' he said, 'he's been living on berries and things he could pick up off the ground, and if his physical condition's bad he loses all bets!'"

It seems that, just as he said it, somebody pulled out a watch and announced "noon." And on the instant Percy was seen riding down the trail and whistling. At first they did not know it was he, as they had expected him to arrive on foot, staggering with fatigue probably. He rode out into the sunlight, still whistling, and threw an unconcerned glance over the crowd.

He looked at the trees, and located north by the moss on the trunks, the S. W. P. said, and unslinging his Indian clock he held it in front of him, pointing north and south. It showed exactly noon. It was then, and not until then, that Percy addressed the astonished crowd.

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"Twelve o'clock, gentlemen," he said. "My watch is quite accurate."

Nobody said anything, being, as the S. W. P. remarked, struck dumb. But a moment afterward the haywagon started a cheer and the machines took it up. Even the father "let loose," as we learned, and the little girl sat back in her motor car and smiled through her tears. But Willoughby was furious. It seems he had recognized the horse.

"That's my horse," he snarled. "You stole it from me."

"As a matter of fact," Percy retorted, "I found the beast wandering loose among the trees and I'm perfectly willing to return him to you. I brought him out for a purpose."

"To make a Garrison finish!"

"Not entirely. To prove that you violated the contract by going into the forest to see if you could find me and gloat over my misery. Instead you found—by the way, Willoughby, did you see any wild cats?"

"Those three hags are in this!" said Willoughby furiously. "Are you willing to swear you made that silly outfit?"

"I am, but not to you."

"And at that minute, if you'll believe me," said the S. W. P., "the girl got out of her machine and walked right up to the Percy fellow. I was standing right by and I heard what she said. It was curious, seeing he'd had no help and had gone in naked, as you may say, and came out clothed head to foot, with a horse and weapons and a watch, and able to make fire in thirty-one seconds, and a tent made of about a thousand rabbit-skins."

Tish eyed him coldly.

"What did she say?" she demanded severely.

"She said 'Those three dear old things!'" replied the S. W. P. "And she said: 'I hope you kissed them for me.'"

"He did indeed," said Aggie dreamily, and only roused when Tish nudged her in a rage.

Charlie Sands came to have tea with us yesterday at Tish's. He is just back from England and full of the subject.

"But after all," he said, "the Simple Lifers take the palm. Think of it, my three revered and dearly beloved spinster friends; think of the peace, the holy calm of it! Now if you three would only drink less tea and once in a while would get back to Nature a bit, it would be good for you. You're all too civilized."

"Probably," said Tish, pulling down her sleeves to hide her sunburned hands. "But do you think people have so much time in the—er—woods?"

"Time!" he repeated. "Why, what is there to do?"

Just then the doorbell rang and a huge box was carried in. Tish had a warning and did not wish to open it, but Charlie Sands insisted and cut the string. Inside were three sets of sable furs, handsomer than any in the church, Tish says, and I know I've never seen any like them.

Tish and I hid the cards, but Aggie dropped hers and Charlie Sands pounced on it.

"'The sleeve is now about Dorothea,'" he read aloud, and then, turning, eyed us all sternly.

"Now then," said Charley Sands, "out with it! What have you been up to this time?"

Tish returned his gaze calmly.

"We have been in the Maine woods in the holy calm," she said. "As for those furs, I suppose a body may buy a set of furs if she likes." This, of course, was not a lie. "As for that card, it's a mistake." Which it was indeed.

"But—Dorothea!" persisted Charlie Sands.

"Never in my life knew anybody named Dorothea. Did you, Aggie?"

"Never," said Aggie firmly.

Charlie Sands apologized and looked thoughtful. On Tish's remaining rather injured he asked us all out to dinner that night, and almost the first thing he ordered was frogs' legs. Aggie got rather white about the lips.

"I—I think I'll not take any," she said feebly. "I—I keep thinking of Tish tickling their throats with the hairpin, and how Percy ——"

We glared at her, but it was too late. Charlie Sands drew up his chair and rested his elbows on the table.

"So there was a Percy as well as a Dorothea!" he said cheerfully. "I might have known it. Now we'll have the story!"

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BUYING QUALITY LABOR

(Concluded from Page 15)

He understands that good supervision and organization must be behind the workmen and the plant in cutting down labor costs. Instead of putting all the blame on the payroll, therefore, he does his share at the thinking and planning end. He realizes that quality in workpeople is rather a spirit based on personal self-respect and higher aims in life than any special ability of individuals.

Years ago, when the electrical industry was just emerging from scientific laboratories, a European house making electrical apparatus foresaw the future demand for copper. To control its own supplies some mines were bought in a remote mountain district.

This district was peopled by mountaineers living in rude huts. They had few wants, little education, almost no use for money. The company opened a store at the mines, stocked chiefly with gorgeous millinery and other women's finery. That changed the labor situation immediately. Those mountaineers began working steadily and intelligently for money to buy their wives the things in the store—and they have been working steadily ever since.

Today, instead of huts, they live in good houses. For two generations their children have been well educated. On good wages they have improved their standards of living all round. The tendency toward skill and quality began with cheap bonnets, but nobody knows where it will end.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.

From a Chautauqua

EDITOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

DEAR SIR: In the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for August thirtieth, in the leading article entitled High Cost of Living in Washington, by Henry B. Needham, the following statement appears: "On July thirteenth, the day being Sunday, Mr. Bryan was billed to speak at Hendersonville, North Carolina. The people drove from miles round to hear their secretary of state. Most of these country visitors were amazed, then made angry, when they found that an admission fee was charged—and to their slender purses a large fee. Those who came late also found that speculators had bought many of the tickets and were selling them at double the fixed price. The unexpected drawbacks to a memorable occasion brought forth a protest which was so penetrating in its intensity that it reached the ears of the Secretary of State and he felt obliged to explain."

The Chautauqua at Hendersonville was given under the auspices of the Greater Hendersonville Club, which is Hendersonville's Chamber of Commerce, having a membership of four hundred and sixty-two of the leading citizens of Hendersonville. I write in behalf of the club, which feels that you have done it an injustice—inadvertently of course—and possibly some injury in Henderson County and vicinity where THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has a deservedly large circulation. The statement in your article that "speculators bought tickets and were selling them at double the fixed price" is without any foundation at all in fact. There was at all times plenty of room in the large auditorium; the official ticket sellers were at their posts all the time and never refused to sell tickets to any one at the regular price. Therefore, why should people pay double price or higher price when they could so easily obtain them at the lower? Also we have heard of no visitor, country or otherwise, being amazed or angry at an admission fee being charged. Angry they possibly might have been, but if they were they showed no signs of it that we could detect, and we were certainly in a position to see signs of it had there been any. Amazed they could not have been, as the price of admission was advertised everywhere along with the fact of the lecture itself.

We might add that these Chautauquas are conducted usually at a financial loss to us and wholly for the benefit of the people.

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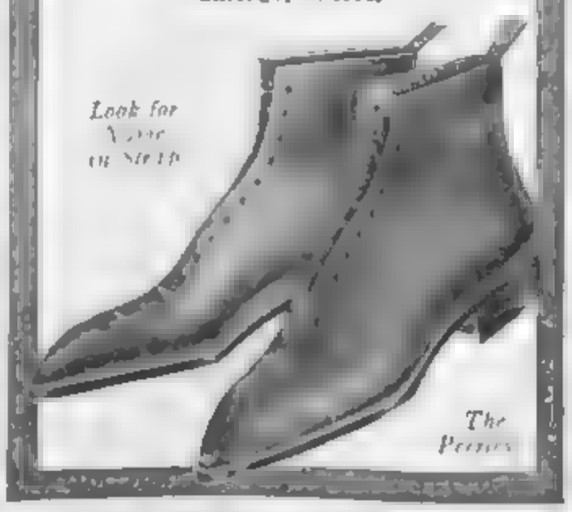

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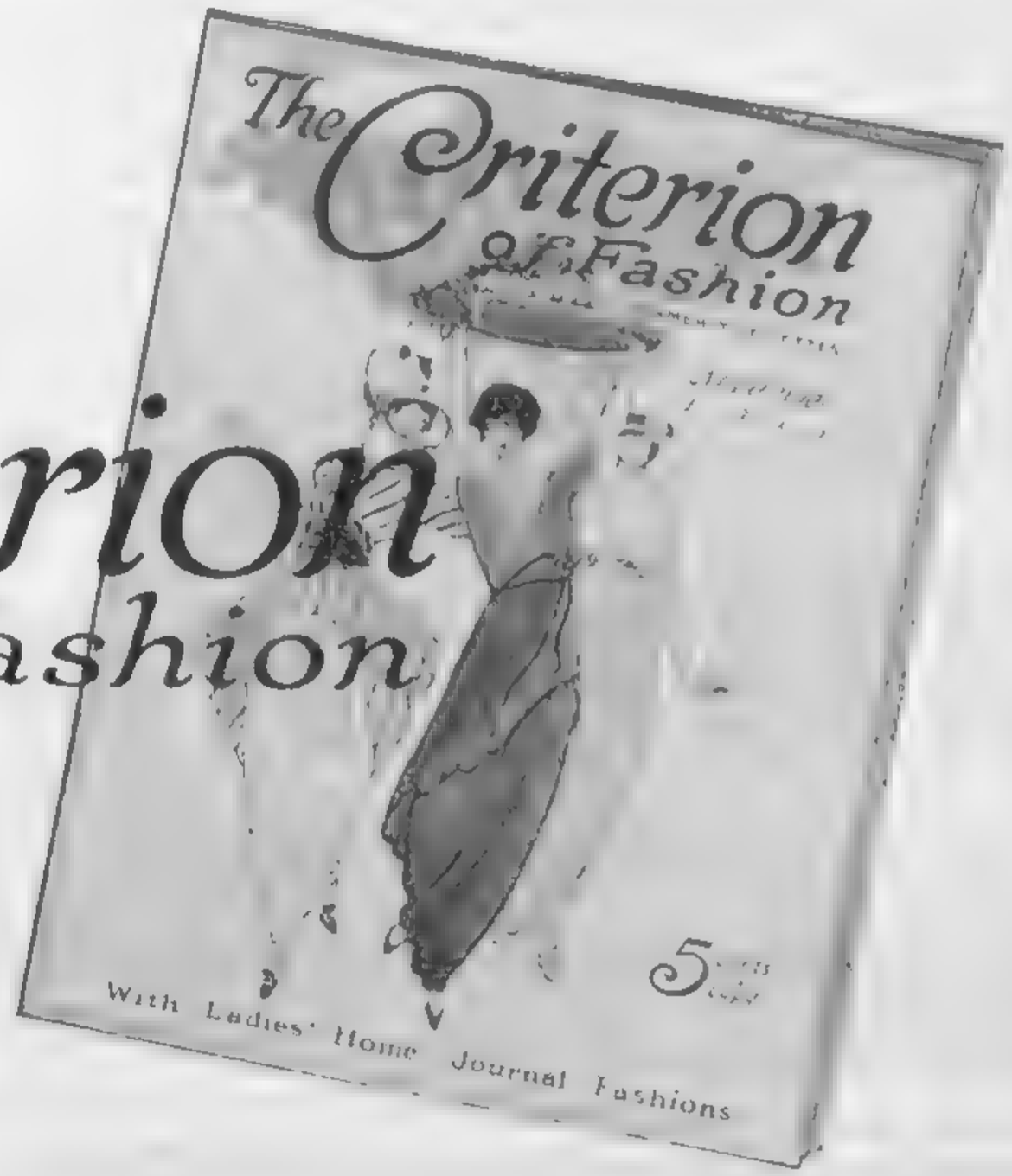

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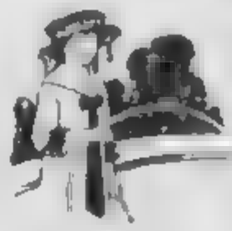

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Name of dry goods store

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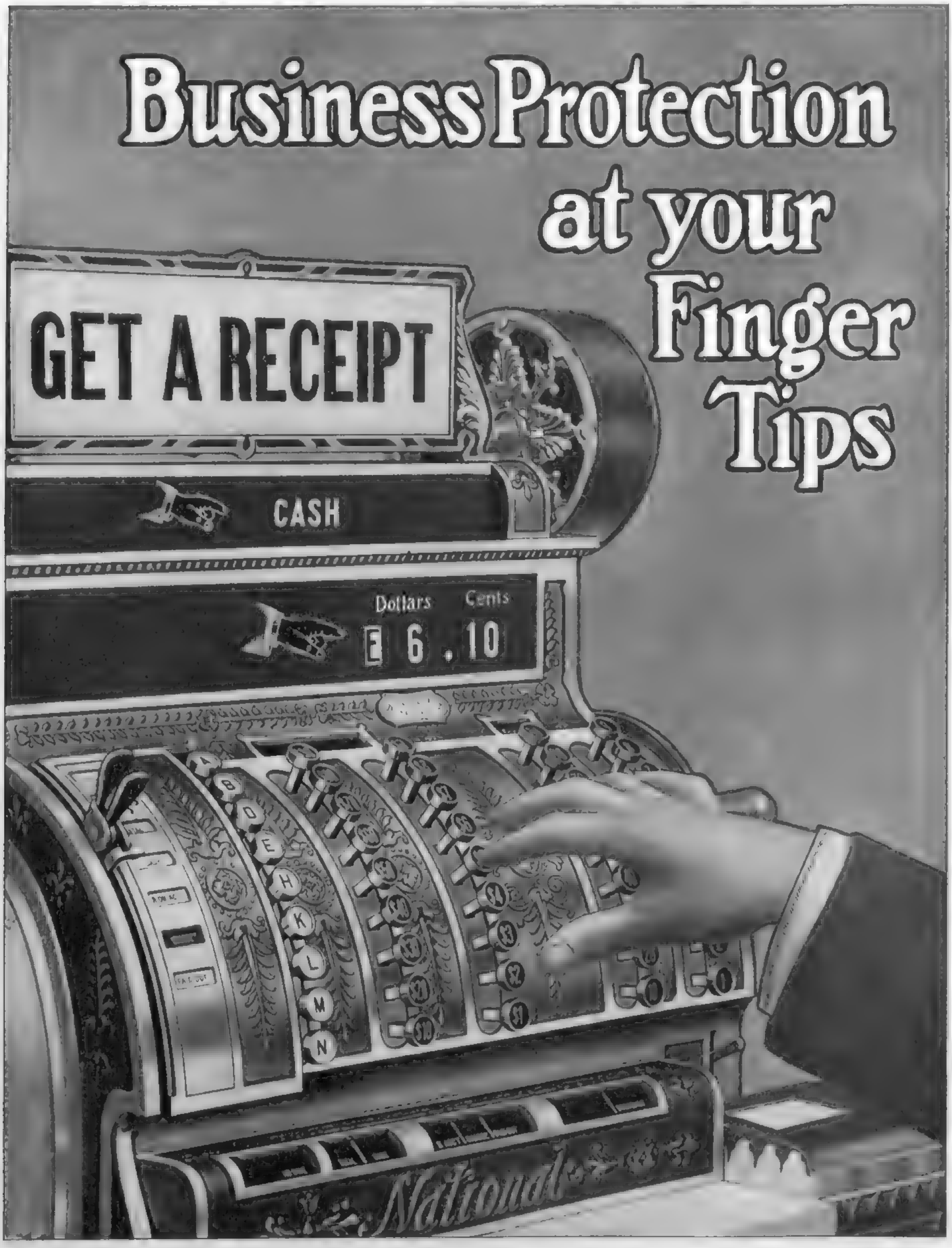


DOCTORS OF CREDIT

(Continued from Page 19

them: "Old Peter Schmidt never turned out a poor pick or shovel. I'll use no other." So Peter prospered and finally reached the point of retirement from active labor and turned the business over to his sons. When they came into authority conditions began to change; the question of production-costs—which scarcely claimed consideration in the days of unlimited prices—became an important issue. Then the son on whose shoulders rested the burden of management fell into the hands of a modern industrial agent working in the interests of the booming city of Headwaters.

"You're really only playing a little penny-ante game, the way you're situated now," he argued. "And you're doing it at a great disadvantage. Come down to our city and get into the big game. We'll give you twelve acres of land right on the water front for a factory site. You can manufacture your product there at fifty per cent less than it now costs you. Besides, we'll organize a company, sell stock, build a big factory and get you started in a way to turn your splendid reputation into money."

The son yielded and the industrial agent kept his promises in every particular. In fact, he kept them too well in some details. The factory building, planned to take care of a greatly expanded trade, swallowed up so large a portion of the capital that there was comparatively little left with which to meet the demands of a rapid growth of business. The sons were not accustomed to problems of large finance and long credits, and the inevitable happened: they could not meet their bills and hungry creditors demanded cash.

While the representatives of other creditors were conferring, the Terrier was going through the books and accounts of the company. He found about $64,000 of debts and about $190,000 of assets. In an audit of the accounts covering fifteen years of business, he discovered that the company had never failed to make a clean net profit of twenty per cent on its capital.

"You're suffering from too much prosperity," he told the manager. "You've grown too fast in spots. You have forgotten to expand your capital to meet the growth of your output. A hundred thousand dollars will see you through. If I'll go out and raise that amount will you put yourself entirely in my hands—and will you see that I have a personal interest in the business in proportion to the value of the service that I give? When I collect the money that my client sent me here to get, my responsibility to him is discharged and he's out of it. Any reorganization work that I do will have to be on my own hook, and it'll take plenty of it to pull you through."

The Terrier's Tactics

"You put that plan through," was the quick response, "and you'll get twenty-five hundred shares in stock."

In San Francisco the Terrier called a meeting of the creditors, explained what he had found in his audit of the accounts, and then said:

"Here's a man that you can break as easily as you can snap a match in your fingers. Close him out and what will you get? Possibly seventy-five per cent on the dollar—more likely only fifty. Now what will you lose besides the percentage that can't be collected? A big, live, honest customer that makes his goods so well that his production has outgrown his capital. And he hasn't been doing business for nothing either. How many men here will undertake to show me that they do as well as that—let 'em hold up their hands?"

Not a hand was raised and he proceeded:

"A customer whose business has expanded every year and who has made a higher percentage of profit every year for fifteen years than you have is not the sort to be deliberately killed off. You've plenty of others that you can spare a heap better. Now I propose to sell a hundred-thousand-dollar-bond issue, clean up the debts, and keep this man in business. But I want every one of you to agree to take half the amount of your claim in bonds. Will you do it, just to keep a good customer in the market for your goods?"

Practically every creditor saw the logic of this course and signed the agreement. Then the Terrier faced the problem of placing the balance of the bond issue. He had never been trained in the etiquette of the bond business and was therefore unhampered in his movements. His only concern was to sell those bonds—sell them all, and quickly.

"I've got to get the news to every miner that has swung a Schmidt pick and make him understand that the Schmidt boys want to borrow a little money at six per cent and that the security is as good as gold. If I can get the message to that class of men—miners and sons who have inherited their money—we'll raise the coin all right."

At once appeared a paper that was the talk of the state. The Terrier called it The Bright Angel Express, and every man who had been part of the mining life of California grabbed for it—because it breathed of the old days when the camps were the talk of the world. And all who read it got the message that the Schmidt boys wanted to borrow a bit from the men who had used their picks and shovels—and borrow on security that was just as sound as the tools that bore the Schmidt trademark.

That bond issue was taken up as quickly as mining claims had once been grabbed when Bright Angel Camp came into existence. Merchants of the old get-the-money school were given another graphic lesson in the new art of constructive collecting and the Terrier made his first big stake; for the concern that he saved prospered and his shares in the company have been steady dividend-producers.

To Kill or Cure?

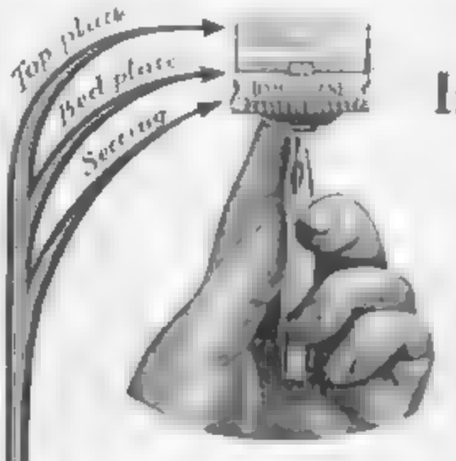
Of course the same evolution in credit and collection practices was going on in other parts of the country; the Terrier had no monopoly of this principle that it is better to develop a backward customer into a discounter than to kill him off and be assessed for the inquest and burial expenses; but as a personification of the change from destructive to constructive methods a clearer sharper type than the Terrier could not be found in the whole country. His transformation was not a matter of morals and he was as destitute of ideals as a goat; but he had the wit to see that it was better business to build up than to tear down; that there was more money in it for his clients and for himself in putting the jackscrews of confidence and support under a tottering mercantile enterprise than in wrecking it and taking a chance of getting away with the fattest piece of salvage. True, he has found far more personal satisfaction in helping men to their feet than in kicking the props from under them, but that is merely a matter of personal liking. Business is business as much with him today as when his only thought was to get the money and get the contract.

And in this, also, his attitude is typical of that of the whole commercial world, which has found a welcome and agreeable surprise in the fact that it pays better, in the long run, to build than to break. There are few legitimate credit men in the country who would not find it far more agreeable to help a delinquent customer to get the solid ground under his feet than to close him out. Only the professional scavengers that live from the waste and wreckage of the bankruptcy courts take a real delight in financial failures. These are the vultures of the commercial world who spot their tottering victims before they fail; who hover over the deserts of business disaster and glut themselves upon the carcasses of the unfortunate.

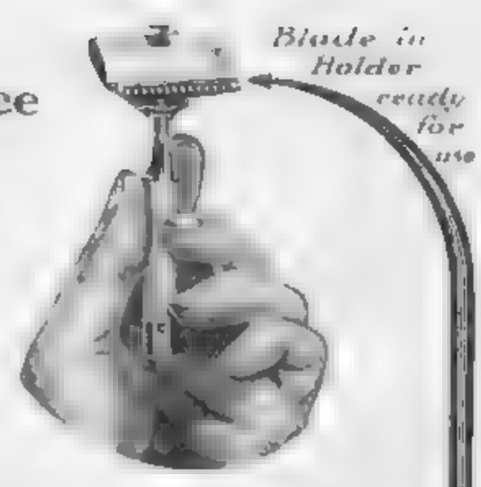
Practically all professional collectors are agreed upon the point that a cardinal weakness of the average retail merchant is his timidity as a collector. In a high percentage of cases he has an almost abnormal fear of offending a customer by asking him for a settlement before the account has reached the over-ripe stage. Here is an actual occurrence which illustrates the situation better than pages of comment:

A big jobbing house in St. Louis had an account of about four hundred dollars against a small village merchant. The credit department had used all the ordinary measures to get the money from this country storekeeper, but had succeeded only in getting what appeared to the men at the desks as a very inefficient line of excuses.

"Don't fool with that fellow any longer," exclaimed the head credit man as he read one of the exasperating letters from the storekeeper. "Turn the account over to the collection agency and have them instruct their man to bring back the money."



The Importance of the Holder of a Safety Razor



WE want you to know why the *holder* is an all important feature of a safety razor, and why the new **Gem Damaskeene** holder is absolute *perfection* down to the minutest detail—in the first place experience and experiment have made it so.

Note how the top plate comes down to the bed plate, adjusting the blade between, so that it is absolutely accurate in the cutting and allowing the edge to strike the face just right—no matter what part of the face you are shaving, off comes the beard easily—smoothly—evenly. The very simplicity of the new **Gem Damaskeene** construction keeps it always in perfect shaving order, and the razor is so strongly made, and so easily cleaned, that its usefulness is practically unlimited.

Gem $1.00 complete outfit

Damaskeene Blades are always uniform in edge and temper—they fit the holder at the perfect shaving angle.

Go to your dealer and compare the beauty and simple construction of the **Gem** with others—you'll buy and keep on using the **Gem**.

Write for Illustrated Folder

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210-216 Eleventh Avenue New York

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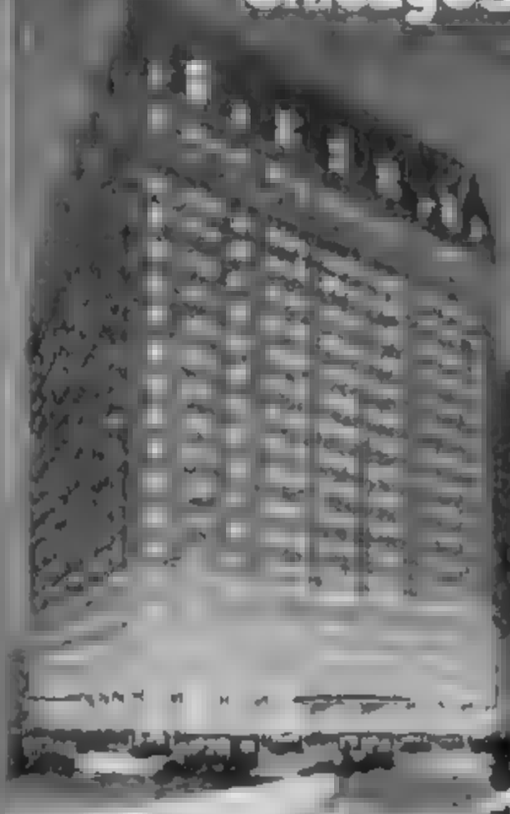
Chicago's Finest Hotel



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One Person:	Per Day
Room with detached bath	$2 to 3$
Room with private bath	$3 to $5
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Room with private bath	$5 to $8

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At Hotel La Salle you will find a homelike atmosphere, comfortable accommodations, appetizing menus, pleasing music, and courteous employees who give prompt and satisfactory attention to all your personal requirements.

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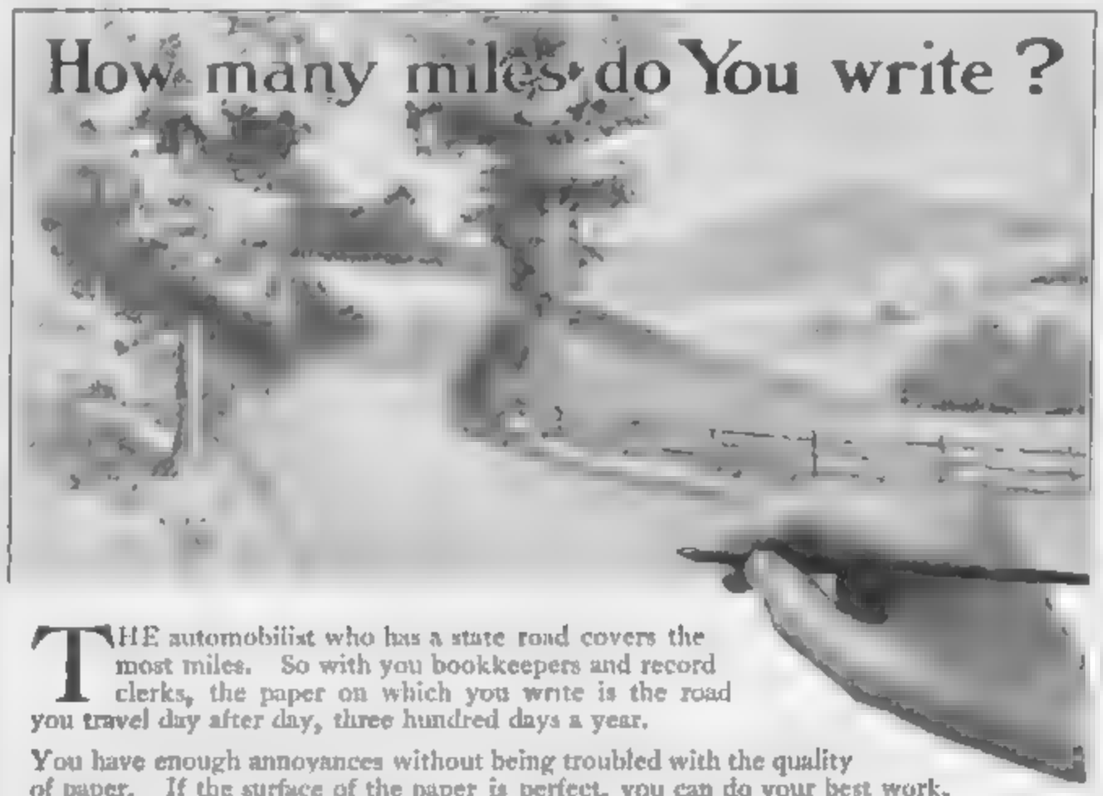

THE automobilist who has a state road covers the most miles. So with you bookkeepers and record clerks, the paper on which you write is the road you travel day after day, three hundred days a year.

You have enough annoyances without being troubled with the quality of paper. If the surface of the paper is perfect, you can do your best work. That road might just as well be smooth.

Scotch Linen Ledger

is absolutely smooth, writes, erases, rules, prints, lithographs and binds perfectly. Running through a press it takes impressions of rules and type evenly. More than that, it is permanently durable, strong to withstand hard wear, pure of color, whether white, buff or blue, and of the highest quality throughout. You men who keep records should insist that Scotch Linen Ledger be specified for all other uses. It assures better work, faster work, and permanently legible records.

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You may pay more money, but you cannot get more value.

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Makers of Scotch Linen Ledger, Defendum Linen Ledger, Parsons Bond, Old Hampden Bond, Mercantile Bond, London Bond, Parsons Linen, Rose White Linen, Parchment Bristol. These papers are standard in their respective grades.

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This Man

Has the World's Master Memory

He can give the population of any place in the world of over 5,000—

HE can give every important date in the world's history—

HE has 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in his brain.

Felix Boral is this man's name, and a few years ago his memory was distressingly poor. His present amazing efficiency has been developed through his own simple, practical method.

He is now teaching his system with great success to large classes at many leading educational institutions in New York City. He desires to impart his method to YOU.

He Can Greatly Strengthen YOUR Memory

His simple system will aid average men and women to remember names, faces, dates, telephone and street numbers; it will enable you clearly to remember the facts in what you read or study; in public speaking you will get a firm grip on what you want to say; it will strengthen your faculties of observation, concentration, will power, and develop you into a clear, logical thinker. Give him a few spare minutes daily, at home. He makes no promise to you that he cannot substantiate in his own person.

Write to-day for full free particulars of this man's wonderful memory and his offer to YOU.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 867, New York

THERE is nothing equals the comfort of the Nek-Gard on

Faultless Shirts

These are quality shirts—in pattern, style, and make, with the added feature of the faultless neck-band that keeps *both* your collar-buttons from touching your neck.

$1.50 and up. Faultless "Demonstrator" Shirt $1. Write for Faultless "Day Shirt Book."

E Rosenfeld & Co

Baltimore & New York

Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas & Night Shirts

"I'm glad to see you," said the storekeeper, when the collector introduced himself. "I ain't any hand at letter writing, but now you're right here on the ground, I can show you just how things are. I want you to go through my books with me, see the accounts I'm carrying, and then go out and take a look at the farms of the men that owe me. But I can't press 'em. They'd go right up in the air if I did. They ain't used to it! They've always been let to settle when they got good and ready. Generally that means when they sell their hogs and have a roll that bothers 'em to carry round. But I know how proud and touchy they are. I ought to know, for I've lived with 'em all my life. In fact, I was one of 'em before I sold a good farm to come to town to educate the children. Thought I'd run the store just to keep myself out of mischief. They know they're good for their accounts and that's why they're so darn tender about being dunned."

The collector went to the bottom of the merchant's affairs and found that he was doing a good business, had ample assets, and that most of his accounts showed an annual or semi-annual settlement.

"Let's take a bunch of these accounts that have run for several months, and go out and get a livery team and call on a few farmers."

"I'm scared to do it," confessed the merchant; "but I don't see any other way. It'll cut down my business. They'll quit on me, sure."

"You might let me do most of the talking," suggested the collector. "I'm used to this sort of thing and I can make it easier for you."

They first called on a prosperous farmer named Buck.

"My friend, Tom, here," explained the collector, "is a little hard pushed for ready money. In fact, I've been sent here to collect a bill for a St. Louis jobbing house, and told to come back with the coin too. He hasn't got the money—but when I went through his books and saw that he was carrying a lot of you farmers with quarter-sections of fat land I told him it was as easy as pie to get in that money—that all he'd have to do would be just to ask for it. But it scared him stiff"—here the collector paused for a hearty laugh—"and he said you'd quit on him and ——"

"Oh, shucks!" interrupted the farmer. "I got the money in the bank. How much is that account anyhow, Tom?"

"You've been owing me two hundred dollars," replied the storekeeper, "since last fall."

"You don't mean it!" replied the farmer. "Say, how much is that St. Louis bill this young chap's bothering you about?"

"Three hundred and thirty," answered the collector.

"You just come into the house," said Farmer Buck, "an' I'll give you a check for the whole thing. I'll use up the balance between now and the time when I sell my hogs."

After he had signed the check, he added: "Now you c'n go back to the store an' take it easy."

The Financial Firing Line

But as the storekeeper and the collector drove out the gate the storekeeper headed the horse countryward and exclaimed:

"Back to the store? I guess not! Say, young man, you've taught me a lesson. If I had any idee it was so easy I wouldn't have been payin' interest on all I could borrow at the bank and worryin' my fool head off, into the bargain!"

Shortly after his experiences the merchant joined the ranks of the discounters. He had learned to make collections.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all country merchants are in position to collect from their farmer customers as easily as did this Illinois storekeeper. In newer sections of the country and in localities where the farmers get the returns for their labor only once or twice a year, they must be carried by their merchants and they have a right to expect it.

Again, this experience sheds light upon another phase of constructive collections. The average country storekeeper is "no hand at letter writing," and therefore the credit man in the wholesale house, who sticks to his desk and depends upon letter writing as a means of communication between his customers of this kind and himself, often, if not generally, fails to get an intelligent idea of the situation. He is inclined to think it either worse or better than it really is. Even the sidelights obtained from the traveling salesman of the house often fail to give the credit man the right perspective—perhaps because the credit man is inclined to have an instinctive feeling that the man who sells goods cannot be an impartial observer so far as credits are concerned.

Lately a credit man handed two accounts to an experienced collector with the remark:

"Here's an account of one hundred dollars; if you can get about half of it you may say to Doe that we'll sell him up to a thousand dollars more. The other account is for twelve hundred dollars. Get it, if you have to close the fellow out; I don't care to have any more dealings with him."

On his return the collector calmly reported to the credit man:

"Well; I carried out your instructions—backward. To the man that you told me to close down on I gave a two-thousand-dollar line of credit—and I shut down tight on the storekeeper that you said you'd sell a thousand dollars' worth to if he'd settle about half of his old account. And I'm ready to show cause in both cases. You'd have done the same if you'd been right on the ground instead of sitting here at your desk, deciding credits at long range. One man wasn't wise enough to take you into his confidence in a letter; the other was wise enough to take you in—but not into his confidence. The merchant that you were so disgusted with is on the square, but is trying to do business on too small a capital and simply needed gearing up in some particulars.

"The other fellow is as plausible as a photograph, but he's in bad and is not a good risk from any point of view. You do well to get your money out of him and let somebody else take the chances on him."

Long Range Credit Making

And when the collector had shown cause, in detail, for his disregard of instructions the credit man not only commended his action but remarked:

"I sometimes think that the man who sits at a desk and makes long-range credits forms his judgments mainly on two things: the way a customer buys his goods and the way he pays his bills. That is too narrow a range of vision for accurate results. There are so many things that those two acts do not reveal that fixing the credit is altogether too much like guesswork. If the customers—the honest ones—would only take the credit men completely into their confidence we could help hundreds of them that now get a push in the other direction. But they seem to be afraid to make a clean breast of their condition—especially on paper. And when their accounts get beyond the correspondence stage it's generally too late to do them much good. Why can't they realize that the jobber is willing to carry a customer, even though really insolvent at the moment, provided he has the makings of a good merchant in him and is situated so that he can be pulled out with a little extra help?

"But you can't seem to beat it into them that good steady customers, with the right stuff in them and the right prospects ahead of them, are valuable enough to command that sort of support. They cling to the notion that safety lies in covering up their weak points instead of exposing them to the men who—for business reasons—want to help them out of the hole, develop their strength, and shove them into the ranks of the discounters."

Constructive collecting is not a correspondence job. The collector who has taken his degree of Doctor of Credit would no more think of adjusting a desperate account by letter than a surgeon would attempt to perform a major operation by correspondence. Long-range, desk-made credits will always prevail, but desperate accounts demand the personal contact if real constructive work is to be done. The credit department of the big wholesale house has brighter and better possibilities ahead of it than issuing permits to its backward customers for choice locations in the commercial potter's field. Whether as a staff officer or as an outside specialist, the traveling Doctor of Credit—the collector that belongs to the school of the rejuvenated Terrier—has a big field before him and will put the constructive punch into the credit department to a degree never realized under the old watch-dog order.

He has painted out the old sign of "Wrecking Crew" and substituted the new legend, "Rescue Squad."

EFFORTLESS!

Double Drive, Magnetic Control — an Exclusive "OHIO" Combination that Assures Perfect Ease of Operation

The Ohio electric introduced the double drive from both front and rear seat, and the magnetic (disc) control. We hold patents on both these features. In conjunction with the magnetic brake—also an exclusive Ohio feature—they form an operating mechanism that requires the minimum of mental and physical effort.

Study the photograph. The small disc, taking the place of the old-style control lever, governs every operation of the car. Pressure of a button operates the magnetic brake. The car cannot skid when this is applied. The brakes are external, and will not freeze up.

Another exclusive feature of the Ohio is the chainless, direct shaft drive without universal joints, which means maximum efficiency per unit of power.

See the car at the nearest Ohio dealer, or write for catalog.

Note: Suits have been begun by us against infringements on our double-drive patents

The Ohio Electric Car Company, 1529 W. Bancroft St., Toledo

Gibson Electrics, Ltd. Ontario Distributors Toronto, Canada

OHIO

THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC

Money Makers

There exists in Chicago an organization of expert money-makers.

It consists of men who have made money themselves, so it isn't a theory factory. The men at its head started at $10 per week.

It is filled with men of proven calibre—conspicuous successes. Men who command the largest incomes this field ever offered.

Its entire business—its sole source of income—lies in helping other men make money.

The concern is Lord & Thomas.

The business is called an Advertising Agency for lack of a broader nomen.

It deals with salesmanship-in-print. In that way lie the vastest modern money-making possibilities, through multiplying outputs and reducing selling cost.

Its efficiency has made it the largest concern of its kind.

A Stern Policy

In all its dealings, this concern relies entirely on the judgment of results.

It gets business by showing its remarkable sales records. It keeps business by outselling all expectations.

Its largest accounts grew from petty beginnings without ever increasing the cost per sale.

All folderol is forbidden. No favors are asked or accepted. Actual profit to clients is the only influence it courts.

It deals with its own men likewise. No contracts are made with them. On their daily success depend their place and their pay. And success consists solely in selling for clients all that salesmanship can sell.

Men who want sales at a profit—who seek growth and security—will find this concern to their liking.

Few Mistakes

Behind this concern lies a matchless experience. It has dealt for decades with hundreds of big affairs.

It has stood with the pilots in countless vast undertakings, and seen all the rocks and shoals. Its intimates have been the successful.

It knows cause and effect, the possible and the impossible, the wise and unwise. The ablest of men seek its counsel. Its business advice has saved many an error and led to many a master-stroke.

Then it is ultra-cautious. It investigates markets, measures up competition, weighs the demand.

It moves slowly. Months are often spent, and hundreds employed, to gain knowledge of the ground.

Homes are canvassed, prospects interviewed, dealers consulted—all to make sure of the road to success.

So mistakes are rare, and those mistakes are not costly. Nine times in ten the first attempt sounds the major note.

Master Men

There are many sides to advertising. This concern for years has aimed to get the masters in them all.

It watches for them—pays the price to get them. Then this vortex of advertising soon develops the fullness of their powers.

It has experts in merchandising, in art work, in copy. It has men of ideas, men who know human nature.

There are nine men on its pay-roll whose aggregate salary is $227,000 per year.

Nowhere else in the world is there such a corps of all-round experts in salesmanship-in-print. And they work together—mass their abilities—on each undertaking.

No Extra Cost

This service is rendered for the usual agent's commission. The rate is the same and the service the same on small accounts as large. For the business is built by making small accounts grow.

So this maximum salesmanship costs no more than mediocrity.

It appeals to shrewd men—men who know that success demands big men behind them. Men who are swayed by no inconsequentials. Men who look facts in the face.

It seeks clients who are out to make money. Men who measure business service by the dollar gauge only. Men who abhor pretensions.

It invites correspondence from men of that class. Invites a chance to prove its powers by its records of success—by the testimony of those it helped.

And it feels that any advertiser seeking the light must accept that invitation.

Just Out In Book Form
A sample of our Master Salesmanship. Ask us to mail it to you.

LORD & THOMAS
Advertising—Chicago
S. E. Cor. Wabash Avenue and Madison Street

Just Out In Book Form
A sample of our Master Salesmanship. Ask us to mail it to you.

COUNTERPOINT

(Continued from Page 17)

institutions to value it at its true worth—and this Wellington Mapes who carried it in a pouch on his body waking and sleeping.

Godahl settled the old man's head comfortably against the cushions, arranging his clothing and posture with great care. So far all was well. It now remained only to escape and at the same time to unlock the fettered senses of his victim.

"I am presenting you with thirty minutes of eternal time in exchange for your precious bauble," he said, nodding familiarly at the sleeping form. "At your age one must treasure time beyond rubies."

Smiling blithely he stepped to the tall clock opposite and turned back the hands a half-hour. Likewise he adjusted the hands of the watch of his victim. Standing beside him Godahl measured the distance to the curtain behind which he had taken refuge on entering here. It would take quick work, the type of skill he rejoiced in. With his fingers pressing the arteries whose resumed flow would bring consciousness to the numb brain he removed the rubber band. With one movement he tossed the keys into the waiting salver and leaped to his curtain. The sleeper sat up with the start of one suddenly roused. From force of habit his fingers sought the keys in the salver. For a short space he sat idle, summoning his lagging senses; then he drew his chair to the table and resumed his eternal occupation.

III

IT WAS midnight when Godahl found the coast clear and left the house behind him. He hugged the ragged picket fence, shadowed by its wild tumble of overgrown shrubs. A person in his attire with a face well decorated with lead grease would be given short shrift if found prowling about such a place at this hour of night. He waited patiently at the gate for a full half-hour; and then suddenly he straightened up and started down the neglected avenue.

At the corner a man stepped out from the shadow of a tree, stood stock-still in front of him, and laughed.

"Well, my fine jail-bird!" said the man genially, but with a distressingly business-like air.

Godahl peered into the leering features. Even he, alert for every eventuality, was ill-prepared for the surprise the sight of the man's face gave him. Quick as a flash, however, he had flattened one eyebrow and drawn up one corner of his mouth, a trick that transformed his features. His quick wits worked fast. The night's adventures had developed a sudden and amazing illumination.

"Scott!" he exclaimed with a sneer of contempt. "You miserable incompetent! I thought we had lost you and your pack of amateurs in lower Seventh Avenue this afternoon."

Marvin Scott was known to the master-rogue as a young dandy who did his best to ape Godahl the exquisite in the clubs he frequented. Of good family, Scott had been advanced in the diplomatic service for several years, till his taste for wild escapades had led to his dismissal. So, at least, the story ran.

The unexpected mention of his own name coming with sneering sarcasm from this soiled person in jeans carried Scott off his feet; but he quickly recovered himself. Seizing Godahl by the shoulders—a fatal move, for the next instant his wrists were in the grip of wirelike fingers—he struggled toward the light.

"Who the devil are you?" he cried, battling furiously. "I don't know you!"

"You will!" said Godahl vehemently. He had taken a long shot, and even now that he felt sure of his ground he was entirely aware that the Infallible Godahl was lost if this man recognized him on such a venture. That the house of Wellington Mapes was being watched could mean but one thing—the old fox was at his old games again. He had long held a suspicion that Marvin Scott's long journeys hither and yon about the earth were not wholly unofficial. This thing was as clear as day. The gentleman adventurer could be here in but one capacity—as a secret agent of the state department.

"You have made a pretty mess of this business!" cried Godahl. He released his hold, but he thrust out his chin so savagely that the other, nonplused at the sudden turn affairs had taken, shrank before him. "Do you think I have nothing better to do than to devote my time to your failures? Tell me, who among you had the wit to trace Mapes here after he doubled on you? Tell me that!

"Take your hand off your gun!" Godahl commanded, pursuing his advantage—for the other, perplexed in spite of his chagrin at the way this stranger had ridden him down, made a move toward a pocket. The stranger's tone was one of authority. In his trade no man knows his brother. "Follow me!" said Godahl over his shoulder as he started off. "And remember," he said as he waited for the other to overtake him—"I am Brown. If you call me anything else in the next half-hour I will see to it that you are started to Shanghai on foot!"

In the cover of the darkness, as they proceeded, Godahl indulged in a smile. So young Marvin Scott, in the rôle of a diplomatic agent, had been assigned to match his wits against the wily old Mapes. The situation that had promised to be exceedingly embarrassing was turning out entirely to Godahl's liking. His man—who it was plain to see accepted him now in his character of a disgruntled superior—was following along as tamely as if he had been accustomed all his life to take orders from a plumber. They mounted the steep hill to Broadway and then crossed to Amsterdam Avenue. Godahl picked out an all-night saloon and entered the side door. The back room was deserted; and he and his companion were soon sitting down and regarding each other with very different emotions.

"I suppose," said Godahl wearily, "that if I had let you have your way you would have further distinguished yourself by picking me up and turning me over to the police as a common housebreaker, eh?"

The other said nothing. He was trying to remember where he had seen this face before. If it had not been for the smear of plumbago, as black as lampblack, running parallel to the nose, the task might have been easier.

Godahl shook his head, a queer smile playing about his lips.

"The damnable part of it," he went on in a tone of utter disgust, "is that, now that I have finished up another one of your failures, you will get the credit for it, just as you have done in the past."

Godahl took an envelope out of his pocket, one of the three pilfered from the littered desk of Wellington Mapes.

"As a piece of fine art," he said, now enjoying the situation to its utmost, "I call your attention to this. My man, did you by any chance think that you were playing with a baby when you undertook to scrutinize the mail of Wellington Mapes? A child of five could do a better job of steaming than that!"

Scott's eyes bulged at sight of the letter, which, it was true, had already passed through his hands. All his defenses were down now. He sat silently, watching the dirty and offensively authoritative person of whom he had had the bad luck to run afoul, as that individual gave his undivided attention to the inclosure of this envelope. The adventure of the night was, after all, a mere bagatelle to Godahl. Something infinitely more interesting was on hand now. He read and reread the words of the letter. They suggested nothing but margins and rights, dividends, and Supreme Court decisions affecting Big Business. He turned the paper over and a second time a dazzling illumination stole over his senses. He had begun to discover that two and two make four.

There was a decrepit piano in the room. Godahl stepped over to it and, holding the paper with its straggling bars of music, he fingered the notes over.

"I suppose that means nothing to you, Mr. Marvin Scott?" he said. Scott shook his head; but a dull red began to burn in his cheeks. A dozen of these letters had passed through his hands, but not until this moment had he thought of attaching any significance to the crazy scores written on the back.

"No; I supposed not," said the plumber person abstractedly. "Let me have your pen."

It was then twelve-thirty. At one-thirty Godahl handed Scott a sheet on which he had written the answer to the riddle. It was a cipher after all. The crafty old Mapes had buried it in the music score.

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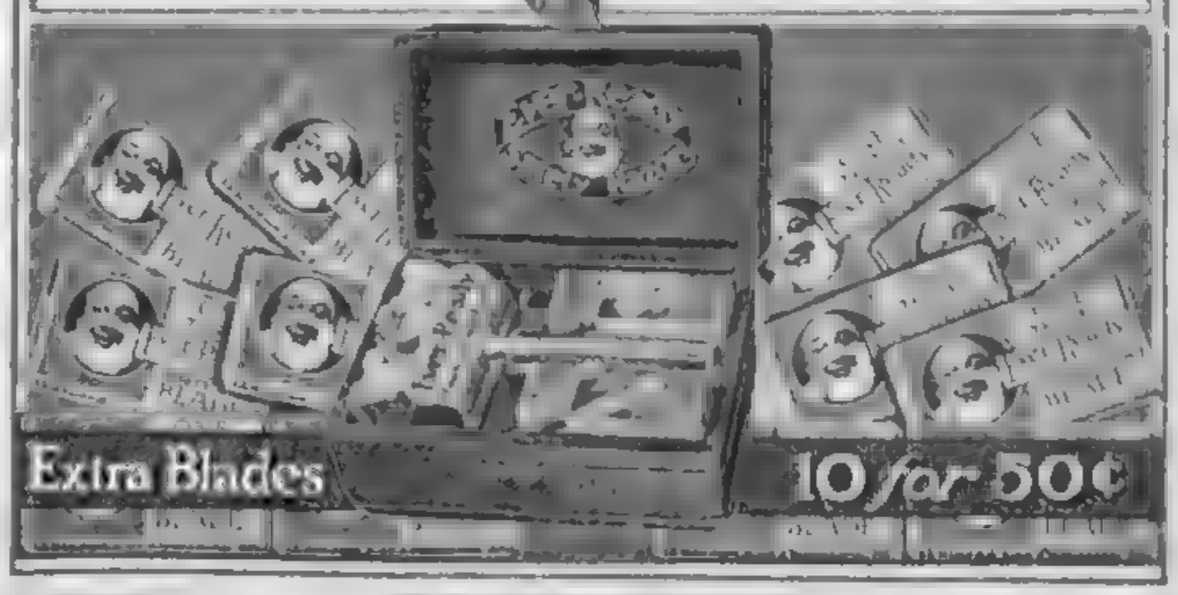

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"It is a bit clumsy," said Godahl, "but it at least has the advantage of not requiring a written key and it can be varied at will."

The key ran as follows:

a–aa	f–ba	k–ca	p–da	u–ea
b–ab	g–bb	l–cb	q–db	v–eb
c–ac	h–bc	m–cc	r–dc	w–ec
d–ad	i–bd	n–cd	s–dd	x–ed
e–ae	j–be	o–ce	t–de	y–ee

The dazed young man took the paper from Godahl's hand. His face was flushed with an intermingling of enthusiasm and chagrin when he looked up. Godahl, the soul of indulgence, was beaming on him.

"Reduce your score to letters, c, d, e, f, g, a, b, c," he said. "The f and the g are blinds, you see," he said. "So are the sharps and flats. When you come to a chord, disregard all but the dominant note. I see I must teach you elementals."

Scott took the letter and set to work feverishly. Soon it was done.

"By gad! Wonderful!" he cried, and he read the translation:

"Flamenco and Naos complete; Perico not later than the fifteenth."

Flamenco, Naos and Perico? Godahl rummaged his brain. Those, if he remembered rightly, were the three islands on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal which the Government was fortifying with such secrecy.

"It beats all!" cried the youth. "Outside of Goethals, and the House and Senate Committee on Military Affairs—and possibly the War College—there is not another man alive supposed to know those plans. And yet old Mapes, practically dead and buried ten years ago, so far as his ability to meddle is concerned, has walked right into the middle of things with his damnable organization and snitched the plans out from under our noses!"

"I presume," said Godahl—whose mind working back through a series of pictures had suddenly found a new inspiration—"I presume, seeing you have distinguished yourself so signally on this end of the combination, that you have not the remotest idea who is working the other end?"

The enthusiasm of the other was suddenly dashed to the ground. He blurted out his complete failure.

"Do you happen to know a smooth little Jap named Adichi Yasakawa?" asked Godahl. "He is taking one hundred years to circumnavigate the globe."

"Very well!" said Scott in surprise. "The mildest little creature that ever——"

"Yes, I know. Very mild indeed!" retorted Godahl sharply. "Remember this is your affair. I am not to be known in it, not even to the Chief! Recollect that, or off goes your head at the collarbone. Scott!" he said, leaning forward, "Yasakawa is interested in music—deeply interested in music. He transcribes it into pot hooks of his own. Don't attempt to decipher his pot hooks. That would be asking too much of you. But raid his rooms after eleven in the morning and you will find just what the government of Japan thinks of Flamenco, Naos and Perico. . . . And Scott," he added, looking very dignified and solemn, "make it a point not to know me when we meet the next time. I congratulate you on the successful termination of your assignment. I have the honor of wishing you a very good morning."

A New Idea

TRY It Yourself! instead of Hands Off! is proving to be such a success for the motto of a museum that an enormous one to be run on this principle is to be built at Munich. Thousands of machines will be so arranged that any person who wishes—even boys and girls—may turn a lever or touch a button, and so start an electric motor running a pump, or a machine tool drilling a hole into a block of steel.

The idea has been well tested and found to be practical. In the present industrial museum at Munich about half of the great number of machines on exhibition are arranged so that visitors may run them without assistance. Automatic attachments are provided so that no injury can come to the machines; in fact, in most instances all the visitor is allowed to do is to press the button to start the wheels moving.

The fascination of controlling power is enough to draw great numbers of people to the museum and to make the erection of a much larger and more ambitious exhibition worth while.

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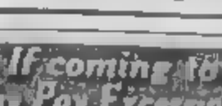

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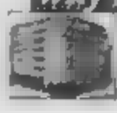

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THE BUTTERFLY

Continued from Page 22

"For the love of Heaven," I cried, "don't try any 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star' business on him! Trying to get on the good side of him by talking in a sentimental way about starshine, or quoting poetry, or asking him to show you the Great Bear and saying you don't think it looks like one —— Gracious! That's the one thing, they say, that gets him into a foaming, biting rage"

Elaine laughed, gave my arm, which was linked in hers, a reassuring little squeeze, and urged me on.

"No, but really," I persisted, "astronomy's just mathematics to him—perfectly awful, higher mathematics, that you and I wouldn't understand the first word of. Please promise me you won't try him on the stars."

"You're a silly," she assured me kindly. "There are some things that I know how to do."

The president's house was on a little hill right at the edge of the lake. There were no trees round the top part of it, so, from the terrace in front of his house, he commanded a magnificent expanse of the heavens.

Somewhat to my consternation we found him there. Elaine never would be able to resist saying something about a night sky like that.

He was expecting me, I think. At any rate he had said in his letter that if it was in my power to disprove the charges made against me he would be glad to give me an opportunity to do so that evening. I suppose, too, that in his calculating, astronomical way he had figured out in advance how the interview would go. Certainly my appearance in conjunction, as it were, with Elaine seemed to astonish him almost as much as her suggestion that she come had astonished me.

I introduced him to her and, though he acknowledged the introduction composedly enough, I had a sense that we had—as they say on the football field—got the jump on him.

He made a move to usher us into the house, but Elaine turned away, with hardly more than a word of greeting, and walked straight to the edge of the terrace. I saw him stiffen and I thought I saw a sardonic smile under his beard. He was preparing, I knew, some annihilating bit of irony to hurl at her when she turned round again with an "Aren't they wonderful?" or something like that.

She did turn round in a minute, but what she said was:

"They're all in the wrong places. I shall never, never get used to them. It makes me homesick."

Evidently his prepared retort didn't fit, because he stared at her an instant, and then asked what she meant.

"I was born the other side of the Line, you see," she explained—"'way down in Natal; and from there I went to Australia. I never saw the Great Bear until I was grown up. And the constellations that look familiar are all in the wrong places."

He was too wary a bird to be caught with chaff.

"Tell me where they ought to be," he said.

I can't believe that he had the slightest expectation of her doing it. But Elaine squared herself to the south, shut her eyes, stiffened her arm out in front of her like a pointer, and slanted it about halfway up the sky.

"There's the Cross," she said—"the true Cross. The false Cross is up there." She opened her eyes and turned to Van Dyck. "Do you mean now," she asked—"in the spring of the year?"

It was October and I didn't think, for a minute, what she meant. Of course it is spring the other side of the equator when it's fall here.

The question pleased Van Dyck. "Yes," he said; "on a fine spring evening like this, tell us what you see."

So Elaine stood there, for all the world like a little girl of eight being shown off to the visiting school trustee, pivoting round, with one arm out like a pointer, and showed the president of the university where the Universe ought to be.

"There's the Cutter's Mainsail," she said, and she opened her eyes long enough to explain to him that that was what sailors called Corvus; and there was Orion, with Sirius up there, and Betelgueze down there.

I can't report any more of it. It was, one might say, some distance over my head. But in ten minutes she had Van Dyck eating out of her hand. It happened that he had never traveled a great deal, and plenty of stars and constellations that were as familiar to Elaine as my corner street lamp is to me he had never seen. And in spite of her protest that the arrangement of matters in the Northern Hemisphere seemed wrong to her and made her homesick, she treated the stupendous spectacle before her with an easy matter-of-fact familiarity that reminded me of the usual farmer-boy's attitude toward the old pasture and the woodlot.

The explanation was simple enough when you knew it. Weeks and months and years of traveling about by sea, in latitudes where it was too hot, even at night, to stay anywhere except on deck, a naturally curious mind, and the necessity for finding something to talk about to amorously inclined ship's officers, could have resulted in no other way. She didn't know the first thing about astronomy as a science. She had never, she said, looked through a telescope in her life, but down through the third magnitude she had a nodding acquaintance with about all the celestial bodies there were. They told her how late it was getting, and what course the quartermaster was steering by, and she, on her part, paid them the compliment of learning their names.

Presently, quite without ceremony, she strolled away down the terrace for a look at Cassiopeia round the corner, leaving Van Dyck and me alone together.

"President Van Dyck," I began, "I don't know that I can disprove the charges that ——"

"My dear boy," he interrupted.

It wasn't consistent of him, I admit. There was no logical reason why Elaine mightn't have known a lot about the stars and still have been, morally, an utterly abandoned character.

I felt the insufficiency of my vindication more than he seemed to, for I went on over his protest, and managed to tell him that Elaine was engaged to marry my very good friend Maurice Carrington, and that the circumstances which had apparently led some people to false conclusions were perfectly known and satisfactory to him.

Queerly enough, though, the more I explained—presented my alibis—went into details—the cooler he grew. It was as if Elaine had hypnotized him and I were waking him up.

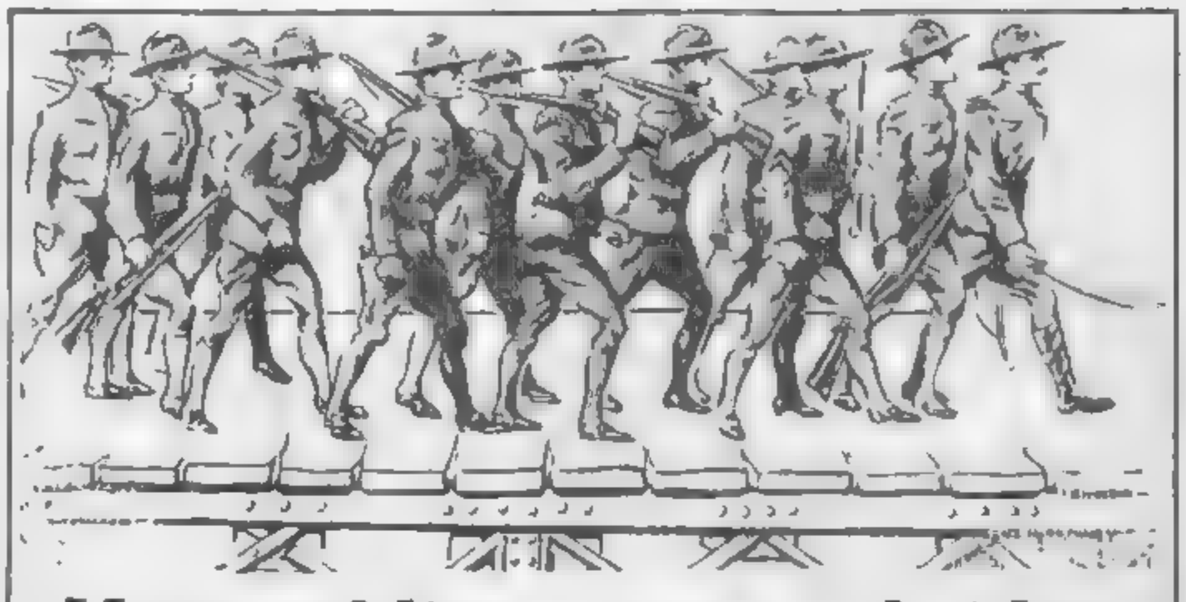
"Yes, yes," he kept repeating, half impatiently; "I see. Of course it was indiscreet—highly indiscreet—and a young man in your position —— Yes, yes. I can see that it was quite innocent, but ——" until I began to be afraid that he would begin doubting again in earnest. But Elaine came back presently from her visit with Cassiopeia and he forgot all about me.

Half an hour later she and I made our way down the drive to the Shore Road. My job was safe; my past indiscretions were overlooked; only I was admonished to be more careful in the future.

Well, I would be. Van Dyck was right enough about that. Appearances were a vital part of life after all. Think of the moral effect on all those bright-faced young students, eager for a breakfast and the day of innocent play, of seeing a member of the faculty, whose conduct they were entitled to regard as a pattern for their own, coming down Main Street in a last night's dress suit and a debauched silk hat. Think of the effect upon young Dorgan of seeing a beautiful lady come out of my bedroom under such equivocal circumstances. No longer would it satisfy me to be respectable. I would look respectable too.

This resolution, as we left the president's, occupied fully half of my mind. The other half was studying out how I could adequately thank Elaine for having saved me. My gratitude wanted expression badly, for I realized quite well what would have happened to me had she let me go up to confront the president alone. There was a lack of verisimilitude about my excuses that he certainly would have exposed had Elaine not hypnotized him first. My problem lay in the fact that the only way of thanking Elaine that would not seem to her a little formal and cold-blooded was one that would conflict somewhat with my other resolutions.

As a matter of fact, I never thanked her at all.



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"Route step" is the command when troops approach a bridge—the men break ranks and WALK across, instead of marching in regular cadence. This is done because the vibration due to the rhythmic tramp of many feet endangers the bridge. If the tread of a company of men will shake a bridge, what a shaking-up each MAN must give himself!

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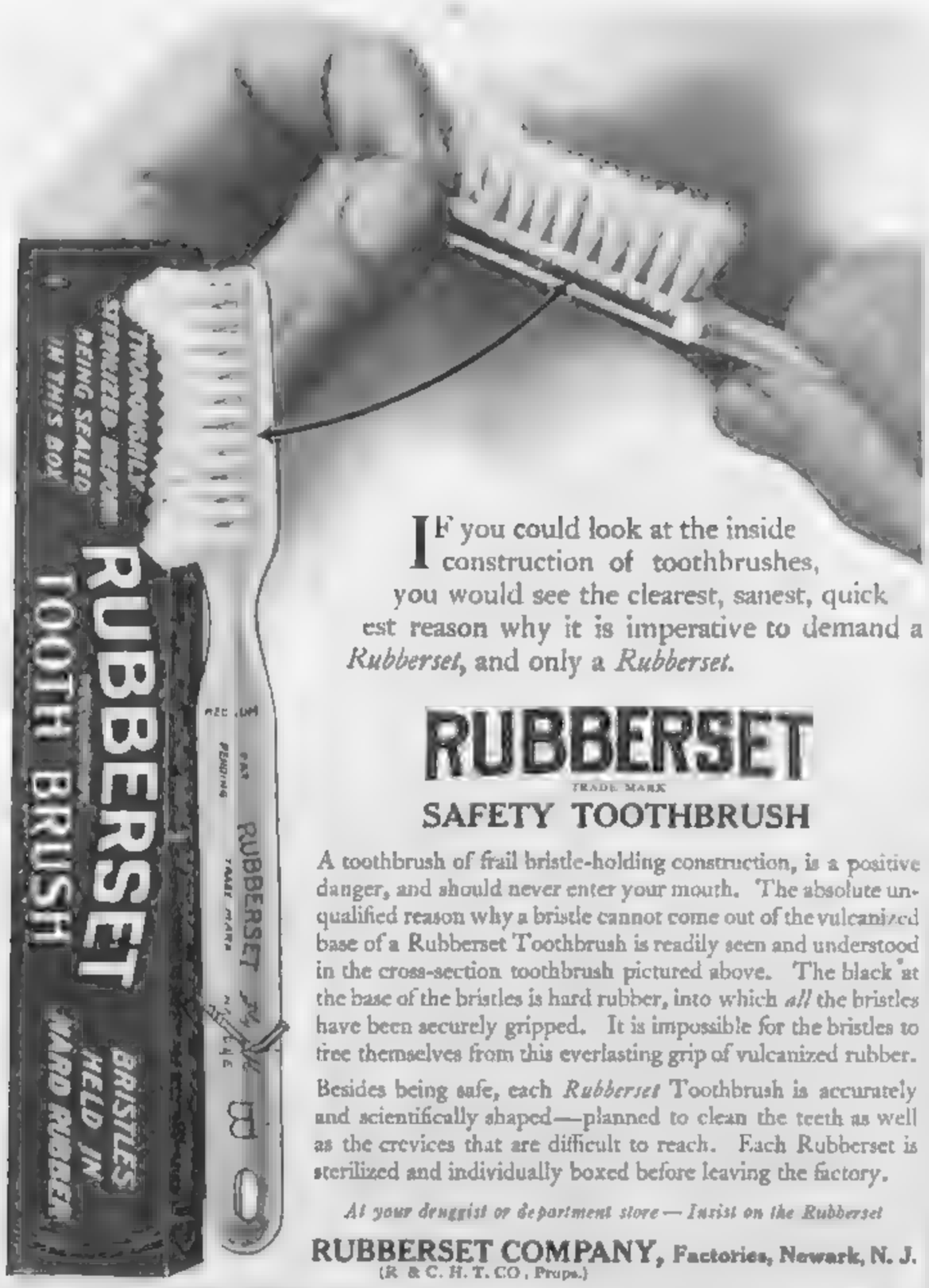

IF you could look at the inside construction of toothbrushes, you would see the clearest, sanest, quickest reason why it is imperative to demand a *Rubberset*, and only a *Rubberset*.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
SAFETY TOOTHBRUSH

A toothbrush of frail bristle-holding construction, is a positive danger, and should never enter your mouth. The absolute unqualified reason why a bristle cannot come out of the vulcanized base of a Rubberset Toothbrush is readily seen and understood in the cross-section toothbrush pictured above. The black at the base of the bristles is hard rubber, into which *all* the bristles have been securely gripped. It is impossible for the bristles to free themselves from this everlasting grip of vulcanized rubber.

Besides being safe, each *Rubberset* Toothbrush is accurately and scientifically shaped—planned to clean the teeth as well as the crevices that are difficult to reach. Each Rubberset is sterilized and individually boxed before leaving the factory.

At your druggist or department store — Insist on the Rubberset

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Factories, Newark, N. J.
(R & C. H. T. CO., Props.)

Farms that Want to Come Back

"ONE farm of 40 or 50 acres with dilapidated buildings sold for $1200—half cash. Another farm of 400 acres, with a view of the Catskills on one side, the Harlem Valley on the other, excellent land, good roads, and the old colonial type of buildings, unpainted for at least 10 years, sold for $4000. Twenty-five years ago that farm was valued at $25,000."

Rediscovering the East

is the title of a remarkable series beginning in next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman*. If you are interested in farm bargains you will want to read every word of these five articles. Cityman or Farmer, Easterner or Westerner, don't fail to begin this big series.

IT'S IN

The Country Gentleman

Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. $1.50 a Year.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We got safely round the corner of the president's hedge and there she stopped. It was dark down there and the outline of the road was not very clear. So, thinking she was in doubt which way to go, I slipped an arm through hers and led her round in the right direction for our return to town. But she disengaged herself and stepped back.

"I'd like to have you go a little farther with me," she said, "but I suppose I mustn't let you. I've got you into trouble enough already and it is time you turned respectable, I can see that."

And then, as I just stood there with my mouth open, I'm afraid, and stared at her, she went on:

"I'm not going back myself just yet. You see I've managed to find out the place where Mrs. Robinson came from—it's only about forty miles from here—and—— Well, I've got to go there."

"Oh, but you can't," I expostulated. "Dorgan won't let you leave town."

It was too dark to see her face, but her voice had a glint of mischief in it.

"We've left town already," she observed.

"And you mean to walk there—forty miles to-night?"

I tried to make it sound as if it were a joke—a *reductio ad absurdum* that I expected her to laugh at. But my voice played me false and the joke didn't register.

"You don't have to walk all the way," said Elaine. "There's a place called Marysville, I think, where you get a train—what they call a combination, with freight cars mixed up in it."

I give you my word she spoke of those freight cars with enthusiasm—as if they added a last refinement of novelty to the adventure.

"I can't let you go. It's flatly ridiculous and impossible."

Somehow or other, while I find it easy enough to dilate upon Elaine's little weaknesses, the qualities which, though you love them, give you a sense of being after all a far stronger and more serious person than she, when it comes to a question of the real thing, the underlying power of her that you never altogether lose consciousness of when you are with her—a power that she seems to be able to turn on at will, the way a motorman turns on the electricity with his controller-handle—I say, when it comes to trying to describe a manifestation of that, I always fall down.

I have to confess that I didn't really say that about its being flatly impossible. I thought it with the utmost sternness and finality. But, just as I was getting ready to say it, Elaine, who evidently could read my mind in the dark as well as when she had the sight of my face to go by, said very quietly:

"It's almost a life-and-death thing with me. I've got to go. There's no other way."

If this were a romance and I the hero of it—oh, I know how preposterous that assumption is as well as anybody—if I had been a real hero, I should have done something big and primitive and invincible, with just a touch of the cave man about it, you know—picked her up in my arms, for instance—tamed her—conquered her—and she would have fallen wildly in love with me. But, after looking at her blankly for a minute, all I could find to say was—and I'm afraid I said it rather peevishly:

"Oh, all right then. But it means that I've got to go with you."

Elaine laughed. "It would be a lark, wouldn't it? And we'd be sure to get back, I think, by tomorrow night. Oh, but you're going to be good. I can't let you do that."

"You can't lose me," I said. "Come along."

That is how I set out obeying President Van Dyck's admonition to be careful.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wealth of Detail

FORMER Governor Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, used to tell a story of a native who appeared as a witness in a mountain murder trial where Knott was an attorney. The mountaineer took the stand, chewing tobacco, and gave his name, his age and his place of residence. Then one of the lawyers asked him to describe his first meeting with a certain person who figured in the case.

"Well," drawled the native, "he rid throughour place a-straddle of a dun-colored critter, a-blowin' of a fox-huntin' horn and a-wearin' of a bearskin overcoat—and hit was hot weather! I axed him if the critter he were a-ridin' were a geldin' or a 'riginal, which he 'lowed it were—and driv on."

MENTOR

Comfort Underwear

SAY Mentor to your dealer and you can get anything you want in Underwear—any size, weight, color, style, fabric, sleeve or leg length. Mentor not only means everything in Underwear but it means a lot of new ideas that you can't find in other underwear.

The Mentor Band Top means perfect fit at the neck, whether the garment is cut high or low. It also means freedom from wrinkles, twists, sagging or pulling—and can't fray out in the wash.

Made in a light, clean factory in the country, Mentor is sanitary. Wear Mentor and be comfortable and improve the fit of your dress by having underwear that fits too.

If there is not a Mentor representative in your town, write your dealer to send to us for catalog.

The Mentor Knitting Mills Co.
Mentor, Ohio

Saving time Increases profit

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

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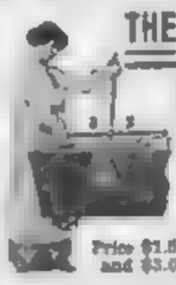

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THE NEW WAY

NO wear, no tear. It washes clothes perfectly in 5 to 10 minutes. A child can operate it. It is well made and as light as a washboard.

Price $2.50 and $3.00

Instantaneously attached to any stationary, ordinary wooden or sheet metal tub.

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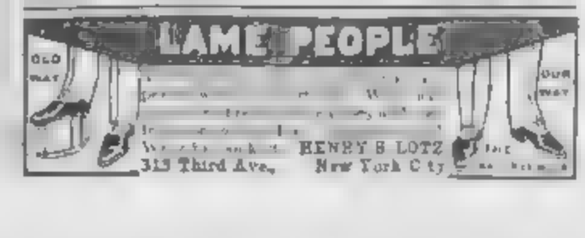
LAME PEOPLE



HENRY B. LOTZ
315 Third Ave. New York City

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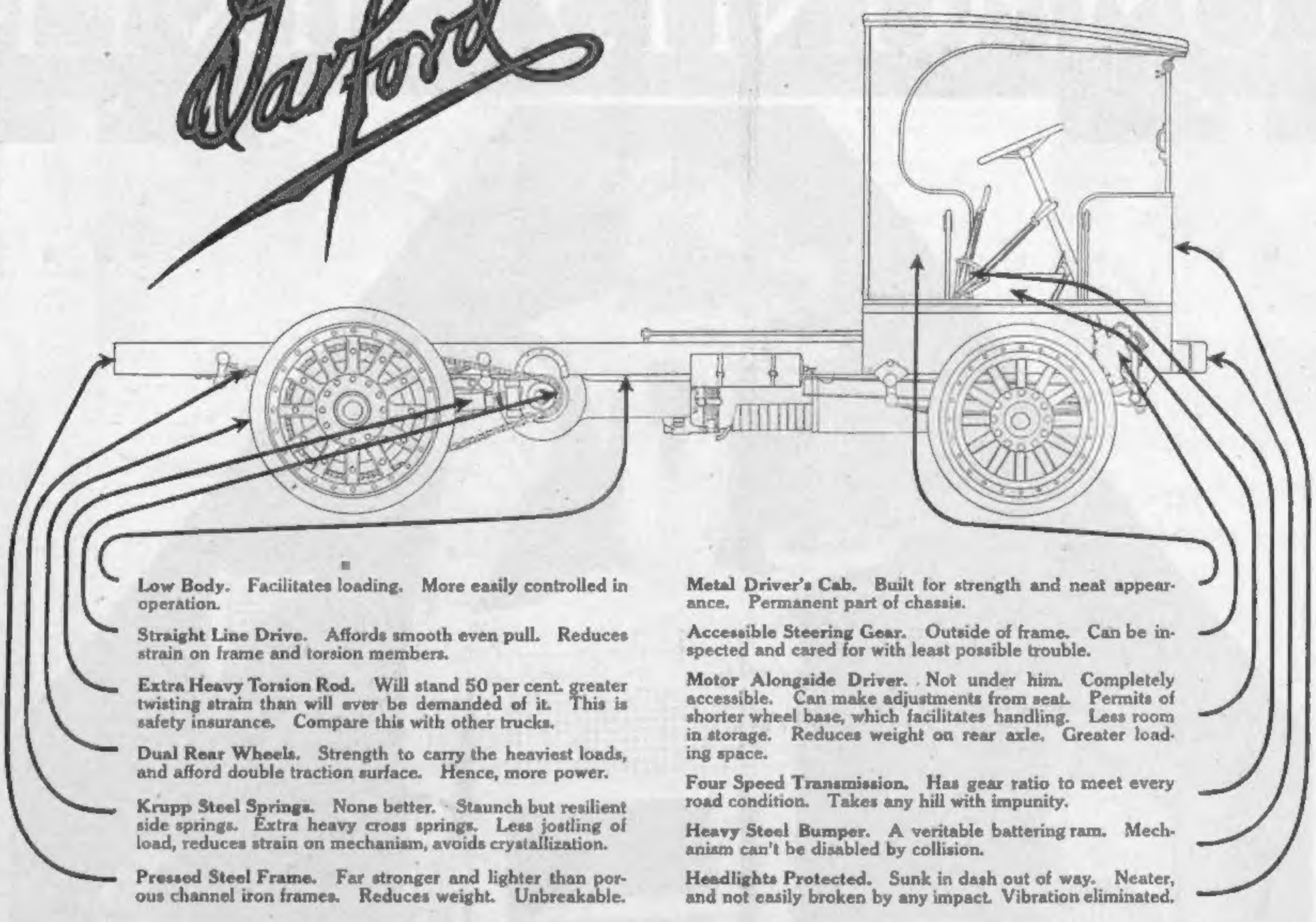
"HELLO! Jack? * * Oh Jack! It's here! Mahogany with the cutest * * Bringing Mr. and Mrs. who? * * Tonight at seven? That's nice, because I can use my * * * Oh!—Well then, silly, *our* new Community Silver."

PLATE DE LUXE. AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS.

SIX TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra). In Canada, $2.75.

Garford



Low Body. Facilitates loading. More easily controlled in operation.

Straight Line Drive. Affords smooth even pull. Reduces strain on frame and torsion members.

Extra Heavy Torsion Rod. Will stand 50 per cent. greater twisting strain than will ever be demanded of it. This is safety insurance. Compare this with other trucks.

Dual Rear Wheels. Strength to carry the heaviest loads, and afford double traction surface. Hence, more power.

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Motor Alongside Driver. Not under him. Completely accessible. Can make adjustments from seat. Permits of shorter wheel base, which facilitates handling. Less room in storage. Reduces weight on rear axle. Greater loading space.

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The Garford Truck is a ten year development. We were building successful trucks long before most of the present truck manufacturers had even thought of entering the field. Our practical knowledge and mature experience is our greatest asset *and your safeguard.*

The Garford chassis is scientifically correct. It is not merely a truck made to haul things to and fro. It is built to meet existing conditions, exactly as they are—and to meet them with the utmost economy. That is why it gives five to six miles to a gallon of gasoline and *not* two or three.

Study the analytical diagram above. Every part is constructed and designed for the utmost commercial efficiency. The frame, the axles, the springs, the motor, the steering knuckles, the torsion rod construction, the straight line drive,—every individual piece and part is made to cope with today's conditions. That is why the practical Garford "delivers."

Over 65% of our business is "repeat" orders. This is probably the highest percentage of "repeats" any manufacturer can show. It's a tribute.

Garford trucks come in two, three, four, five, and six ton capacities. For larger sizes we advise the famous Garford trailers.

Representative or complete literature and information on request. And it will pay you to investigate.

Please address Dept. 5

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To the best of our knowledge no firm, who has once tried the Garford truck, has since bought any other but the Garford. This is significant. Our transportation experts are at your service. Write today.

The Stroud
PIANOLA PIANO

Combining in one complete, beautiful instrument a piano of exceptional musical quality and the world's best-known piano-player. *Price $550.*

(Slightly higher on Pacific coast)

THE MANUFACTURING facilities of the Aeolian Company—makers of the Stroud Piano—are unequalled in the piano industry. Building such famous instruments as the Weber and Steck pianos, the Steinway, Weber and Steck Pianola Pianos, the magnificent Aeolian Pipe Organ, etc., this Company produces the highest class instruments known to the music-world. At the same time the economic advantages of manufacturing on so large a scale enable it to produce instruments at the *lowest possible cost.*

The Stroud

These important advantages are manifest in the Stroud Piano. In musical quality, in structural soundness and in beauty of case, design and finish, it ranks with instruments of the first grade.

The Stroud, though a comparatively new piano, has a remarkable history. It is the only piano of its class ever played and endorsed by such notable musicians as Moriz Rosenthal, Maurice Moszkowski, Cécile Chaminade, Arthur Nikisch, Christian Sinding, the composer, and Louis Diemer of the Paris Conservatory. Nothing but the fact that the Stroud is built by the same skilled workmen as are responsible for the magnificent Weber Piano could produce an instrument capable of satisfying such eminent musicians.

The Pianola

Combined with the Stroud Piano in forming the Stroud Pianola Piano is the world-famous *player-action* known as The Pianola.

As practically all piano manufacturers are selling their instruments with player-actions contained, it is well to remember that the word "Pianola" is the specific name of the one player-action seriously regarded by the musical profession and recognized as the standard in every country of the civilized world.

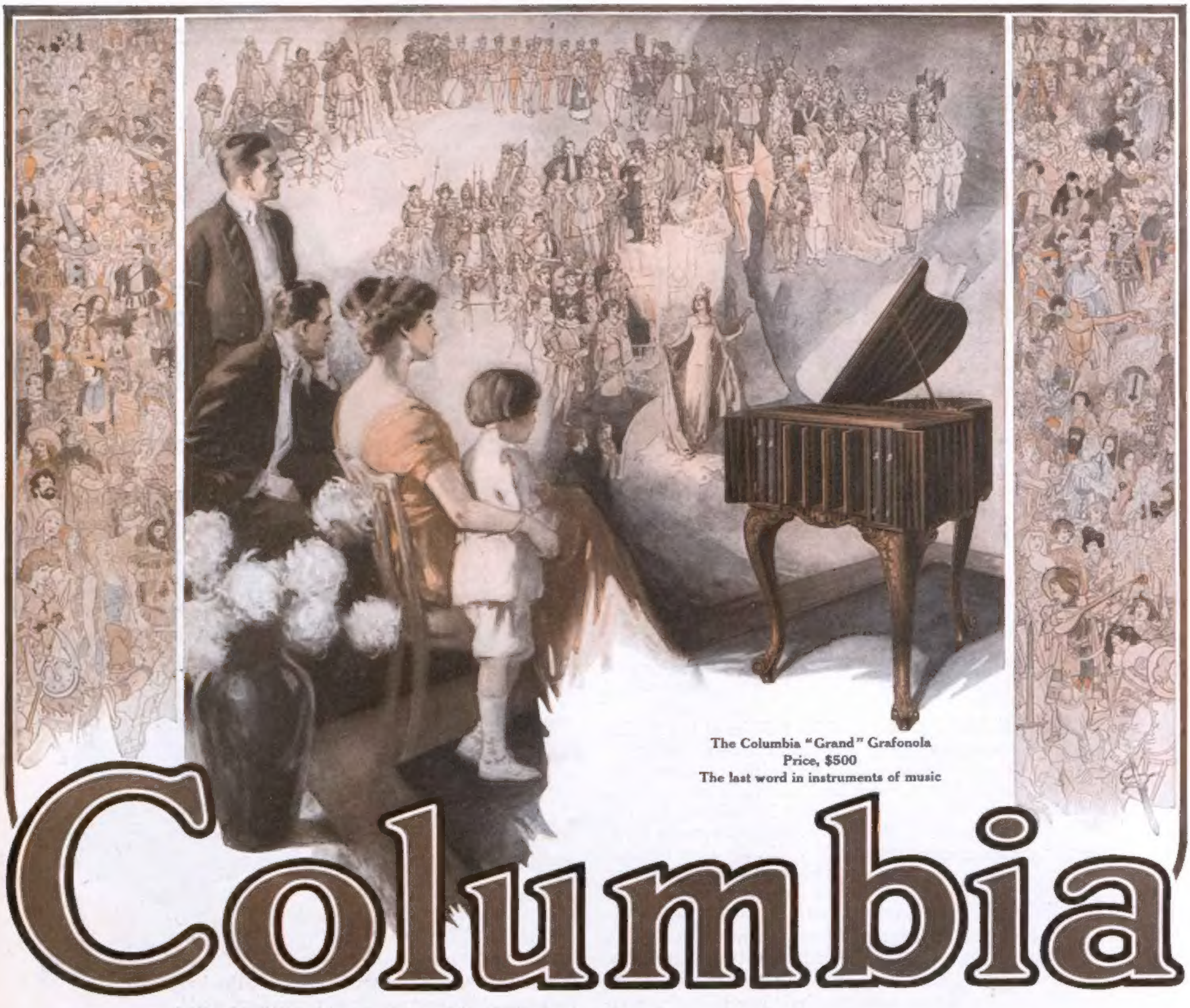
The distinction between the genuine Pianola and all other playing-actions, is vital to both musicians and musical beginners. It lies in exclusive patented features and important details of construction. The difference which is at once apparent to musicians is the ability to secure all the subtle pianistic effects otherwise obtainable only by the trained fingers of a virtuoso.

To the unskilled music-lover the exclusive advantages of the Pianola consist of patented features such as the Metrostyle, Themodist, Automatic Sustaining Pedal Device, etc., which supply his lack of musical training and enable him to perform artistically and with true musical effect.

There are but six pianos which contain the genuine Pianola. They are the Steinway, Steck, Wheelock, Stuyvesant, Stroud and famous Weber. Of these the Stroud is the lowest priced.

There is one music store in every important city of the world, where genuine Pianola Pianos may be seen—the leading store. We suggest you write us for descriptive booklet "A," containing prices, terms, etc., and the name of the Pianola Store in your locality.

The AEOLIAN COMPANY, Aeolian Hall, New York



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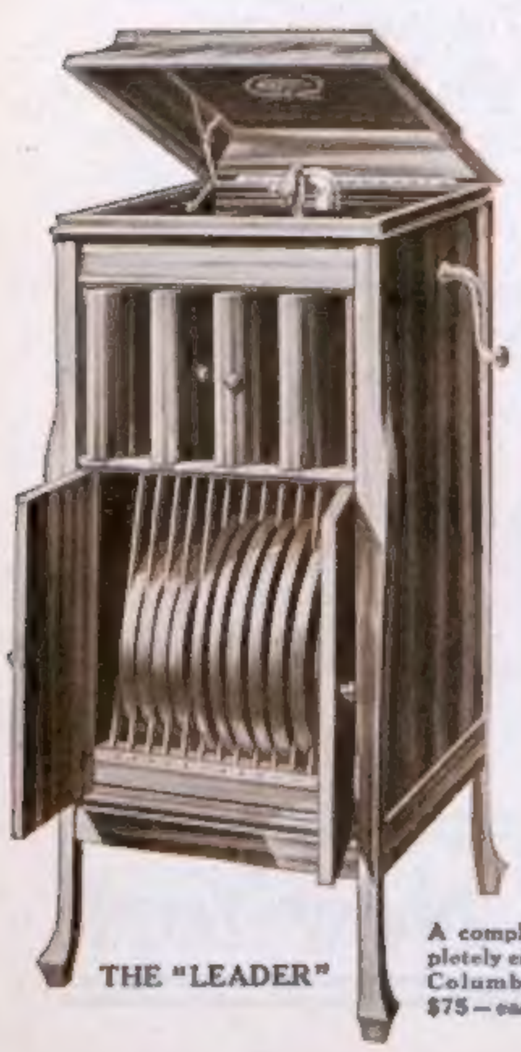

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